August - 1929

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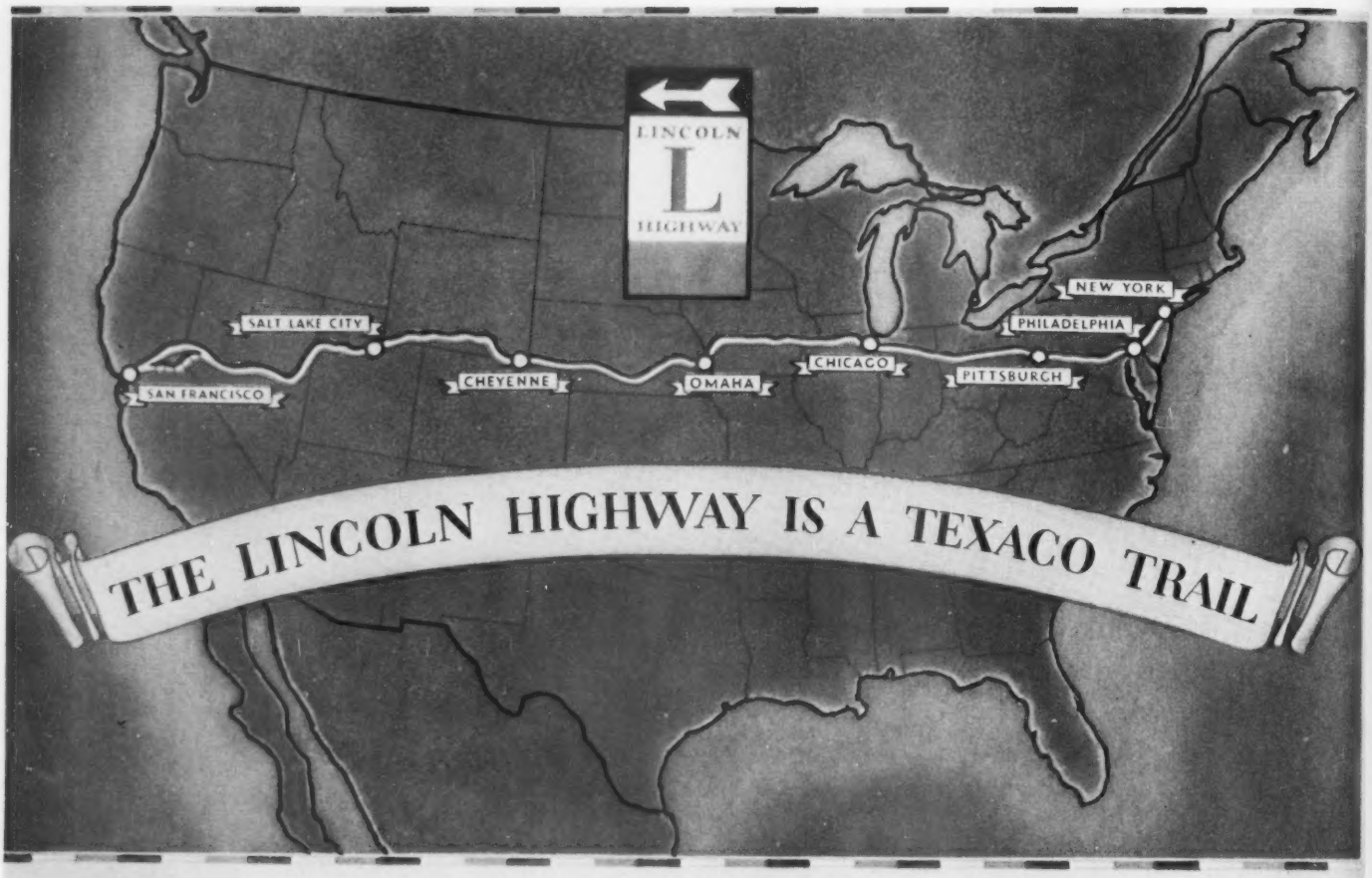

"Never more than an hour from a Texaco Pump"

The Texaco Red Star with the Green T has joined the red, white and blue Lincoln marker to serve and to guide. Texaco Service is available everywhere along this 3,500-mile trans-continental "Main Street." You are never more than an hour from a Texaco Pump. The Lincoln Highway is truly a Texaco Trail!

Only The Texas Company can offer such a complete national service. For today the *new* and *better* Texaco Gasoline and Texaco Golden Motor Oil are sold along all the great national highways—the only gasoline and motor oil obtainable in *every one* of our 48 States.

Sincere public appreciation of the finer qualities of Texaco has made possible this nation-wide service. It is recognition of the superior performance of the *new* and *better* Texaco Gasoline, high test at no extra price, and full bodied Texaco Golden Motor Oil, clean, clear, pure.

As you see America in your car, travel with the assurance of the continued fine engine performance that always follows the use of Texaco quality products.

FULL BODY

CLEAN·CLEAR·PURE

"TOUR WITH TEXACO"

THE TEXAS COMPANY, TEXACO PETROLEUM PRODUCTS

TEXACO

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JEWELERS SILVERSMITHS STATIONERS

PEARL NECKLACES

and Pearls for
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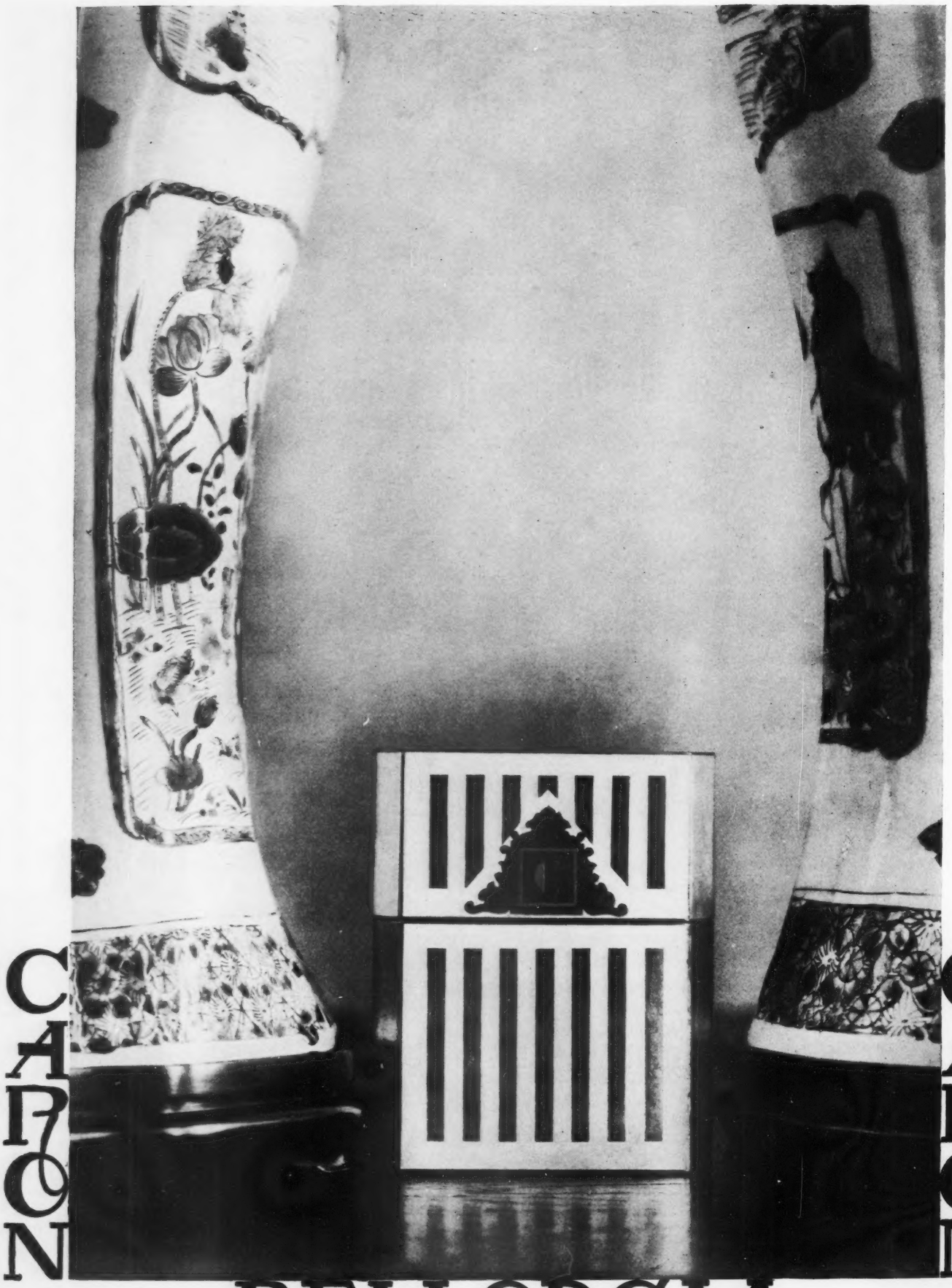
MAIL INQUIRIES RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION

FIFTH AVENUE & 37TH STREET
NEW YORK



CARON CARON

BELLODGIA

CARON CORP., 389 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

VANITY FAIR
August, 1929

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Vol. No. 32, No. 6

B. ALTMAN & CO.

GENTLEMEN'S OUTFITTERS . . FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

TENNIS WHITES

—the most generally becoming sports attire ever developed—presented by Altman in detail—shoes, ducks, shirts—each designed particularly for this great sport—and most moderately priced.

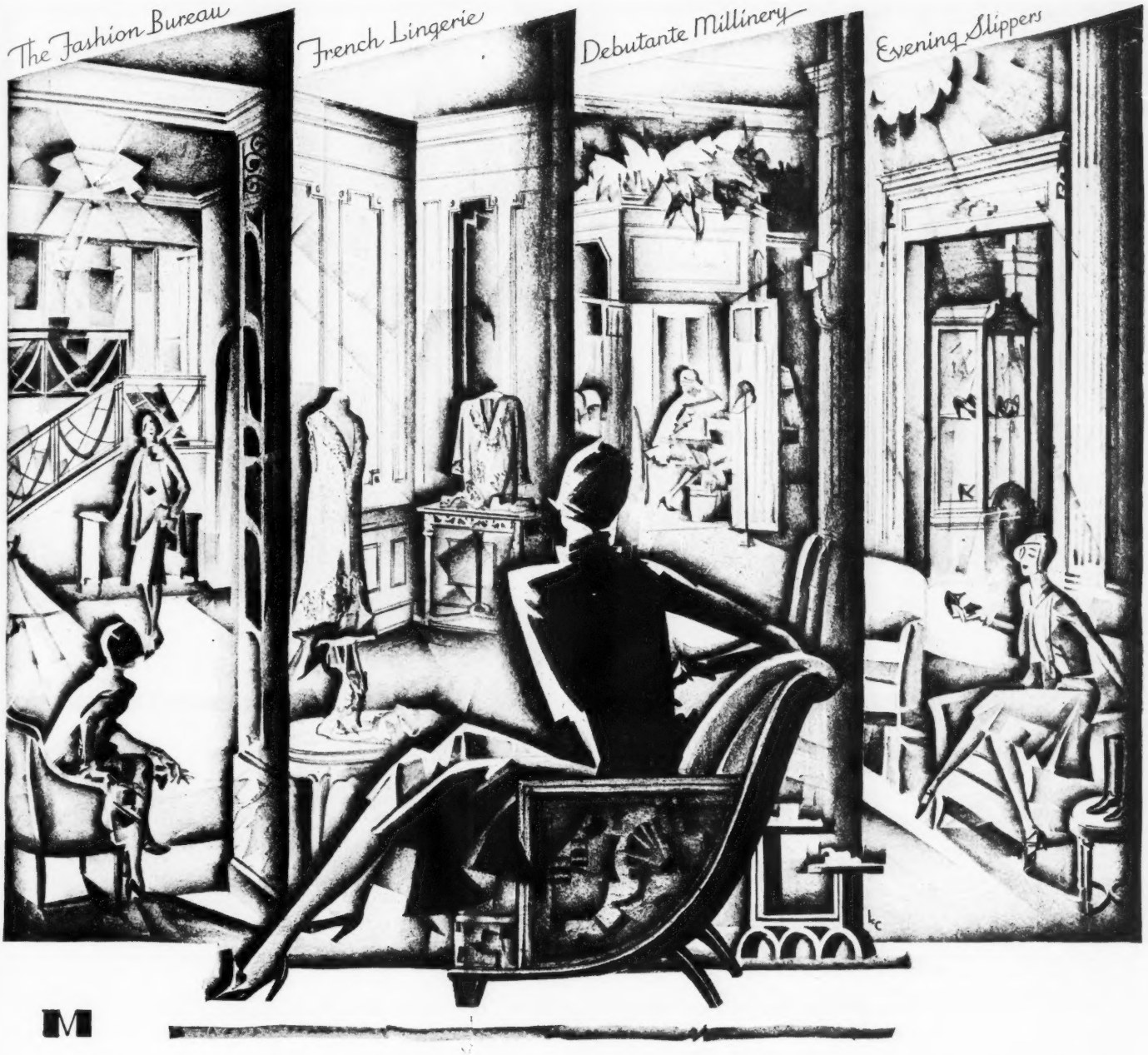
FIRST and SIXTH FLOORS

Strange . . . that the genius of a single family should have guided the smart world for a century in its choice of perfumes! Yet the reign of the Guerlain dynasty has been unbroken for a hundred changing years. The loveliness of the Empress Eugenie found its complement in the delightful flower odeurs created for her by Pierre Francois Guerlain. The gay rebels who shook off the Victorian yoke found their new daring incarnated in Jicky. The elegantes of today adore the sophistication of Shalimar.

GUERLAIN

PARIS • 68 CHAMPS ÉLYSÉES — MONTREAL • 60 CRAIG ST. W. — NEW YORK • 578 MADISON AVE.

GUERLAIN PERFUMES ARE BLENDED AND SEALED IN PARIS AND SOLD ONLY IN THE ORIGINAL BOTTLES



M A Salons . . . intimate, exclusive, unmistakably French. In one, gowns that will be worn at Newport, R Cannes, the Court of St. James's. In another, lingerie that will sail around the world in smart luggage. S F In a third, a well dressed cosmopolite selects sandals and jeweled slippers for Southampton, the Lido. H I Close by, two much-traveled young women are choosing hats for Cairo and California . . . la rue de A E & la Paix? Only in essence. It is Marshall Field's, Chicago. Conveniently located in this one store L L are a dozen private salons, showing newest costumes and accessories from leading French houses. L D C And, because it is Field's, satisfaction is certain. ***Those who know Field's only as the world's largest store will be pleased to dis-*** **O** ***cover here the charm of little places in the French*** **RETAIL • CHICAGO** ***Shops. You are cordially invited to visit them.***

Here's the point
you'll see this fall

Look at the toes of these new Walk-Overs. More of a point to them. A refined sort of toe that admits the influence of the best continental bootmakers. And the brogue carries the new, short French tip . . . part of an unusual pattern of pinking and punching. Both styles are built upon the popular Stratford last with broad-edged soles which sweep away sharply and smartly at a well defined "hub." Both are of personally selected Black Calfskin. Priced at $10.

WALK-OVER SHOES

GEO. E. KEITH COMPANY, Campello, Brockton, Mass.

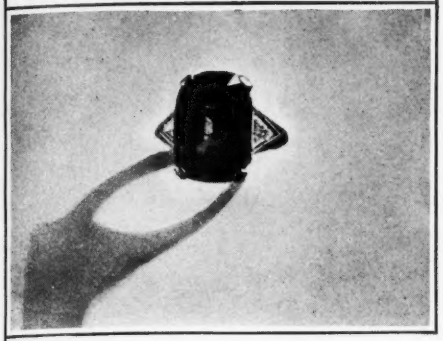
Why Pear-Shaped?

Walk-Overs are famous for their smooth fit at heel and ankle . . . *pear-shaped* because your own heel is shaped that way.

Want More Speed?

Try Main-Spring Arch Shoes . . . (Walk-Over exclusively). Notice how much more ground you cover between 9 and 5.

Below—*An oblong Cashmere sapphire of rich blue, set in platinum between triangular diamonds. The price is* $12,300.



FOR SHE'LL HAVE RINGS ON HER FINGERS

GIVEN her choice, the young modern will doubtless prefer town cars to elephants and a knowing pair of slippers to bells for her toes. But, guided by some sure and primal instinct, she'll still have rings on her fingers wherever she goes.

It's an addiction too pleasant and effective even to consider changing. For ever since her cave-dwelling days she has been aware of what this ornament can do. Simple at first, it has since been significantly created and embellished at the hands of countless master craftsmen. But with all this artistic heritage it has today become an ornament possessing a subtlety of design and a distinction of setting peculiar to our own dynamic age.

Even in this day she may "go primitive," but only in a most personal and sophisticated manner . . . ever with an eye to line and color. Her rings now bear a significance even more pointed than before. For as the expression of her personality, each jewel becomes an explicit index of her taste. And her rings will always be the most noticeable of her ornaments.

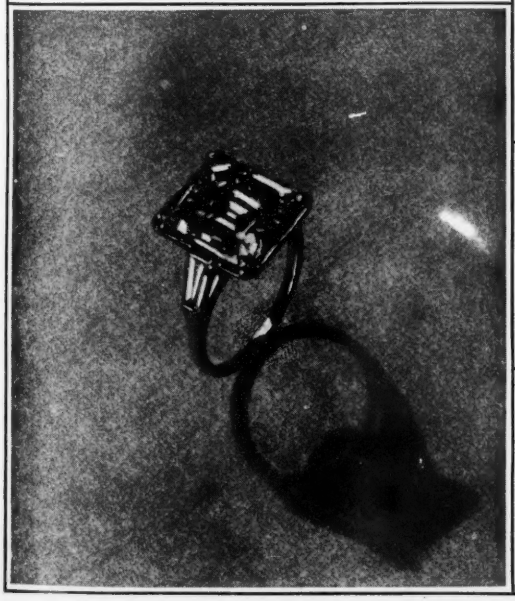
It is upon consideration of the existent order that Marcus & Company have assembled their distinguished ring collection, which is represented today on the fingers of many women notably proficient in the fine art of living.

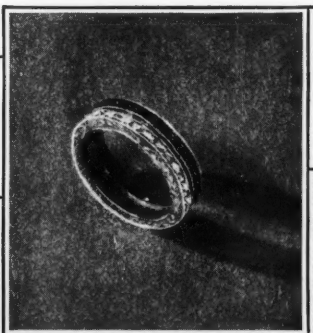
Above—*A stunning square ruby which is set in a plain platinum mounting with fancy diamonds. The price is* $32,500

•

Below—*A large square emerald of superb color is flanked by diamonds and set in a platinum mounting. The price is* $25,000.

Below—*A magnificent emerald-cut diamond set in claws in a platinum mounting which is paved with many fancy diamonds. The price is* $30,000.





Above — *Two interesting guard rings of engraved platinum with beaded edges. The one with square diamonds is priced at* $525. *The one with square emeralds is* $975.

Below—*A particularly well-proportioned star sapphire of lovely deep blue tone, set between two large triangular diamonds in a platinum mounting paved with thirty small round diamonds. The price is* $8500.

WM. ELDER MARCUS, JR. **JEWELERS** CHAPIN MARCUS

MARCUS & COMPANY

Fifth Avenue at Forty-fifth Street, New York; London Paris Palm Beach Bombay

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A silver tea set of distinguished simplicity, developed by Caldwell from a teapot by William Ball (1752-1782), a leader in the brilliant galaxy of 18th century American silversmiths.
In all respects but antiquity, Caldwell reproductions equal the originals, which, with few exceptions, are privately owned and rarely obtainable.

Photograph of a room from the Derby House, made through the courtesy of The Pennsylvania Museum of Art.

J. E. CALDWELL & CO.
Philadelphia

BODY by FISHER

Even after years of use a Fisher Body is a source of pride

The owner of a Fisher Body car is assured of his automobile looking fresh and new, long after the ordinary body would have become a source of impatient dissatisfaction. Common experience proves that Fisher Bodies actually outlast the chassis—which, of course, means a period of many years. ¶ Never in its long history has Fisher been stopped by price. Refusing to be influenced by an incessant and insidious process of cheapening in body manufacturing generally, Fisher has been able to apply to bodies in the lowest price field, the same basic construction used in bodies for the most expensive cars. ¶ This greater value is evident at once. You can see it in the luster and smoothness of the exterior. You instantly recognize it in the finer upholstery, the genuine plate glass, the design and finish of the fittings, the careful tailoring and attention to detail. This superiority grows as you inspect the wood-and-steel framework—until at last you realize fully the wide chasm which separates Fisher Bodies from ordinary bodies in construction and value. ¶ Fisher alone can give such body value because Fisher has the largest assured market and the greatest public acceptance in the world.

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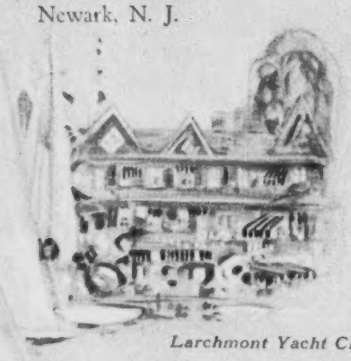
GENERAL MOTORS

The JOHNSTON & MURPHY *Shoe for Men*

In this new model of white Buckskin, Johnston & Murphy has achieved the pinnacle of sports wear perfection. Here is a distinguished correctness...an up-to-the-minute style that typifies J & M footwear. Here, too, is easy comfort for the full enjoyment of a glorious yacht club occasion.

THE JOHNSTON & MURPHY SHOE
Newark, N. J.

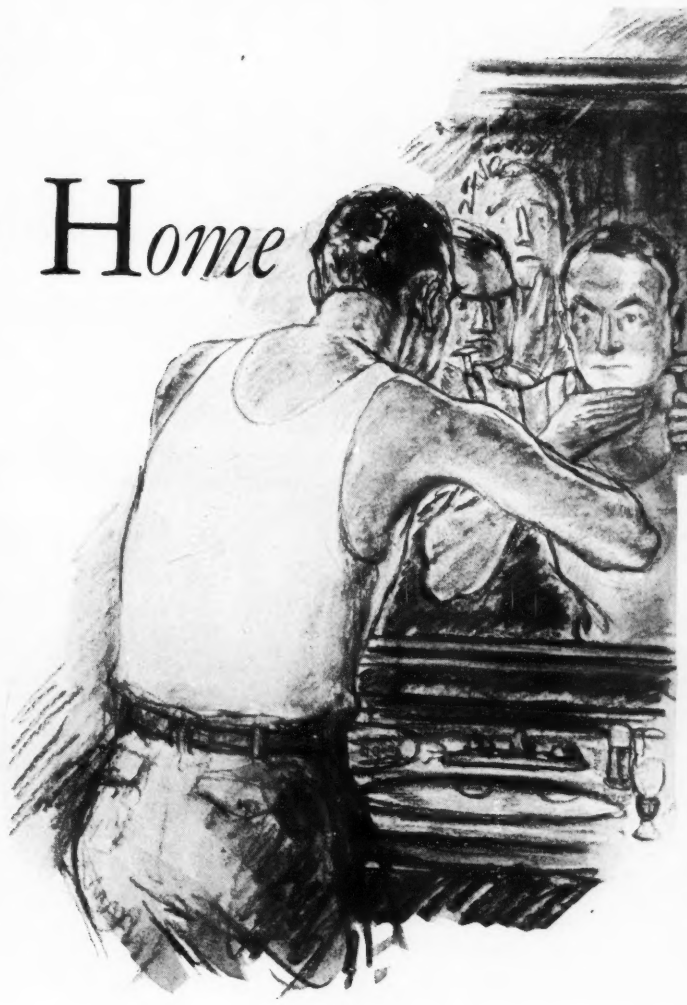


Larchmont Yacht Club

The Ambassador Sport Oxford, Style No. 502
An unusually smart sport oxford in white Buckskin with tan trim. Also to be had with black trim, Style No. 503. Sold by a leading dealer near you. Ask for Style Booklet.

Away *from* Home

Here you are in your *own* bathroom. A place for everything, and everything in its place. Hot water always, a good mirror, and a fresh package of Gillette Blades on the shelf. Then it's easy to get your full measure of comfort.



A chilly morning in the mountains. And a mirror from your shaving kit tacked to a tree. A wind-burnt, sunburnt face with perhaps a two-day beard. Then it's pleasant to remember that you took along a fresh pack of Gillette Blades *for comfort*.

. . . *you can't expect as smooth a shave*

WHETHER you shave quietly and luxuriously at home; or strenuously, over the shoulders of other harassed travelers, in a Pullman washroom; or primitively in camp, with the cold lake for your wash basin—no matter how different the shaving conditions may be—put a fresh Gillette Blade in your holder and you're sure of a smooth, comfortable shave.

Your guarantee of this unchanging comfort is the careful honing, the delicate stropping that Gillette's marvelous machines give every blade. No human hand, however expert, or tireless, could ever work such comfort into a blade.

And Gillette goes one step further. It sets aside almost half of all its blade department workers to do nothing but inspect your blades—and rewards with a bonus the endless search for any blade that may be below par.

But you can count on your Gillette Blade to give you a comfortable shave anywhere

You see, eight out of ten men in America shave with a Gillette and expect every Gillette Blade to do its duty. So every blade *has* to be good, no matter how difficult the conditions it goes up against—hard water, cold water, tough beards, tender skins, slapdash lather—a dozen varying conditions that affect the comfort of your shave. Conditions change—the blade doesn't. That's why you can always slip a fresh Gillette Blade in your razor and enjoy a swift, sure shave wherever you are. Gillette Safety Razor Co., Boston, U. S. A.

King C. Gillette

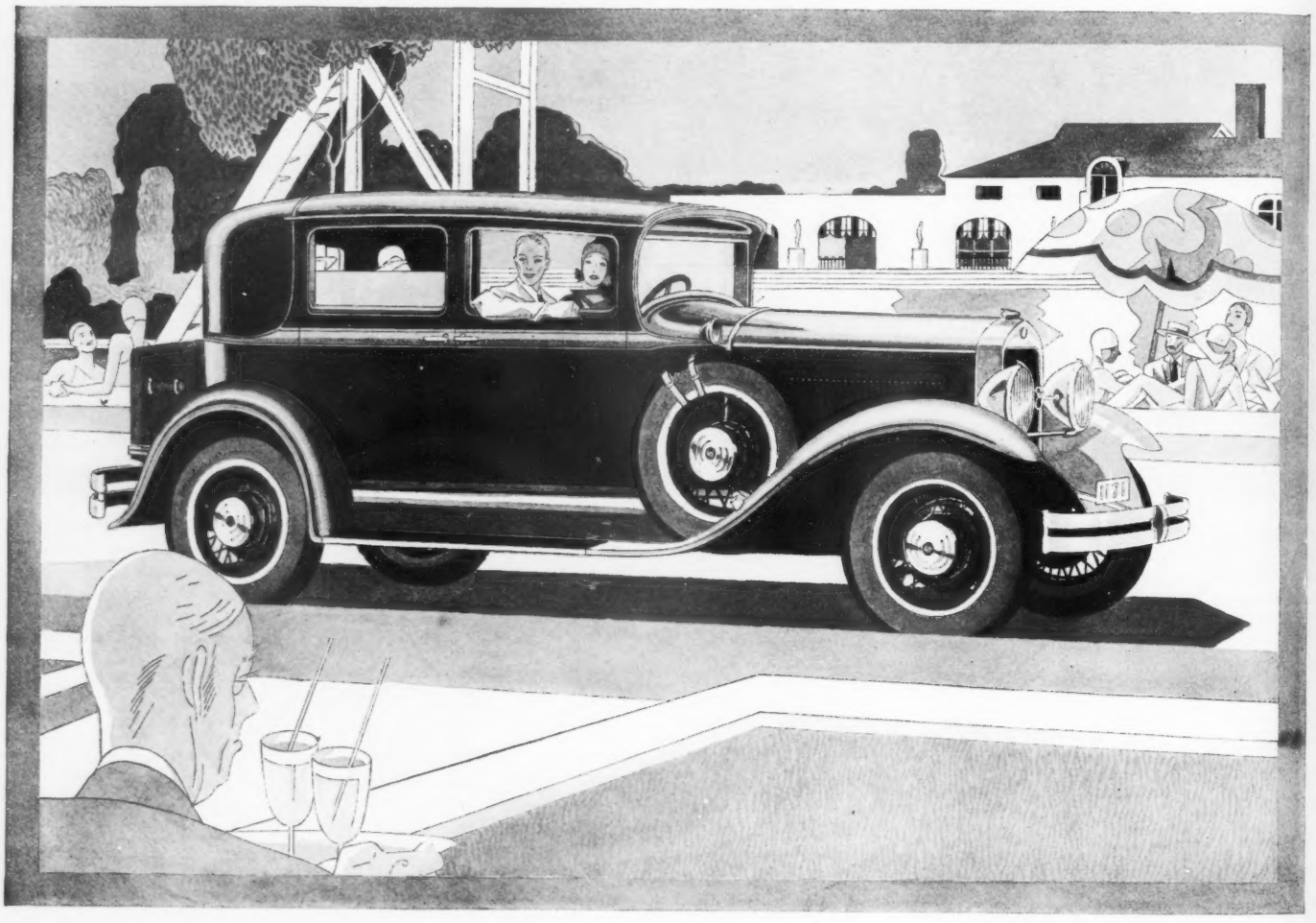
THE only individual in history, ancient or modern, whose picture and signature are found in every city and town, in every country in the world, is King C. Gillette. This picture and signature are universal sign-language for a perfect shave.

Gillette

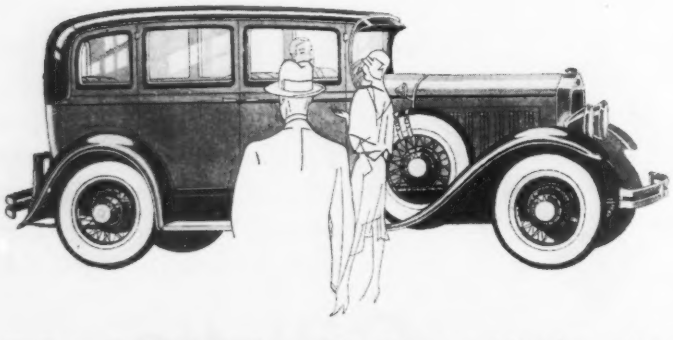
Gillette

YOUTHFUL···· IN STYLE AS IN SPIRIT

These smart, swift Studebaker Motor Cars bear themselves as Champions should

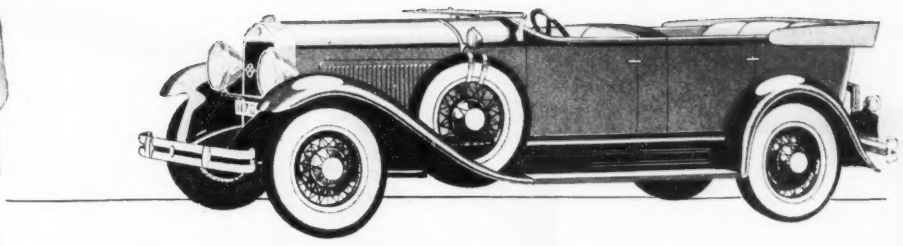


The Commander Brougham for five combines ample roominess with companionability. Upholstery—fine Bedford cord or mohair. Folding center arm rest in rear seat. Two extra wire wheels set in fender wells, a touring trunk with two large suit cases and a hat box, and hydraulic shock absorbers are standard equipment. Commander Eight Brougham, $1675, Commander Six, $1525.

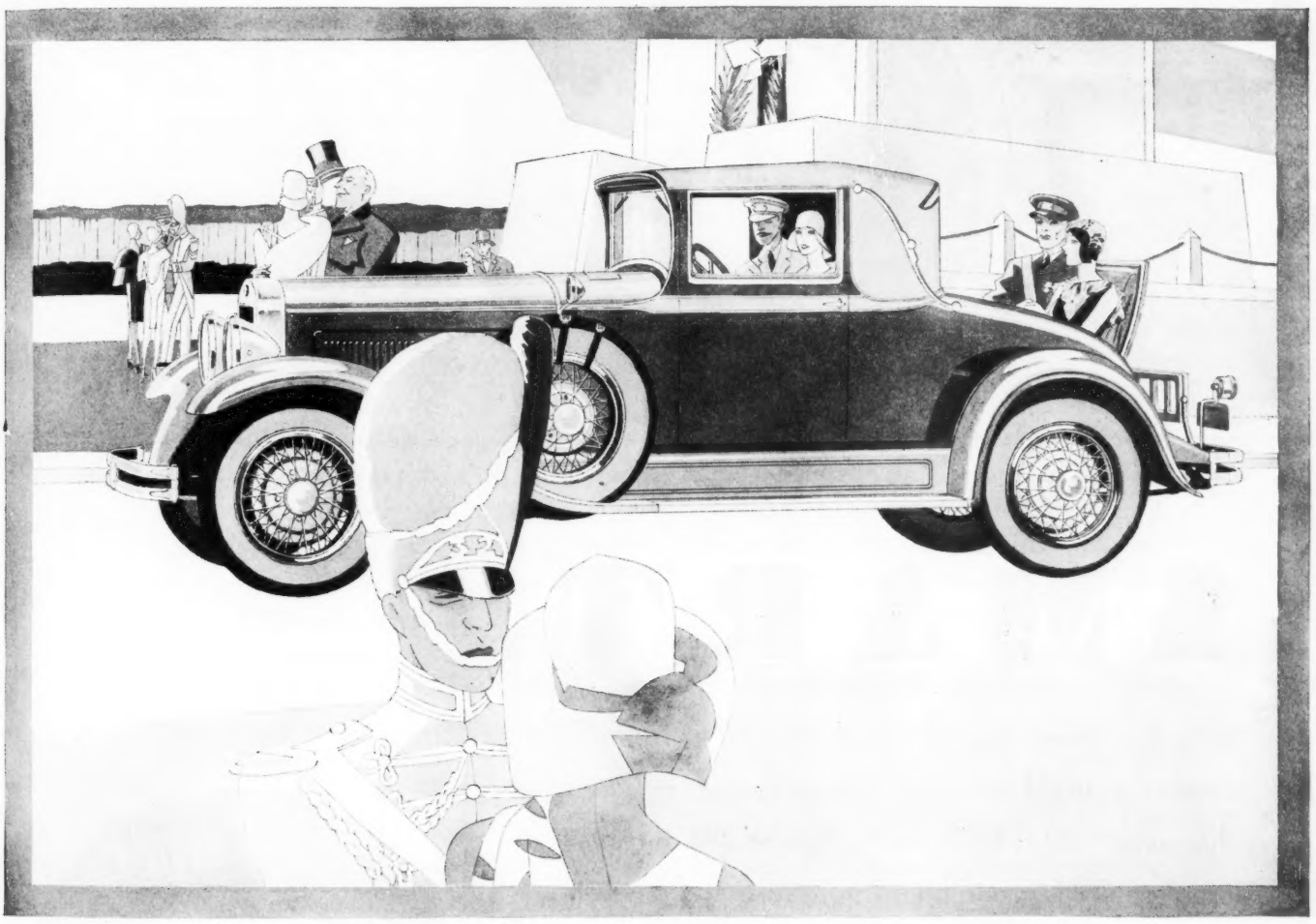


The Dictator Regal Sedan for five, available either as a straight eight or six, is a car of genuine beauty and generous size. Exceptional economy. 115-inch wheelbase. Hydraulic shock absorbers. The Dictator Six Regal Sedan is $1195; the Eight $1435. The Six-cylinder Dictator Coupe for two is $995 and the Eight $1185.

THERE is a fresh and vigorous style to Studebaker which is quite as evident in performance as in smart appearance. Breath-taking fleetness won for these gallant cars *every* official stock car record for speed and staying power. . . . There is a dash and spirit—a *style* distinctly Studebaker and unmistakably champion—about every phase of their flawless deportment. The way they handle, their riding ease born of ball-bearing spring suspension and enhanced by powerful hydraulic shock absorbers,



The President Eight State Tourer, seating seven. A beautiful interpretation in coachcraft, of the speed and stamina of its world champion chassis. Ball bearing spring shackles, powerful Houdaille shock absorbers, steel-core safety steering wheel. Flat-folding windshield of non-shatterable safety glass. 135-inch wheelbase. Priced $2085 with six wire wheels and folding luggage grid.



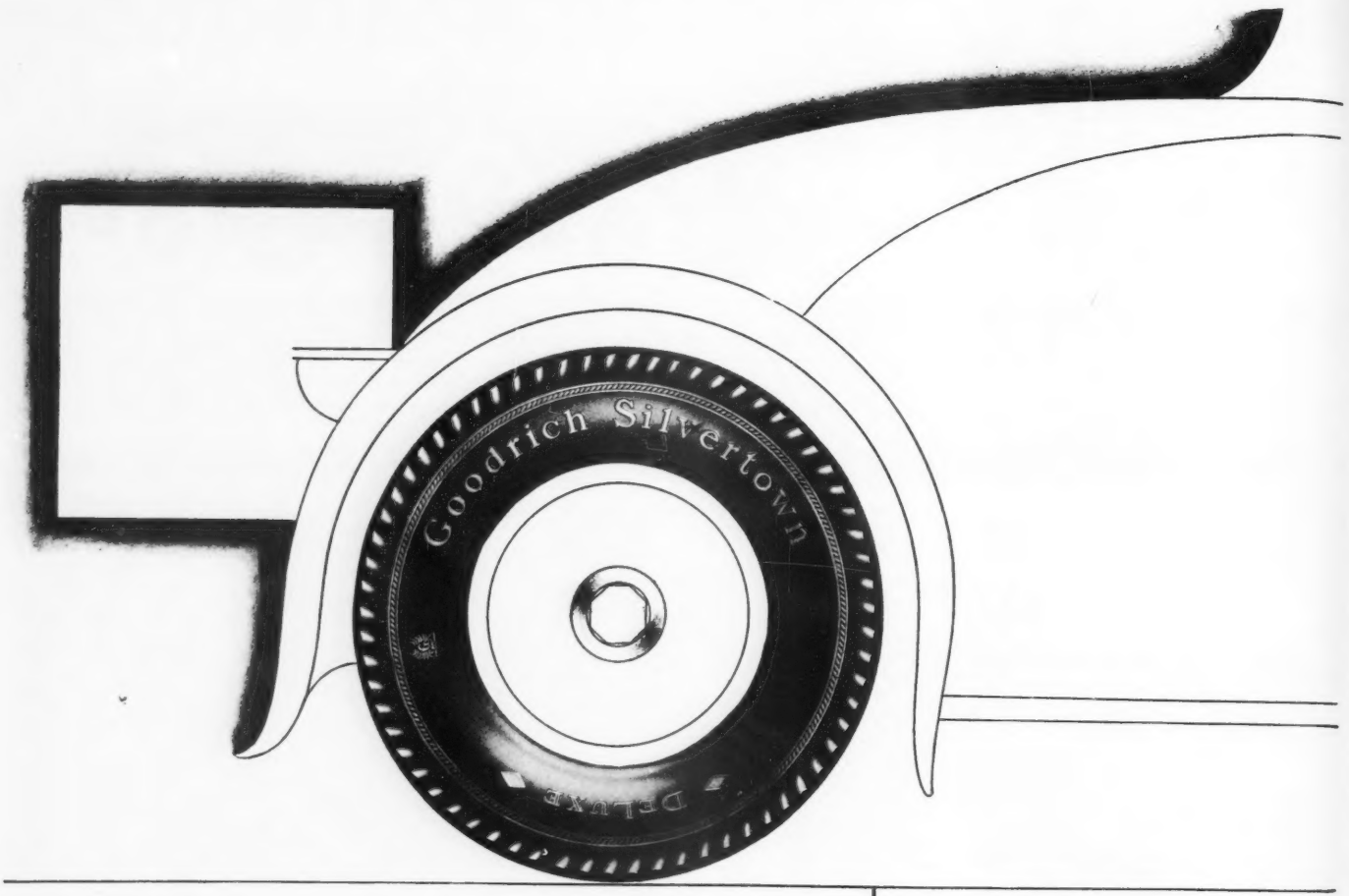
their steadiness on any road and at any pace, their velvet-smooth responsiveness—these make up Studebaker performance style. This performance style shares with fine coachcraft the honor which motorists of all nations have accorded to Studebaker . . . world leadership in the sale of eight-cylinder motor cars. There has been no finer tribute in Studebaker's long and honored history.

The President Eight Convertible Cabriolet seats four in comfort—two in the lounge and two in the commodious rumble. Low-swung on its costlier double-drop frame. Side windows may be raised with top up or down. Six wire wheels and trunk rack standard equipment. Priced at $1895. The Commander Eight Convertible Cabriolet for four is $1645, The Commander Six, $1495.

All prices at the factory. Bumpers and spare tires extra.

STUDEBAKER

Builder of Champions



SMART

They are smart, yes. Dressed equally well for the opera or the hunt. But it is pleasant to know that when the road grows long and the highway rough, there is strength and sturdiness and a never-say-die spirit to match their quite-evident good looks. That, you see, is because they are made by Goodrich . . . though to buy them you need only say "Silvertowns, de luxe, please!"

Goodrich de luxe Silvertowns

"The World's Finest Motor Car"

Duesenberg

265 h. p.

The Duesenberg Catalogue Just Published Says:

THE OBJECT of this book is to be informative; to give you a partial insight into the design, the structural strength, the metallurgy and the numerous exclusive ways in which Duesenberg provides for your utmost safety, comfort and enjoyment. . . . . The same motives which actuate the creation of any masterpiece prompt the building of this, the world's finest motor car. In every realm of human endeavor there is innate in certain men the driving desire to produce something that excels with finality. Always there is devotion to an ideal with only one thought in mind: to produce the best, forgetful of cost or expediency or any other consideration. When this is finally accomplished the work is acclaimed a masterpiece by those who are in a position to know; it is recognized as a standard by which all other things of its kind are judged . . . . This is true, whether the creation be a Taj Mahal, a Grecian vase, Cellini's metal craft, a Rembrandt painting, or—a Duesenberg car.

We say this without egotism. The superlatively fine has no need to be boastful. So confident is Duesenberg of the unquestioned supreme position its product occupies, that a nameplate is considered superfluous. Nowhere on the car do you find the name Duesenberg. But everywhere throughout the car you discover those master strokes of engineering and design and construction obtainable nowhere else than in a Duesenberg . . . . Yet the Duesenberg is marketed on the same basis as the most popular-priced car: dollar-for-dollar value. The Duesenberg price is set by the car's inherent worth.

Necessarily, its appeal is to only a very few. Any masterpiece can only be appreciated by those who understand the principles upon which its greatness is based. Therefore the ownership of a Duesenberg reflects discernment far above the ordinary. . . . . We are not the first to have had the ambition to build the world's finest motor car. But in our case this achievement was made possible by the experience and the creative genius of the man who designed it. . . . . For many years the world has recognized his name as a synonym for scientific pioneering, for high precision standards, and for performance attainments outdistancing all others. The climax of Fred S. Duesenberg's lifetime of effort and study is summed up in this new car . . . We submit the new Duesenberg, after more than two years of untiring zeal to excel every other car in the world, in every way.

Chassis $8,500

DUESENBERG, INC., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Convertible Coupe

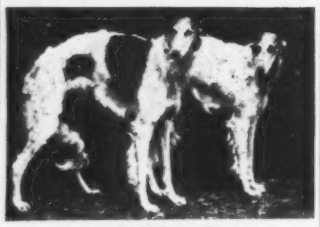
Sport Phaeton

All Weather Cabriolet

5 Passenger Sedan

The Dog Directory

Russian Wolfhounds



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Parma O'Valley Farm

A few grown dogs over distemper from $200. Puppies $50. and up, sired by Ch. Almadin O'Valley Farm, Ch. Nasskok O'Valley Farm, Ch. Artem O'Valley Farm, Ch. Casimir O'Valley Farm.

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PUPPIES OF QUALITY

Red and White

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Best of Breed, Westminster, 1929.
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Wire-Haired Fox Terriers
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A real sporting companion for your country estate, a small pal for your town house, a stylish chap for your motor car.
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Soundness First
Our success with the Samoyede has been earned by years of careful study and scientific practice.
LAIKA KENNELS
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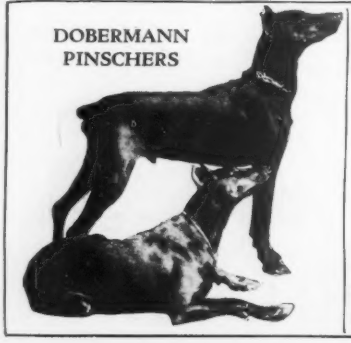
Fleet Wings

THEY'RE an old, old race—greyhounds. Aristocrats. Dogs of a tradition so ancient that most of us feel parvenus when we think of our awkward lines, our graceless modern restlessness against that poise and sublime repose. When they run—the poetry of motion is unleashed. If a prairie wolf ran too—they'd overtake him, spring and pull him down. Even Fleet Wings would do that, pitting her courage and her flying slenderness against that animal making his last stand. . . . Loyalty. They tell her to—she does. Her God isn't the one who made the Milky Way. He's you.

Perhaps you haven't room for greyhounds in your life—they need a lot of space. Maybe your fate is a Scottie who can sit tight under the piano bench and thump his tail. Or a Chow, haughty as your English chauffeur, and as used to cars. Perhaps you'd like a Japanese Toy Spaniel, bred for a palace in Tokio but willing to compromise on Park Avenue if he's coaxed. . . . look at the advertisements on this page. All dogs are good for you. But when you see your own, he comes right out of the picture and wags himself into your heart. If several dogs wag out at once and you're a bit bewildered—we'll diagnose your case. . . . We're just that sort. If you write to a Kennel direct, be sure to identify yourself as a reader of Vanity Fair.

THE DOG DIRECTORY
VANITY FAIR
Graybar Building, Lexington Ave., at 43rd, New York City

DOBERMANN PINSCHERS



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22 Dobermann Pinschers. (TRAINED)
26 German Shepherds. (TRAINED)
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Write for list of over 300 Trained dogs.
WILSONA KENNELS, Inc.
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Kencroft Collies
"The Perfect Pals"

The Ideal Companion for Your Child

KENCROFT CLAUDIO
Winner Puppy Class, Westminster Show 1929

Is a Kencroft Collie. Our puppies are accustomed to children. They are bred and reared under the most sanitary conditions. Beauty, Loyalty and Intelligence are all combined to make a Kencroft Collie the ideal companion and guard for your home.

Puppies usually for sale. $50 and up.

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ON ALL questions concerning your dog, you will find ready assistance through the advisory section of the Dog Mart. Address letters to DOG MART, VANITY FAIR, *Graybar Building*, New York, N. Y.

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Housebroken Puppies for show, breeding or pals. All colors.

GERSTDALE KENNELS, Alton, Iowa
Iowa's Leading Kennels. Est. 1907

Doberman Pinschers
A real guardian and companion. No other dog equal to him for children, car or house. Affectionate, kind and gentle, yet a wonderful guard. Puppies and Brood matrons for sale. Pups $75 up. Brief History of the Doberman, price 10c.
Duncan Kennels, Paris, Ky.

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At Stud—$60
Galloper is known to be a great reproducer. Now have one litter of his most uniform in coat and type.
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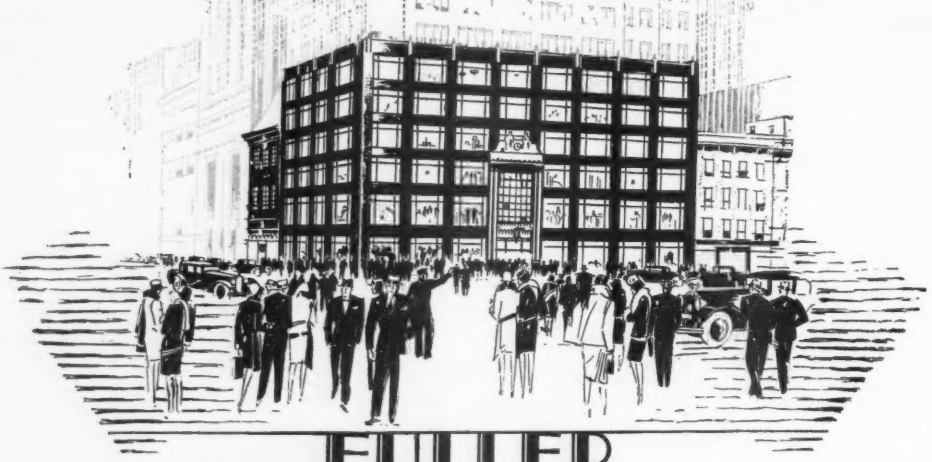

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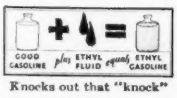

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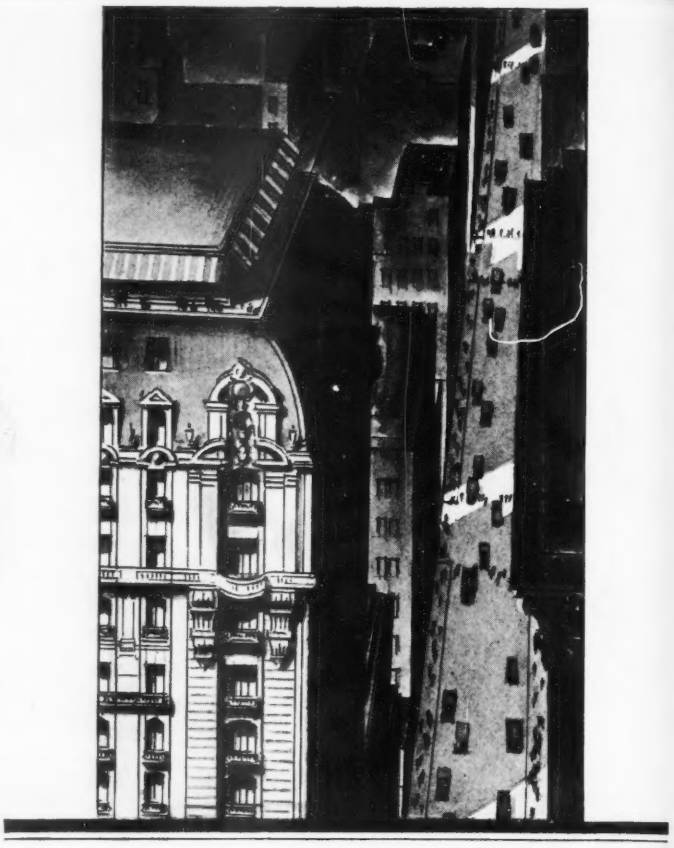

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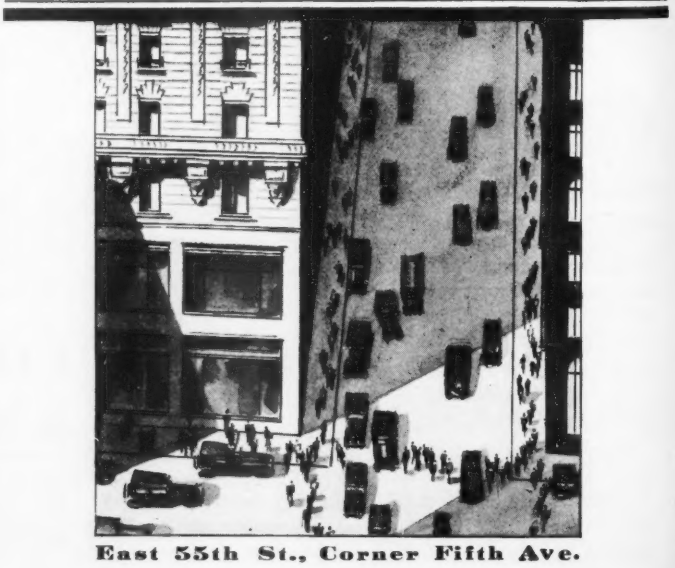

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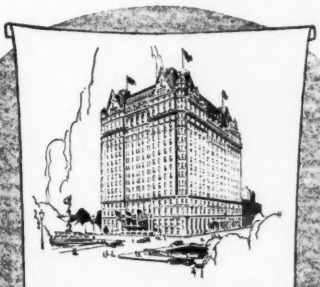

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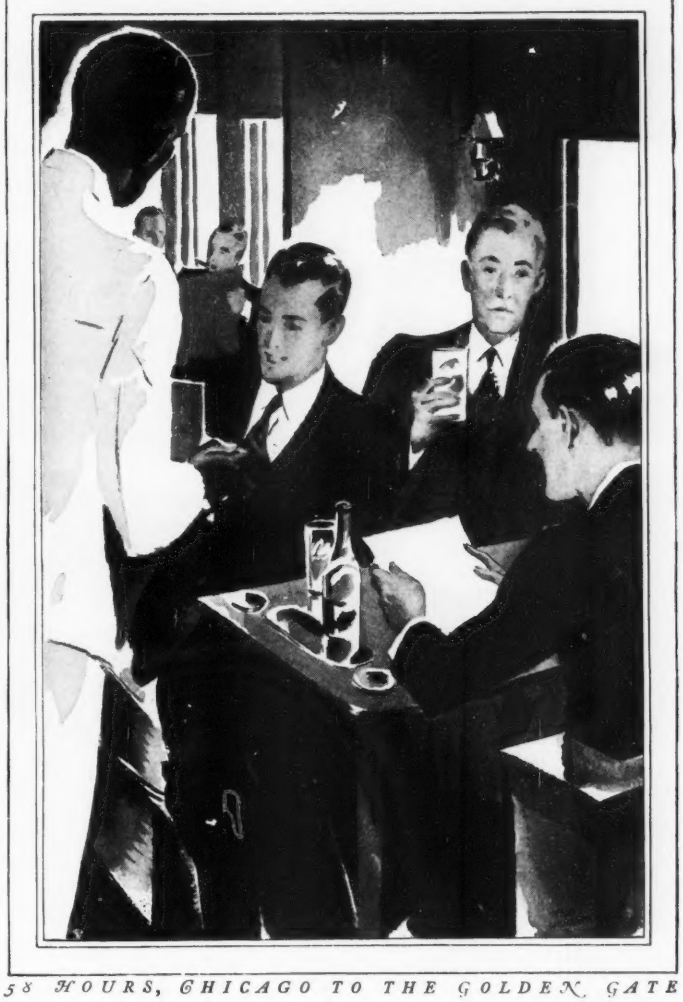

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IN VANITY FAIR

The Fingerprint on the Pickle

Wherein the Most Baffling of Modern Crimes Is Provided With an Amazingly Simple Solution

THE Brougham mansion was built in 1882 by Anthony Brougham, founder of the long line of Broughams that paraded numerously and lustily into the third decade of the twentieth century. It was a sombre, heavy stone edifice that more than suggested the heft of the vaults that contained the Brougham bonds as well as the vaults that contained their bones. There now resided in that ancient pile—which stood solidly and belligerently in the way of the sky-scraper invasion on Fifth Avenue—all of the Brougham children and grandchildren: Jerusha, Hector, Apollon, Catherine, Mary, Joe, Erasmus, Sarah, David, Edward and Donald, who was the youngest and addicted to the use of rare old wines.

To the outsider it would seem strange that a family of such grandeur should reside in the antique mansion when Pullman apartments beckoned on every side street. And it was strange—strange as old Anthony himself—because it depended entirely on the remarkable will he had left as gout and asthma shuffled off his mortal coils. The will said, in effect and *in toto*, "To the devil with my family." Hence they continued to live in the natal edifice.

HORATIO PENCE extinguished the flaming brandy on his morning coffee with a hammered silver brandy-extinguisher and lit a fabulous cigarette. He was turning the pages of *Sibi Jurandum* in a monk's meticulous handwriting when a servant said, "You are wanted on the telephone."

Horatio Pence discarded the volume with a sigh. "Bother!" he murmured, "another tot fiend," I suppose.

His guess was correct. The voice of Slade Wade Cosgrove came to his ears. "This is Slade Wade Cosgrove of Headquarters," the voice said. "Have you a moment to spare?"

Horatio looked at his watch—a handsome thing made in Java. "Interesting?"

"Very."

"Baffling?"

"Extremely."

Horatio then sighed softly as would Michael Arlen seating himself in the back seat of a Rolls. "Then count on me."

Fifteen minutes later Cosgrove joined him. His usually good-natured face was spattered here and there with mud.

"I see you haven't slept all night," was Pence's comment. The detective drew an astonished breath and launched into a recital of the incident which led to his early call. "There has been a murder at the Brougham mansion," he said.

Horatio Pence nodded. "Of course."

"Not a clue. Not even a finger-print."

"Naturally. Have you a floor plan that we can print on the page facing?"

Cosgrove produced a rather good likeness of the Brougham floors. Presently they were standing on them. The body of David lay on a Queen Victoria *chaise longue*. Pence gave it a cursory glance and then summoned the servants. DuQuesne, the butler, it seemed, had been stirring beer in the cellar when the shot was fired. Irene, the suspicious but alluring French maid, had been fiddling with Edward's golf sticks in the hall. Baritone, the family chauffeur, had been taking tea with Miss Jerusha at the Ritz.

SLEUTH THINKING

Horatio Pence, famous detective, to whom nothing long remains a mystery, had been writing all night to complete the list of fourteen points which he believed would inevitably lead to the unravelling of the strangely baffling Brougham murder case

"Hmmmmm," Pence said, and Cosgrove felt vastly relieved.

It was five in the afternoon of the following day. Horatio Pence was chilling absinthe in a monogrammed absinthe-chiller. The telephone rang and he heard Cosgrove's excited voice. "Catherine Brougham has been murdered!"

Pence yawned. "Just as I expected," he whispered. Together they hurried to the old mansion. DuQuesne, the butler, had found the body while he was stirring beer in the cellar. Irene, who seemed to be something more than a servant and whom Cosgrove suspected of being a ward, was toying with Edward's polo mallets in the library. Baritone, the chauffeur, was taking tea with Miss Jerusha at the Plaza.

"It couldn't have happened—but there it is," said Cosgrove, pointing to the cadavre. Pence merely nodded abstractedly. It was a good sign, the detective thought.

Three days later Horatio Pence was disturbed as he stood playing Massenet's *Elégie* on his Stradivarius. A servant called him to the phone. Cosgrove, delirious with excitement, shouted, "Erasmus has been murdered."

"Of course," Pence replied. "He was next, wasn't he?"

"But we've got to stop it!"

"It will stop of itself. By elimination."

Ten minutes later they were inside the Brougham house, Pence questioned the servants who were beginning to murder each other by that time. The enigma seemed unsolvable.

He returned thoughtfully to his Chinese apartment down town and sat there writing all night. When he finished, he had fourteen points. All that remained necessary was to put them into their proper order. They were: 1. Anthony Brougham's will. 2. The wilful children. 3. The will-fulfilling children: *i.e.*—going to the devil. 4, 5, 6, 7, and 8. The servants. 9. Bodies found in hall, cellar, attic. 10. Who did it? 11. Somebody. 12. But who? 13. The dagger. 14. The weapon.

PALE but composed, he sent for Cosgrove. The detective arrived and took a seat apprehensively on the settee upholstered with cobra skins. "Well?" he queried.

Pence gave him the list. Cosgrove shook his head. "I can't make anything of it."

"No?"

"No."

"Listen." Horatio Pence sighed and closed his eyes wearily. "Those people—the Broughams—are not dead."

"Not dead!"

"No. Not in every sense of the word."

Cosgrove jumped excitedly to his feet. "Why—you're mad! They're in the tomb!"

"In a way—in a way. But think of this, dear fellow. Incarcerated in that Brougham mansion—a veritable mausoleum—they have lost all contact with the gregarious social microcosms to which they were lineally indigenous. Did you notice David's necktie? Erasmus's waistcoat? Catherine's hat? Impossible—all of them."

"But I don't see—"

"My dear Cosgrove, did you but spring from that line, you would understand. These younger Broughams did not know who was who, what was what, where to go—or even so elementary a thing as what to wear. They were murdered by society—a sort of suicide, in fact. Socially, they are extinct." Pence turned the necklace over with the ferrule of his ebony cane. "If I were you, Cosgrove, I'd hurry up there and prevent any further calamities—by giving them this." And he handed the detective a copy of VANITY FAIR.

—P. G. WYLIE

PORTRAIT OF DEREK WILLIAMS
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HOYNINGEN-HUENE

Emile Antoine Bourdelle, Sculptor

A Portrait Study of the Great Frenchman, Rodin's Pupil, Who Is Approaching His Seventieth Year

THIS Emile Antoine Bourdelle who appears above narrowly inspecting a work of his own with the shrewd and anxious eyes of a peasant farmer appraising his crops is, of all sculptors living today, most undeniably the "architectural" sculptor. This simple and noble Frenchman, the son of a cabinet maker and the nephew of a stone cutter, impregnated from his childhood with the credo of the sanctity of fine craftsmanship, is supported by an unquestioning belief in the architectural obligations of sculpture, its relation to the hierarchy of art as decoration in its highest form. Bourdelle was for many years Rodin's pupil and the close friend of Anatole France, of both of whom he has done portraits. He also studied at Toulouse and at the *Ecole des Beaux Arts* in Paris. Working chiefly in marble and bronze, he has executed a great number of monuments for the governments of the world. He is represented in many American museums

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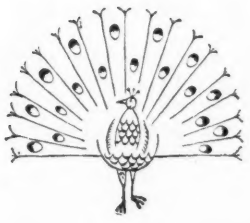


The Private Lives of the Moderns

How the Phrase "The Sanctity of the Home" Has Little Meaning in the World of Today

By G. K. CHESTERTON

THE most essential educational product is Imagination. It is in a wandering and even wild Imagination that all schools should chiefly instruct all school-children. For Imagination will teach them how to live a quiet and humdrum life.

This simple truth is now much neglected by both the fashionable and the old-fashioned. The way to make people contented is to make them creative, not to make them barren. I have no desire to lock people up in the parlour or the pantry, or deny them excursions and excitements. But it is strictly true that the larger is their Imagination, the less they will mind being locked up at home in the parlour; or, for that matter, in the coal-cellar. The child who can see the pictures in the fire will need less to see the pictures in the film theatres. The man who can make up stories about his next-door neighbour will be the less dependent upon the next day's newspaper. So long as the minds of the poor were perpetually stirred and enlivened by ghost-stories, fairy-stories and legends of wild and wonderful things, they remained comparatively contented; possibly too contented, but still contented. The moment modern science and instruction stopped all these things, we had a Labour Question and the huge discontent of today. Both for good and evil, but especially for good, it is Imagination that keeps people quiet.

ON the other hand, dull people always want excitement. Three-quarters of the real luxury or prodigality or profligacy that is complained of in modern life is due to the dullness of people who cannot imagine anything they do not experience. They are so miserably, dismally stupid that they actually have to do things. They are so poor in spirit that they have to have things. They have to have a flying-machine fitted up with every luxury, because they cannot send their souls up while flying a kite. They have to be in a racing-car in order to believe that it really races. If this principle of the inner life were understood, we might today restore the sanity of civilisation; and especially the poetry of home life.

I am trying to suggest a criticism of the new generation that shall not merely suggest a complacency about my own generation. I am not a venerable Victorian objecting to plus-fours because they are different from peg-top trousers; but rather because they are not different enough. I should not complain of Oxford bags because they would have caused a mild surprise to Tom Brown at Oxford; but because they would have caused a mild surprise to almost anybody else. Alexander about to conquer the world, Alfred called upon to reconquer the Wessex kingdom, would certainly have received them with the fervent expression: "Not in these trousers." But it is less true of trifles than of serious truths. And this distinction especially applies to the blunders made by both generations about the fundamental human institution called the Family or the Household.

HALF the trouble has arisen from two falsehoods; both of them current, not so much among those who are young enough to be troublesome, as among those who are old enough to know better. But in both generations there is a fixed idea: first, that what is called the Victorian Age was a golden age of domestic respectability and unity; and second, that there was something specially fine about this solid and conventional family life. The very name of Queen Victoria is supposed in some way to stamp a sacred domesticity upon the period and the place, and to suggest that the idea of the family was at its highest or strongest in that age and in that country.

Both these ideas are quite false. The Victorian age was not one in which domesticity was at its highest. On the contrary, it was one at which domesticity was at its lowest. Half the present evil arises from the fact that the Victorians never did understand the virtues that they were vaguely supposed to defend.

The Victorians were people who had *lost* the sense of the sacredness of the home. They still believed in the respectability of the home; but that is only another way of saying that they wanted to be respected by other people for reverencing what they did not really reverence. If we compare Victorian customs with the customs of the mass of mankind, the first thing that will strike us is that the purely domestic customs have been cut down to next to nothing; that they are duller and not brighter, colder and not more convivial. It is as if we were to say that because a Victorian banker generally disapproved of walking about naked, therefore his age was the golden age of glorious and flamboyant costume. The truth is that he had cut down costume to something meaner and more prosaic and less significant and important than costume had ever been before. He wore chimney-pot hats and mutton-chop whiskers because he thought less and not more about the possibilities of dress than did a gallant of Giorgione or a cavalier of Van Dyck. He preferred the chimney-pot hats as he preferred the chimney-pots to the Tower of Giotto. He tolerated the mutton-chop whiskers as he tolerated the mutton-chops; because he despised French cookery along with French culture. It is quite possible for a sympathetic imagination to see something manly and bracing about such a Philistine. But nobody, however sympathetic, would say that he understood the real meaning and possibilities of dress. Nor did he understand the meaning and possibilities of domesticity.

TO begin at the beginning, we can invoke not merely the Christian but the Pagan idea of the family. The Pagans actually had Household Gods. They worshipped the house; they treated it as a temple; not metaphorically but literally. They sacrificed to gods who were conceived as present in that place, as distinct from other places. The gods presided over the most material and even grotesque features of domestic life. Now the more modern man did not go on like that. He did it less than any other man of any other time. He was never tempted to bow down in worship to the door-scraper. He was never known to offer sacrifices to the umbrella-stand. But in the old heathen culture, the door-scraper would really have been an idol or the umbrella-stand a god. The umbrella-stand would at least have been dedicated to some deity who might be supposed to be interested in umbrellas; presumably Jupiter Pluvius. The door-scraper would have stood for a ceremony; and the ceremony of scraping the feet would have been one of purification or lustration, a ceremony symbolic of discarding the dust and mire of the world.

(Continued on page 91)

Love

A Young Man Profits by the Knowledge of a Wise Counsellor—and His Own Experiences

By PAUL GERALDY

I

MY son, you are now a young man: You used to wonder about the future life and the beginning of the world, but you never thought of love. Your teachers expected you to sympathize with the passions of Racine's princely heroes; instead you were indifferent and a little contemptuous. As a boy, you did not like little girls.

But your age, and the sudden opening of your eyes to a black sun, all have filled you with dark longings.

It is only very late in life that we learn to love without after-thought. For many years our sensibilities continue to be shocked by our own demands and the compliance of women. Don Juan stifles within himself the voice of a bewildered adolescent.

The eternal tragedy of man and the subject of all his books is the gulf between what he dreams of being and what he is, the division of his life between two poles: sensuality and love.

What else can we expect!

II

Become a man. Know women.

You are surprised by the use of the plural. You believe that love is the love of some *one* person. But wait.

First learn to distinguish the intermingled voices of your heart and your desire. Many lovers confuse love with pleasure, like those travellers who imagine that they love a city because they once had a good dinner there.

The senses go rushing ahead and guide the heart into countries where the poor thing has no real business. They leave it behind to escape as best it can. Teach your heart.

Do you hope to preserve yourself for the woman you will love?

There is no more certain way to displease her. Women do not like apprentices. The trouble with every game is that we must begin by learning it.

III

And now, tell me what you have just been thinking.

Or better still, tell me nothing. . . .

Man has given the sad name of "love" to the sad gestures of love. Does it not prove that man possesses a marvellous faith in his own importance?

IV

You are a little disillusioned, but not calmed. Your curiosity and thirst are still keen. Women are so lovely! They are everywhere about you, in the houses you visit, in the crowded streets, and they are everywhere mingled with men. In the midst of your harsh, lonely world, they create a paradise.

You are haunted. You feel dizzy. You tremble. . . . A woman whose heart is not already taken has no real defence against a man.

You have been introduced. The rest is easy.

When you are with women, never be ashamed of your feelings. Do not be afraid to let them see that you are deeply troubled by their presence. Your immense greed does not offend them. On the contrary. . . .

Women love to be loved. Women are never shocked by love. How can you expect them to grant what you desire if you yourself are ashamed of desiring it?

You should like to be handsomer, richer, wittier. I know. It is useless to worry about such matters.

Your own gifts are quite sufficient.

V

Women listen to you with interest. They look at you with favour.

What did I tell you? Continue. Have a thousand adventures. Don't think that you are losing time. You are winning it instead. Porto-Riche told me one day: "My boy, I wasted my life. I had a good time. I didn't work."

I answered: "Renan used to say, 'My friends, I wasted my life. I worked. I never had a good time.'"

You would be wrong to marry. You are too much in love with love. You are too much in love with women. There is nothing of the husband about you. You are the born lover.

Be happy at success in love, but do not feel flattered. Victories of the sort are not great victories. Women are only too fond of being vanquished.

VI

And now, full of tenderness and gratitude, you are about to surrender yourself.

No! You will please many women. It is the woman who pleases you, and not one you please, whom it is really your task to win.

VII

Do not sacrifice your dignity to love. Do not fall on your knees. Women detest being treated like goddesses. They know very well that they are only women. Your blushes and pallors, your looks of adoration, all embarrass them for your sake. Women love men. Do not humiliate your sex before them. A truly superior mind is never entirely dominated by love. There are within us a victor and a vanquished, both of whom put forward their claims. We demand to be admired and pitied at the same time; we attempt to make our virtues and our faults, our strength and our weakness, contribute equally to the love that we inspire.

Conquer only by your strength.

The frankness of your nature is no excuse for complacently displaying your weaknesses. Women are weak. They demand that you be strong. Know that in their eyes the rarest talent, the highest virtues, will never take the place of absent strength.

"I love you" should never sound like a call for help. We cannot be wholly strong, and if we were, we should have no need of love. But be as strong as you possibly can. At least, conceal your weakness from the woman you love.

And don't bother to tell me that you insist on being loved for what you are. You are worth more than that.

VIII

Never pursue a woman for nothing, for the sport of it, for the mere joy of pursuing. We become attached to whatever we pursue. Soon we come to believe that we love it. The awakening is painful.

Do not glory in successes that come too soon, nor in triumphs that are too purely physical. It is not your strength, but her weakness that causes these prompt surrenders.

You should always be able to feel proud of your adventures. Let the briefest have a meaning and the most humble a perfume. Let each one be a poem. Not only great poems; but also very little poems can be perfect.

IX

Are women of easy morals absolutely forbidden you?

Of course! There must be no pleasures that exclude the imagination.

Avoid the women of the stage and film-actresses. You will find that they make you waste your time.

Flee from *jeunes filles*. Like you they are poor and greedy. They make you waste your time.

Never become the lover of a married woman. Adultery is ugly.

At this point you will answer that married women are the most attractive. I don't say no. . . . They are more mature, and at the same time more youthful.

As if I didn't know it. . . .

And they are all so unhappily married. . . .

Evidently!

X

At present you are much less interested in the art of seduction than in that of separation. She refuses to let you go.

Take care! You are approaching the one real drama: that of the woman who tries to keep a man for herself.

Be honourable, but firm. Do not yield to your goodness of heart, which would destroy you without saving her. Doubtless what she gave you was of great value, but to give her your life in exchange is too much. Your duties to her are not your only duties. You also have obligations toward yourself. Pay with your intelligence and strength. Pay with your time, which is becoming more precious from day to day. If you are no longer a young man, pay with your money.

Love is an expensive luxury.

(Continued on page 90)

THE HILLTOP AT EZE

This is the Phoenician hilltop, on the Riviera road to Monte Carlo, where, as the first person to move into the village in 700 years, a passing American has made a château for himself out of sixteen deserted, crumbling houses. Having been occupied in the past by Romans, Saracens, English, Troubadours, and even lepers, the citadel of Eze is bearing up splendidly under the present invasion

The House That Cannot Be Photographed

Notes for an Impending Book on Architecture, Which (God Forbid) Is Being Contemplated

By ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

MAN and boy, these twenty years, I have written much of people I have known, setting them forth in pieces that range all the way from the austerity of biography to the malice of mere tale-bearing. Now I am minded to write a book about some wild houses I have known—more particularly about three houses I have known.

One was (and still is) a mansion of unbelievable ugliness, massive, mortuary and malign. It was built by a purse-proud and stubborn old man who, on his death-bed, made a will bequeathing a vast fortune to his two expectant heirs. They hated his ugly house almost as much as they hated each other. Therefore he made it a condition of their inheriting so much as a penny that one or another of them should live in it every day of the year so long as either of them should be alive. Then he turned over and died, his knotted old face relaxing, the nurse said afterward, in the first smile which had adorned it within the memory of anyone then living.

The second house was built by a man of genius upon his native hillside, and was destroyed at the earliest opportunity by a pious fanatic who disapproved of the man of genius. To make his work complete, the fanatic, in addition to setting a torch to the lovely homestead, also killed seven persons in the house, himself included. If, as we may guess, this final touch was dictated by a strong publicity instinct, the fanatic happened, through the perversity of fate, to select a bad night for his master effort. It was, you see, the sheltering twilight of the 3rd of August, 1914. Next day the front pages of the world's newspapers rather distracted attention from his own little attempt to go in for murder in a modest way.

The third house is the one which (as I am afraid this trial flight may all too clearly reveal) I will find most difficult to bring to life by the mere use of words printed on a page. There is, I think, no house quite like it anywhere in the world, and it has a secret, a talisman which, had we the strength to carry it away, would free us every one. This is the house that cannot be photographed. It is a *château* built a few years ago in Southern France by a young American whose advent caused considerable excitement, as he was the first householder to move into the town (except by the process of birth) since the Thirteenth Century. On the edge of a mountain, working from sixteen deserted houses which he bought with a little spare cash, and using only the stone and rubble of their decay, some of which had lain undisturbed for centuries, he built a home for himself which has haunted me ever since the first time I crossed his threshold, and drank my wine upon his vine-roofed *terrasse*, with the whole, incomparable anatomy of the Azure Coast stretched out as on some checkerboard far below us, with Corsica faintly visible fifty miles to the south, and the islands off Toulon fifty miles to the east, all across the marvel of a turquoise sea, and all so high and wind-swept that jealous eagles eyed me critically as I sat and drank that wine.

The aforesaid American is Sam Barlow, the composer—S. L. M. Barlow, to be precise—sometime student in residence at Harvard College, where he was a classmate, I think, of Robert Benchley. He is a son of the late Magistrate Barlow of New York, and a nephew of that jaunty survivor of the Nineteenth Century, the late Brander Matthews.

The village where he has fashioned his home is the decaying citadel of Eze, which stands on a hilltop between the river road and the *Moyenne Corniche*. It is close to Beaulieu, where Mary Garden thrives in a little villa down on the water's edge, and it is not more than fifteen minutes by motor from the sedately sportive town of Monte Carlo. Eze is older than any of them, older even than the Roman Empire, for its very name is a rubble heap of sound left by the crumbling of the word Isis, in whose honour the pious, sea-going Phoenicians named the first settlement they made upon that hill.

Then Eze knew the itching fingers of Rome, knew the Saracens, and, on one occasion, even the English, for, in a footnote to British maritime history, you may read that the good people of Southampton so felt their oats on one occasion that they launched a local expedition for plunder in that corner of the Mediterranean littoral. But the brave days of Eze were in the century of the Troubadours, when sweet singers sang of love as they sighed at the Moon through the very casements where now our Master Barlow looks out upon the sea.

Then, as nations rose to part the garments of the doddering Empire, and not mere towns and *seigneuries* but whole peoples went to war, reinforced by capacities for mischief which could riddle the once-formidable citadel of Eze as easily as if it had been built of paper, the reasons for living in Eze at all vanished, and the peasants drifted away. Indeed, there was a time when the lords of that countryside designated it as a good place for lepers.

With no incoming people to refresh it, the population slowly dwindled, until only ninety

(Continued on page 86)

The Rival

Proving That a Fiction, However Disturbing, Is Sometimes Much Preferable to the Truth

By FRÉDÉRIC BOUTET

RAYMOND PARRES met Gilberte at a bridge-tea at Madame Monnier's. Gilberte made an unforgettable impression on him at first sight.

"Who is that young woman over by the window—the blonde, dressed in black?" he asked Mme. Monnier.

Mme. Monnier, an amiable woman, who made no attempt to hide her sixty years, looked toward the spot he had indicated.

"How is it that you've never seen her here before?" she said. "Her name is Gilberte Rivière. Charming, isn't she?"

"Charming, certainly. Slender, delicate—wavy, amber hair—a pensive, melancholy air—"

"You've turned poet! My dear Raymond, you'll always be a romanticist, won't you? If she looks melancholy, though, it's not without cause. I invite her here to distract her."

"She has had some trouble, then?"

"Yes, a serious trouble. Six years ago she married a man called Lemartay, Yves Lemartay—I don't think you know him."

"No. Where would I have met him?"

"Oh, I don't know—Montmartre, some place of the sort. He was a gay liver, a rounder. He captivated that child, married her, and proceeded at once to make her wretchedly unhappy. He was unfaithful to her from the beginning. He'd stay away for a week at a time without going home, or else take her to dives where they would meet his inamoratas. He squandered a good part of her dowry. She loved him, so she put up with everything. Finally, he went so far that she tried to take poison. It's true, I give you my word! They just barely saved her life, but her husband took advantage of the chance to leave her. When the poor little thing got well she simply had to divorce him. That was about two years ago."

RAYMOND PARRES listened to this story with much concern. Such misfortunes, happening to an unattractive woman, would have troubled him very little, but it angered him to think they had befallen the fair, fragile girl sitting by the window.

"It's shameful," he said, vehemently. "I wish you would introduce me to her."

"Very gladly. Since neither of you plays bridge, you can talk together. But I warn you, she is very shy. You'll have to make an effort."

Mme. Monnier, who had a lively interest in love affairs, and thought that Raymond, an attractive and sincere young man, was the very person to console the unhappy Gilberte, presented him immediately with a glowing recommendation.

Raymond found it a little difficult to engage Gilberte in conversation. The girl seemed to him like some sweet but frightened bird; she did not respond, at first, to the conventional remarks he addressed to her. Still, gradually, she said a few words, in a delightful voice which showed that she was beginning to evince an interest in Raymond. She found herself more at her ease—and Raymond was encouraged to attempt some less stereotyped remarks, which allowed her to discover that he was sympathetic and admired her. Gilberte did not seem to be alarmed; she began to respond. Raymond found her more charming than ever. They took tea together, side by side. When it was time for them to part they were firm friends.

This friendship increased and was confirmed by every subsequent meeting between them. Raymond looked forward eagerly to these encounters. He found himself more and more interested in Gilberte, and it seemed to him that she was by no means indifferent to him. He paid her a discreet, respectful, and tender court. He asked her to marry him; she hesitated, awhile, then accepted him.

IT was not long after their marriage that Raymond, madly in love with his young wife, realized for the first time what it was to be jealous.

He had no occasion to be jealous of the present, however. Gilberte, who was not interested in society, seldom went out, often refusing to go with him when he was obliged to spend an evening away from home at a dinner that was really a matter of business. Reserved, submissive, she was the most restful of wives; no husband could have been suspicious of her.

Raymond was jealous of the past. He was jealous of his wife's first husband, Yves Lemartay, who had won Gilberte when she was nothing but a child, who had taught her what love meant, whom she had loved. How had she come to love him? That was what Raymond asked himself, tormented by the evocation of dreadful fantasies, which he tried in vain to banish from his mind.

Gilberte's first husband, the man whom she had, first of all, accepted. . . . Had she accepted him, or submitted to him? A charming, experienced man, certainly, accustomed to having his way with women. A man of the world, an irresistible Don Juan, perhaps, whom Gilberte had loved passionately. Yes. Mme. Monnier had been right. Gilberte had loved him, even if the marriage had been imposed upon her, since she had put up with so much without leaving him.

The time came when Raymond, in spite of his customary reserve, could not restrain himself from questioning Gilberte.

"You loved him, didn't you? Tell me—how much did you love him? How is it that you submitted for so long to his carrying on? Did you love him more than you love me? I came too late in your life. The memory of your first love will never be wiped out!"

She protested evasively, timidly.

"Oh, but you're mad! I am so happy with you, so utterly contented. I am happy—and, Raymond, I used to be so unhappy! Mme. Monnier told you."

"But you loved him—him! He was charming, brilliant. Did you love him passionately?"

She was subdued, like one disarmed . . . but disarmed by what? By an obvious truth, which she could not convincingly deny? Or by the impossibility of confessing that the truth had not been what he suspected? She no longer answered him.

"She loved him, she loved him. She will never love me as she loved him," Raymond repeated to himself.

Months passed and brought no relief to his distress. One night he had to attend a business dinner. Gilberte, who was not well, did not go with him. He dined with a married couple, the Vosgors, and a bachelor, a man called Ravier; he was associated with the two men in the formation of a new company. After dinner Raymond let them take him to a Montmartre café. He did not find it amusing there, being preoccupied by thoughts of Gilberte, and he was about ready to take his leave when he heard some of the hostesses attached to the place uttering cries of joy.

"There he is! It's you, my *coco!* You're going to dance with me—say that you are! My dear, you're just in time! Come this way!"

A big man, still young, and very gay, made his entrance.

"Well, here I am, kittens," he said, condescendingly. "Everyone seems to be having a good time!"

Obviously drunk, he went to take his place with the three girls who had called to him, at a table not far from the one occupied by Raymond and his friends. They received him delightedly.

"Let's have a drink," he suggested. "Come on—*champagne*, what? That'll cheer us up—and then we'll dance!"

"Oh, no—you're too much like an elephant! You'll step on our feet—no thanks!"

"Oh, that'll be all right!" said the big man, enunciating with some difficulty.

HE looked sideways at the table where Raymond and his friends were seated, and saluted them with drunken dignity.

"Who's that fellow?" Vosgors asked Ravier.

"Yves Lemartay—you must know—"

He stopped short, suddenly remembering that Raymond was present.

Raymond tried to suppress the shudder of disgust that ran through him.

So this vulgar gross man, this stupid drunkard, this frequenter of cheap women, was Gilberte's first husband! She had been infatuated with him! It was of him that he was madly, atrociously jealous.

Suddenly his jealousy vanished. Raymond, in his confusion, laughed bitterly. Gilberte had loved that man—she had been ready to kill herself for him! What a disgrace, what a farce! The ignominy of having had such a husband was a severe reflection upon her. She had loved him—she, who was so fine, so reserved, so fastidious, had loved him!

Raymond leaned back in his seat. A mocking calmness quieted him.

"Suppose we go," he said, freed of all his jealousy—and even, perhaps, of all his love.

A New York Sunday

Graphic Glimpses at Ways and Walks of a Big City

By COVARRUBIAS

HIKERS

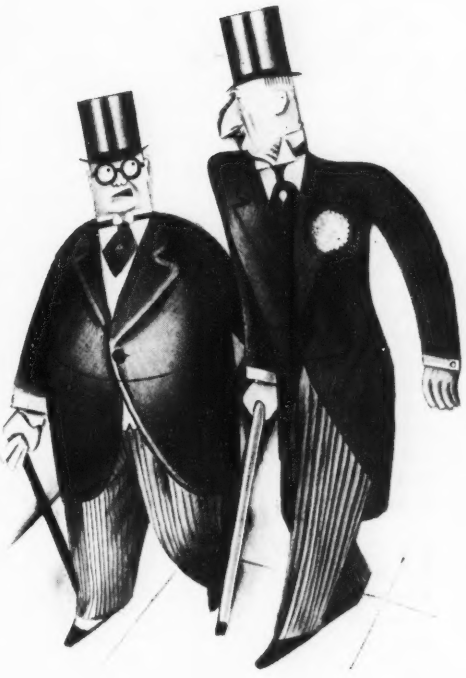
In the high hinterland back of the Palisades we see many pedestrian pairs like Zoe and Becky who are hitting the sylvan trails and, incidentally, wrecking the landscape as they go. They are now five long miles from Fort Lee Ferry and Becky, the more comely of the twain, is giving the lustrous lamp to passing motorists in the hope of getting a lift home

JACK ASHORE

The fleet's in, and honest Jack patrols the pleasant paths by the Hudson. He is keeping a weather eye on his ship, the *Texas*, which may be seen champing at her anchor, but his heart is centred on Lulu, his *pro tem* sweetie, who, in business hours, hands out wrong telephone numbers at the Alamac. She is giving one to Jack, knowing from previous experience the unreliability of sailors

WHO'S ZOO

Up Bronx Park way, Mr. Tuthill peers at Toko, the gibboon, and wonders how Nature ever had such an absurd idea. The far from simple simian, looking at Mr. Tuthill, is thinking along the same lines



THE VESTRYMEN

Service over at St. Thomas's, Messrs. Davidge and Van Nest, vestrymen, are doing their weekly wabble down Fifth Avenue. Three favourite topics prevail: 1, panning the parson; 2, discussing the Market, and 3 and best of all, commenting on the pulchritude of passing members of the Younger Set who are strangely unconscious of the mature charms of these prim plutocrats

THE OPEN ROAD

Dr. Orlop (dental surgeon), at the wheel, is off for his sabbatical Sunday in the wide open spaces. The spaces may be wide and open, but the Doc is hemmed in and completely surrounded by progeny and progenitors. Conscious of his precious freight he drives with the most extreme caution and keeps in the exact middle of the road. Hence the Sunday afternoon traffic problem

Taps!—A Requiem

A Dirge for the Dancing, in Modern Musical Shows, Which Seems to Be Fast Disappearing

By GILBERT W. GABRIEL

A FAMOUS account of Captain Cook's voyages of discovery relates how, on a hot summer evening of 1769, whilst lolling and fattening under the breathless palms of Ulieta, the gentlemen and crew were treated to a rare exhibition of aboriginals at play. What they saw reminds me for all the world of any chorus of any modern musical comedy. Being Eighteenth-Century mariners, they naturally had no such idea of reminding me of anything at all.

But " . . . they saw a company of dancers, consisting of some of the principal females of the island. They advanced side-ways, keeping time, with great exactness, to the drums, which beat quick and loud; soon after, they began to shake themselves, in a very whimsical manner, and put their bodies into a variety of strange postures; sometimes standing in a row one behind the other; sometimes sitting down; and at others falling with their faces to the ground, and resting on their knees and elbows, accompanied with many other unbecoming attitudes . . ."

Substitute saxophones for drums, I suppose. Otherwise let the description stand entire and untouched. Then the secret is out, the source clear, of the whence and wherefore of present-day musical comedy dancing. It arrived *via* Harlem, maybe. But that makes it none the less a white-face aping of the moon-speckled rites of sub-humans in the Afric jungle and along the South Sea shores.

ONCE upon a time there was an art which went by the holy name of ballet dancing. Young children of the opera were dedicated to this art with all the resignation of an altar rite. Eight years of technical training, God and Degas alone could know how cruel the tests, and then—and then only—they would make their first humble appearances. Life was a torture of stretched limbs and strengthened toes, fingers disciplined to a consummate grace, in order that one might enter finally into that heaven-on-earth where *pas-seuls* are allowed, and where the public should see *fouettes* and *pirouettes* and *renverses* executed to perfection.

Nor I nor you nor anyone who has outlived the days of gurgling at Delibes will probably raise any lamentations of the comfortless on behalf of that dear old *ballet classique*. Our generation has been brought up, anyhow, on the Russian Ballet, the most romantic departure from the old-time ideals, and on the Pavlovas, Karsavinas, Nijinskys, Bolms, who swore their lives away to a revolt against all that was most set and precious and seraphic in the tradition of the ancient Paris *corps*. Batik succeeded tarlatan; great, flying leaps of Pegasuan frenzy supplanted the exquisitely equilibrized *pirouette*. We have been the victims of a transition period. Our refuge has been the black-bottom.

The classic ballet was the expression on tiptoe of a sigh; the Russian and its followers rang with a neigh of glory. The dancing we see nightly now is a visual exploitation of the grunt. A rhythmic grunt, a loud, intricately collective and excitive grunt—but, for all that, just a grunt. That much beauty, grace, imagination, there is in it. We just grunt back.

You will tell me that I am mixing two hitherto distinct stage workers, the dancer and the chorus girl. But dancing has always been three out of five parts of the whole duty of the merry-merry. Today's chorine is simply the quick-step-daughter of the old coryphée. And today's chorine, instead of spending eight years acquiring an art, spends just about two shakes of a ham's tail learning a strut.

THIS isn't absolutely accurate. The theatrical territory is suddenly dotted with innumerable dance directors who make specialties of supplying units of six, eight, twelve or twenty superlatively alert and footloose females to shows which need occasional up-pepping. I've no doubt these bands are heavily disciplined. They work their ankles in such excellent unison, their torsos with such clock-like communalty of spasm, their heads and arms with such a crack infantry precision, no one can question the intensity with which they have been taught. But precisely what have they learned?

They have learned this: how to "advance side-ways, keeping time, with great exactness, to the drums . . ." or have we substituted saxophones? . . . and how to "shake themselves, in a very whimsical manner, and put their bodies into a variety of strange postures . . ." They have learned to turn the frenetics of tribal savages into the mechanics of an ugly and most joylessly intricate parade.

A well-known dance director—all dance directors are better known nowadays than the authors or composers—has assured me that this is a purposeful reflection of our lives and time. Our day, says he, is a day of hop, skip and clockwork. Our age is the Machine Age. Our art must be a grotesque vivifying of the rigid, steely architecture and the closely chained crowds of modern cities. Our dance must evoke the dynamo, the axle worm, the crank-shaft, the clash of great, glinting metal rods in swiftly syncopating formation. Our dance must reply in kind to the call of jazz, to the hard, frank, gnashing humour and excitement of a new music of a new world. When my dance director talked like this, I was a little too awed—and a great deal too depressed—to snort.

One dance movement, if it deserves that name, they have evolved which dimly suggests machinery. They have taken a Clifton Webb–Mary Hay stunt of alternate risings and squattings and duplicated it down a whole line of girls. Thus, in the process of parading across a stage every other figure will be going either up or down with the regularity achieved by a row of pistons. If you own an eight-cylinder car you may have been reminded of its inner workings at first sight of this simple evocation. By now, having watched the same upsie-downsie stuff being used in practically every musical show of this season, you'll probably agree with me that motor car engines are a pretty monotonous task-master to the human thigh-bone.

There is still another choreographic idiom I have noticed this year. Arms upraised, the ladies are instructed to wave their bunched hands until a sort of serried bacchanal of fingers is effected. It must have needed a congress of world's greatest dancing-minds to think up this monumental innovation. We all hailed and hurrahed it. We almost all forgot, if ever we knew, that the *Ballet Russe* had employed this same effect of massed and quivering hands ten times more poetically. Here, in bright glares against the boom-boom of bad music, the same exercise seemed suddenly a travesty, perverse, impudent, sheer ugly-knuckling.

The Charleston is probably the Bible of modern stage dancing. All else that has been written and staged since the advent of that famous number in the first Negro revue of *Shuffle Along* is simply so much Talmudic embroidery and collateral ceremony. The Charleston almost failed of an introduction. It went so lamely in rehearsals, was on the edge of dismissal from the show. But that's an old story. And so is the account of how it became an over-night rage, an inspiration to composers in Paris and Rome and Tin-Pan-America, an instigator of all those haunch-paunch-and-howl gymnastics which are known as the modern dance.

MANY cataclysmic innovations are said to have been mothered by this dance. The Charleston, because it was the Charleston, remains a more or less constant exercise. The trick is to colour it with novel stage effects. It is danced in flickering lights that simulate motion pictures, or on electrical points which send sparks sizzling underfoot, or in streamers of a watery green light suggesting that the mermaids have just achieved bifurcation, liberation, legs and boot-legs.

The Charleston's day—or am I croaking too soon?—is done. Its ankular cousin, the tap-dance, has outlived it. For the tap-dance's wittier and far more subtle sake the director's ingenuity is harder than ever at work. With what dazzling results?

Well, the young ladies tap on sharply crackling metal strips, on table-tops, and up and down stairs. Bill Robinson, the Negro soloist, claims credit for the stairs stunt. But Fred Stone and daughter Dorothy were making a duet of it early in the game, and now it belongs to whole choruses. Oh, yes, and then there's that gorgeously original number where twenty young milliners come in with tin hat-boxes, set them down, climb up and tap-dance on top of them. Gorgeously original, that is, in at least half the musical comedies on hand.

But it's for neither you nor me to put thorns in the path of the tap-dance. For this is one consummately clever dance which

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STEICHEN

"Show Girl" Gets a Show—Ruby Keeler

Mrs. Al Jolson Dons Dixie Dugan's Clothes to Play in Mr. Ziegfeld's Latest Extravaganza

ONE of the fast hoofers who stepped out of Texas Guinan's troupe into the Broadway spotlight, Ruby Keeler is now gathering in the success she postponed when she married Al Jolson and went West. At an early age, after strenuous training on the sidewalks of New York, Miss Keeler went to Texas Guinan's then current night club to demonstrate the efficiency of her soft-shoe stepping and rhythmic tap dancing. After her auspicious midnight début, she appeared in *Lucky*, with Mary Eaton, and won a new title—"the girl who stops the show". Last season after a few days in Pittsburgh with *Whoopee* she was kidnapped from the Ziegfeld seraglio by her husband, the redoubtable Mr. Jolson, and spirited away to Hollywood with the promise that she would come back when *Show Girl* was ready. *Show Girl* is ready, and Ruby Keeler dances, and sings, as *Dixie Dugan*, in this story of the life of a chorus girl, back stage and out front

Handy Hints for the Traveller

A Seasoned Voyager Explains how an American May Be Thoroughly Comfortable in Paris

By DEEMS TAYLOR

THIS treatise needs a preface and two words of warning. The preface is, that if you are going to Europe you will probably pass through Paris, even if you do not stay. It is as hard to visit the Continent without taking in Paris as it is to visit a Russian restaurant without taking *borshtch*.

The words of warning are, first, that if you are a veteran traveller, or a habitué of the *Grands Boulevards*, you need read no further; and second, that if you are *not* going to Europe you need likewise read no further. I might, by the way, further supplement this preamble with an apology for venturing to discuss my subject at all. There are so many people so much better fitted to write about it. The trouble is, they haven't.

With which explanations and apologies, let us approach our subject matter. Assuming that you are going to be in Paris, you will probably find, when you get there, that the works of Mr. Karl Baedeker, and all the other books that profess to unveil for you the mysteries of Parisian life, leave off just where you would normally like to begin. They tell you about art galleries, and theatres, and what days to see the fountains play at Versailles, and all sorts of similar and no doubt useful facts. But what they don't tell you is how to get along with the French. Any day in Paris (unless, of course, you are living in sin with Messrs. Thomas Cook & Son, or Raymond-Whitcomb, in which case, the devil take you), any hour in Paris, even, presents a dozen problems of finance, language, and diplomacy, all of which must be solved on the spot, and solved rightly, if you are to be happy. If they are not solved, you will be miserable, and will forthwith return to America referring to all Frenchmen as "frogs", and declaring that the good old U.S.A. is good enough for you and you wouldn't exchange the city hall of your home town for all the ruins in Europe. Rather than run that risk, suppose we take up a few of the vexing questions in advance.

TIPPING, for instance. The guide books are unanimous in assuring you that the ten per cent system prevails throughout Europe. Even if this were true—which it sometimes emphatically isn't—there are occasions upon which you will wonder, ten per cent of what? What, for instance, do you give the jolly boys who take charge of your baggage at Cherbourg and Le Havre?

Frankly, I don't know. I do know, however, that whatever you give them won't be enough. All porters, at all docks, at all harbours, in all countries, on all planets, have what may coarsely be described as "The Gimmes"—and if you doubt this, recall what you paid the relays of American gentlemen who carried your bags from the taxi to the steamer when you left the good old U.S.A. However, the Cherbourg and Le Havre lads do rather hold all records for complaints about the size of tips, and there are only two ways to foil them. One is to give them what you would give an American porter, and leap into a long, low racing car, the roar of whose exhaust will drown their screams.

The other way is to save, for their especial benefit, some assorted, *new* American silver currency. Two bright new quarters will sometimes bring a smile to the face of a Cherbourg porter to whom two ten *franc* notes would be repellant and loathesome objects.

Where there are actual amounts upon which to base your tips, the ten per cent rule does still apply, within reason. The best rule is to calculate the ten per cent and then add just enough extra to show that you know that the official tip *is* ten per cent. This sounds complicated, but it is quite simple; and it works. To illustrate: If your taxi meter reads 17 *francs*, don't give the driver a tip of *fr.* 1,75, as a Frenchman would, or eight *francs*, as the American does. No; give him two *francs*, or better yet, *fr.* 2,25. This demonstrates both your sophistication and your generosity, and nine times out of ten will win you thanks.

THE DINNER CHEQUE RIDDLE
Reading down: the first three lines are the French digits 1, 5 and 7, with their aliases. The bottom row of hieroglyphics represents a Paris waiter's conception of 1579

Never despise odd numbers in Paris. In America, if the proper tip for a waiter were a quarter, and you gave him twenty-seven cents, he would—what do you suppose he would do? I have no idea. In Paris he would accept it gratefully, as a highly proper sum.

Speaking of waiters, whatever you do—and this is important—never forget that to any Paris *traiteur*, the important thing is not the quantity of dinner you order in his restaurant, but its form. To command respect and good service, you do not need to be an authority on *truite meunière* or *caneton à la presse;* all you need do is order a meal that has a beginning, a middle, and an end. Those Americans who, finding that the *hors d'oeuvres* at the *Boeuf à la Mode* and the *Brasserie Universelle* are delicious, order a dinner consisting of *hors d'oeuvre* and *café au lait*, with a Scotch highball to finish, arouse only derision and contempt in the breasts of those who serve them. If you order *hors d'oeuvre*, don't make a pig of yourself just because they are good, and unlimited in quantity. Remember that their name means, more or less, "preliminary to the main business of the evening", and see to it that there *is* a main business, though it be never so minute a broiled smelt. If you crave admission to the small, inner circle of Those Who Know, order one green vegetable, and have it served as a separate course. The side-dish is a Nordic invention. Remember that butter is considered an *hors d'oeuvre* at dinner time, and if it is brought unordered, send it back. Sending back butter, as a matter of fact, is one of the easiest and cheapest ways of convincing any Paris waiter that you are a seasoned veteran, and no fellow to be trifled with.

If you don't drink at home, don't think that custom compels you to drink in Paris. The number of Frenchmen who get along on *eaux minérales* would surprise you. Besides, the Frenchman drinks because he wants to, not because it is the thing to do, and respects you only if you do as you really please. If you do order wine, for God's sake don't order *Sauterne* or *Graves*. Both are good wines, but both are likewise the only wines in all France whose names Americans seem to know. Try *Barsac* for a change, or some of the white Burgundies, or *Vouvray*, or *Meursault*, or the wines of Anjou. And DON'T drink white wine with roast duck, or red wine with fish.

IF you are really interested in good wine, ask the *sommelier* (and there's no reason why you shouldn't be told that that means wine waiter) what you should drink with the dinner you have ordered. Far from despising your ignorance, he will be flattered by your confidence in his connoisseurship, and will counsel you honestly and economically. Incidentally, he, and he alone, knows what are his best wines; for he has chosen them all himself.

By the way, learn a little French. You've no idea what a difference it makes to know a few words of the language of Paris. Don't be abashed if the natives make it plain that in their opinion you speak their tongue very badly. A Frenchman really suffers when he hears his native tongue mangled (would God Americans did). And don't think, when taxi-drivers fail to understand your directions, that they are doing it on purpose. It is maddening, of course, after you have said "Place de LOWpera" six times, only to be greeted by stares and shrugs, to have the driver, the seventh time, suddenly explode into: "Ah! Place de lopeRRAH!" That misplaced accent puzzles him more than you might believe. Imagine a Frenchman stopping you to ask the way to "ze pustoFISS", and you will probably be more charitable.

(Continued on page 94)

Yeroc, the Strongest Man You Ever Saw

Breath-Taking Reminiscences of Muscular Feats by the Founder of the Strongmanism Cult

By YEROC DROF (himself)

EDITOR'S NOTE: What Disciple of Muscle does not remember that veritable Samson, Yeroc Drof, probably the strongest man that ever lived and founder of the famous cult of Strongmanism? In this fascinating autobiography *Vanity Fair* has persuaded the former Prince of Power to relate some of his fascinating feats, and disclose for the first time the final test which led to his tragic undoing.

I CAN bend a hair-pin almost double. I can tear a whole telephone-book in half. I can raise one leg and place it across the knee of the other, without using any outside assistance such as rope or pulleys.

I can lift myself out of a chair with my own bare hands.

These are but a few of the astounding feats which in my heyday won for me the enviable title "Prince of Power", and brought scores of gaping disciples from all over Europe and the States to gaze wide-eyed at the ease with which I accomplished my tests of endurance and strength. Yet every muscle, every thew, every tendon in my body I personally raised and trained to obey me; and what I have done, other ambitious lads can likewise accomplish. With perseverance and patience, in fact, every reader of this article can be the strongest man in the world, like me.

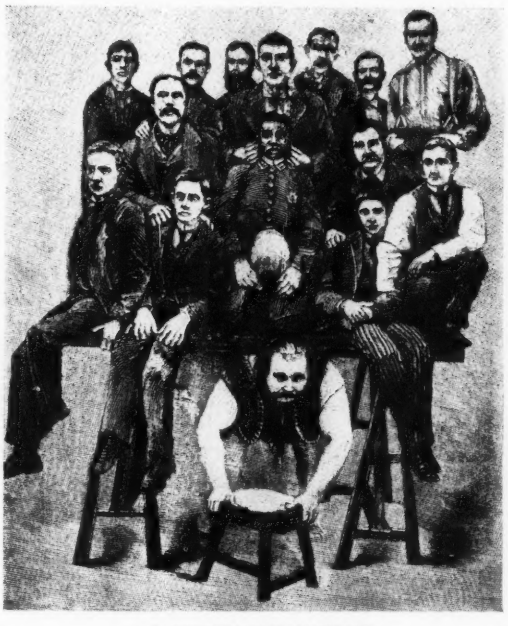
For who has not worshipped at the altar of Power? Who has not desired the vast splendour of manly vigour encased with indomitable strength of iron? Whose body has not strained at the leash of a restless energy, tasting the enveloping passion to hurl sky-high his hat like a baseball fan and crash to victorious health? Who has not yearned to feel his veins course with that wine far richer than the gold dross of financial power—Physical Perfection? Who, in short, has not felt the desire to flex his biceps at the very sky and bellow the challenge of the god-like man: "I am Me!"?

THEN come, fellow worshippers of Power! Accompany me, brother disciples of Strongmanism! Together let us review this story of my life; and in these Triumphs of Brawn, you may press the nectar of inspiration to your lips and find in my own feats of muscle the secret to the Body Strong which you so crave. Lift up your chin, clench your fists, rise on tiptoes, breath deep and fill your lungs with glorious life-giving air! Exhale. Again, two, three, four! Exhale. Again. . .

That first moment of triumph! Shall I ever forget it? I was but sixteen then, a gaunt and callow youth weighing little more than four hundred pounds, and the yellow down was still fresh upon my rosy cheeks. As I sat dreamily upon the verandah of my home, my fingers toyed with a wire hairpin which I had found lying neglected beside me. Unconscious of what I was doing, I slowly exerted pressure upon one side of the hairpin, holding the other firm between my fingers. As I pulled harder and harder, the wire gradually straightened, and then bent backwards upon itself, forming, in short, another hairpin. My first intimation that I was doing something out of the ordinary was when I noticed a huge man halted on the sidewalk before me, staring at me in astonishment.

"You had two hairpins," he accused suspiciously.

"No, I didn't," I smiled. "This is the same hairpin. I have no other."



A VERITABLE SAMSON

Here we see Yeroc Drof demonstrating his famous Back Lift. The amazing Prince of Power is supporting 4300 pounds upon his massive back, assisted only by the two wooden horses concealed at either side

DUMB-BELL EXERCISE

The splendid advantage of physical power is shown in the confidence with which Yeroc grasps this 535 lb. dumb-bell, preparatory to lifting it high in the air with one heave of his massive arm. Note: the one on the right is Yeroc

"*C'est impossible*," the stranger pointed out. "It's facing in the wrong direction."

"That's easily explained," I replied agreeably; and without any visible effort I seized the hairpin in my fingers, bent it back once more until it was straight, and then with a single tremendous heave I pulled down the two ends of wire until they formed the original hairpin again. My companion's eyes seemed about to pop from his head. With an awed expression he came over and grasped my hand in his own.

"My name is Louis Cyr," he said solemnly, "and until this moment I thought that I was the strongest man in the world. At last I have met my equal!"

Never shall I forget the thrill which shot through me as this idol of my youth, the most famous Strong Man before my own time, thus acclaimed me on a par with his own titanic development. His encouragement and friendly aid was the beginning of a career whose pathway led from triumph to triumph through all the great cities of the land; yet never did the amazing feats which I accomplished in my lifetime eclipse the memory of the great man who was responsible for my start. In fact, I never see a dumb-bell but that I am reminded of Louis.

ONE of the most spectacular of these "stunts" (to speak thus lightly of a feat of strength which has amazed nations) consisted of tearing four whole telephone-books in half with my bare hands. Up to this time, to be sure, other Strong Men had succeeded in tearing one or two books in twain; and once Sandow himself had ripped three of them apart, although he admitted later that the third was only a Westchester Directory, including Putnam County and Greenwich, Connecticut.

My own method of accomplishing the feat was unique. I seized four full-sized books, ripped out each page in succession, and tore it once lengthwise and once across. Although this method perhaps took more time than would have been required if I had torn them all at once, I always felt that I did a neater job and also made it thoroughly impossible for any telephone subscribers to use the books again when I was through.

Another feat which never failed to mystify and overwhelm the audiences that witnessed it consisted of raising a two-thousand-pound dumb-bell above my head. There were only three other Strong Men ever known who were able to raise this weight; and even then all three of them had to do it together. My own success, I confess, rested upon a slight subterfuge. For my act, I employed a small assistant named Frederic. When all was in readiness, I would call this Frederic out onto the stage; and he would hold the dumb-bell in his arms *while I lifted him instead*. Inasmuch as Frederic only weighed one hundred and forty-two pounds of course, I could raise him high above

(Continued on page 98)

HOYNINGEN-HUENE

Cornelia Otis Skinner—Discuse

The Heiress to a Famous Stage Tradition Is Making a Most Brilliant Career in Another Field

AFTER several years on the stage, Cornelia Otis Skinner has deserted the calling of her parents, Otis Skinner and Maude Durbin, to become a monologist, creating in an evening a dozen characters instead of one. Like Ruth Draper, she writes her own sketches and their range is ambitious, but she is most successful in delicate comedy and in the treating of wistful moods. The American abroad has been for her a mine of material for ironic, but not unkindly studies. She has created, for one, an American débutante who struggles with the allied difficulties of the French telephone and the French language, for another, a young girl being superlatively Southern in the Sistine Chapel, and a middle-aged woman talking sentimentally to her husband in a gondola. Miss Skinner deserted Bryn Mawr to study for the stage in Paris. She has played a series of Sunday evenings in New York and is giving performances in London this summer at the St. James's Theatre

The Quest for Love

A Highly Moral Fiction Involving the Drastic Results of a Man's Snore in a Woman's Romance

By HENRI DUVERNOIS

ME. GOBERNEUR was admiring herself in the mirror. She had chosen a particularly becoming yellow bonnet in the style of 1830 for the Salnaves' masquerade party. Her hair was drawn flat and long gold earrings hung from her ears. As a final touch she had put on spidery black lace gloves and tied a velvet ribbon around her right wrist. Her skirt was yellow silk and the bodice was chastely décolleté. The only jewelry she wore was an old cameo depicting a weeping willow with a woman kneeling forlornly under it. Spraying on some perfume, she took up a bead bag and surveyed herself for a moment gravely. Then she smiled into the glass with an air of somewhat indulgent melancholy which seemed to imply, "I should be far prettier if only I were happier!"

Her husband's voice at the door brought her from her reverie as he sang out, "Knock! Knock!"

Madame Goberneur answered, "Oh, is that you? Come in!"

Monsieur Goberneur had been keeping his costume a secret in order to surprise his wife. Since she did not turn around as he entered, he lisped foolishly, "I'se Mummy's big baby."

THEN she looked at him. He was an absolute horror. Taking full advantage of his moon-like face, pink skin and blond curly hair, *M.* Goberneur had planted a child's quilted cap on his head. In place of a collar, he was wearing a bib on which the words "I'm a good baby" were embroidered in red.

"I won't go out with you looking like that," said *Mme.* Goberneur firmly.

"Oh yes, you will, my dear," the fat man answered. "You'll never be a real Parisienne! You'd probably prefer me if I were dressed up as a musketeer or a harlequin or Henry the Second. I'm wearing an amusing costume that will make everyone laugh. I've bought a baby's bottle and I'm going to fill it with *champagne.* The Salnaves are counting on me to be the life of the party. Every time I see things are getting a bit flat, I'll start to bawl. You've never seen me really started. When I was younger I never used to go to bed. Shall we start soon?"

"It's only half past nine. We don't go until eleven."

"All right. Let's make a good entrance. Since there's plenty of time, I'm going to stretch out on the sofa and take a little nap."

He lay down. The creaking of the couch told *Mme.* Goberneur that her husband would soon be asleep. It seemed to her he was always sleeping. Though he started his days late, he used to devote two full hours to a siesta after lunch. Then, so deep was his nap, he would awake, hair towsled, wearing the haggard expression of a man wrenched violently from slumber. He slept anywhere, in buses, in cars, it mattered not where. Goberneur never snored, but his mouth would puff out and he would gurgle, hissing forth an almost imperceptible "bic, bic, bic."

Their wedding night, that night on which, according to psychologists, depends all succeeding happiness, it was "bic, bic, bic." The next morning, despite the splendour of the bay of Naples, bathed in sun and azure air, "bic, bic, bic." Since then her husband had grown an enormous paunch and was puffy-eyed. At parties, when other men were making every effort to be amusing and charming, the practiced ear of *Mme.* Goberneur would catch, arising from an armchair in some remote corner of the salon a "bic" somewhat more timid than usual. She would cry furiously, "Leon!" Then he would respond, his mouth still stirring reminiscently from his slumbers, "Well! What do you want?"

FOR one hour and a half the mondaine lady in her 1830 costume waited, her look black, bitter and abstracted. From where she sat, she could see only the pink forehead of the slumbering man, the baby's cap on his head, and the bib. She thought how wonderful it would be to feel proud of the man she was going to the dance with.

The ramshackle taxi, chosen at random at the kerb by Goberneur, was a nightmare. It rattled noisily down the full length of the *Boulevard Malesherbes.* Eventually it stopped with a dying gasp, before the façade of the Salnaves' house, ghostly under an arc light.

"Leon, we've arrived!"

"Really?"

"I tell you, we've arrived." Perceiving that he was again on the verge of slumber, she exclaimed: "How disgusting you are!"

"Fresh as a rose and ready for anything! You'll see."

In fact Goberneur was feeling unusually gay and amusing. From the moment he crossed the threshold, he imitated the walk of a baby, tottering on frail bow legs. No one laughed. On the contrary, since most of the guests had taken their costuming seriously, they turned away from him and, as is the fact at all masquerades, many of them inadvertently disclosed their secret vanities. A woman with the beaked nose of a parrot strutted in a *bourbon* wig. An anaemic boy tossed romantic looks. *M.* Goberneur, feeling the rather hostile indifference, whined like a baby. At that moment, *Mme.* Goberneur caught sight of a certain *M.* Destournevalles and blushed furiously. The object of her glance was most attractive in an American cowboy outfit, which emphasized his good looks and the vitality of his clean-shaven face. He bowed to *Mme.* Goberneur, took her arm and took her to another corner of the room.

"Lucien," she reproached him, "this is almost an abduction."

"I wish I could steal you away."

The *champagne* had by now aroused him to boldness. Feeling that she found him alluring, he talked only of love. His voice grew so ardent that Marie tried to make him stop.

They danced. The young girls nudged each other and pointed to them slyly. The abandon with which Marie yielded herself to the rhythm of the music proved to Destournevalles a confession of her emotions. Finally they stopped dancing and went into one of those shadowy corners which are always to be found in old houses and prove a welcome refuge for lovers. Lucien had the actor's gift of crying at will. When *Mme.* Goberneur saw the tears streaming down his face, she lost her head and, throwing herself into his arms, gasped, "Yes, yes, you are right, we must get away from here at once."

"But your husband . . "

She made a gesture of distaste, then listened. From the distance, but quite clear through the confusion and the music of the ball, came an unmistakable "bic, bic, bic" which told her that an armchair in the smoking room was being occupied at that moment by her husband.

"He's asleep. Let's leave at once. Take me with you. Tomorrow will be too late. If you only knew how I hate him!"

Her hands grasped the rather feminine hands of *M.* Destournevalles who was quite ready for an adventure. They left together. The question of wraps gave them momentary pause, but they decided to leave without them, hailed a passing taxi and drove to Destournevalles' apartment, where he changed into a street suit, bringing a cape and scarf for Marie. She never once thought of the scandal which might ensue, only of the impossible husband she was leaving. One may barely exist till one is thirty, then suddenly one feels the urge for romance.

"LET'S go far away. I've always dreamed of eloping with you, my beloved."

Gare St. Lazare. They had run through the jostling crowd and he bought two tickets for Rouen. With difficulty they found seats facing each other in a car jammed with people. They could only look at one another and smile. But Lucien's look held so much of promise that Marie felt the thrill of a supreme experience.

Three-quarters of an hour later, Lucien's gaze was less concentrated, Marie's smile calmer, for fatigue spares no man, even at the ultimate moments of his destiny. As if to veil the passion his eyes still expressed, Lucien closed them, tried to reopen them, and ended by letting his eyelids droop. At last his head began to rock gently to the motion of the train. *Mme.* Goberneur could not help thinking to herself, that he could sleep at such a time! He, sleeping, like Leon! His head rolled from left to right, backward and forward, and ended by settling on the shoulder of his neighbour, a fat man who answered Marie's despairing look with, "Let him be, *Madame,* let him be. It's all right. I know how it is." At first she wanted to laugh, then rage overwhelmed her. And how gracelessly he slept, with his mouth half open and a look of vacuous stupidity on his face! The train stopped at a station. *Mme.* Goberneur

(Continued on page 76)

How to Write Books

A Comprehensive Guide for Budding Authors—With Some Practical Hints on Literary Matters

By HAROLD NICOLSON

WRITING is assuredly, after painting, the most agreeable of professions. You can take it with you. You can take it to Borneo or Bergen, to Trau or Marakesh. There they are:—that note-book and that fountain pen: the portable typewriter, the quires of foolscap—"my writing," "a book on which I am now engaged,"—"my work." One can go to Taormina for three months and still retain the respect and envy of one's friends. For long stretches of time one need do nothing at all. An attaché-case is all that is necessary: the attaché-case can be called "my book on Leopardi": off you go, past the sunless Riviera, past Chiusi, Empoli, and those conjunctions, and then to Brindisi and the East. There is a pleasant hotel at Palmyra, and you can sit in the sun of Zenobia's palace, thinking very quietly about Leopardi. Then when you get bored you can return to Damascus, or to Beirut or to Brighton, for all men care. From time to time you can ease your conscience by gibing at the fecundity of your colleagues or your rivals. "It is a great pity," you can say, "that Hugh over-writes." "I really think," you can protest, "that some one should tell Aldous that he has, for the moment, published enough." "*What*," you can exclaim when seeing the announcement of a further volume by Mr. Sinclair Lewis, "not *another*!" In this way three or even four years can be passed most pleasantly. This period can be still further extended by what is known as "research work." You can, for instance, evolve the theory that Leopardi had an affair with a young lady at Samothrace. You can then proceed to that sparse island, making investigations, lying in the lovely Ægean sunshine on the beach. That will give you a further respite. But in the end you will have to write your book. That will be a terrible moment, and the circumstance that you have taken five years over your preparations will render the final necessity even more oppressive. There will be no chance for you to contend that you dashed the thing off lightly while convalescing. You will be shown up. Your five happy years of literary activity will, in all probability, come to an end. You will retire to Ospedaletti and walk, year in, year out, along the front. The man who once thought of writing a book on Leopardi.

UNLESS therefore you possess a strong will, and a large private income, I should not recommend you to announce your first book before you have written at least a third of it. Most people in the world have thought of writing a book, and at least eighty per cent of these have got as far as the first chapter. Forty per cent reach chapter two, twenty per cent chapter three, ten per cent chapter four, seven per cent chapter five; only three per cent complete their sixth chapter. If therefore your inspiration and industry have carried you as far as chapter six you can then rest assured that you have a greater literary vocation than ninety-seven per cent of the world's total population. This thought, (if you do not allow your mind to dwell too much upon the Chinese, the Australian aborigines, and the unfortunately illiterate populations of Russia, India and Africa) should prove encouraging. Thus encouraged, you can complete your first book; or, and it were indeed wiser done, you may have the strength of vocation to destroy your first six chapters and begin again. You can at least be consoled by the thought that the proof that you *can* write is furnished by the fact that you have (unlike that 97%) reached chapter six. Having grasped this conviction, having reached the platform of this sure certainty, you would be well advised to pause. To look around. To consider, how and when you should proceed higher and further.

YOUR first book will, in all probability, be autobiographical, whether the record of your past experiences and feelings take the form of a novel, or whether it assume the more intimate shape of overt reminiscences. In the latter case you will not be bothered over much by problems of construction, since the continuity of your own life, the actual sequence of recorded events, will impose a construction of its own. If you embark on a novel, however, you are grappling with an adventure, launching off into uncharted seas, passing the remembered promontories to find yourself at sunset under alien stars. Your safety, in that event will depend almost wholly upon your crew. It is the characters with whom one embarks on such voyages of fiction, who eventually man the ship and assume control. If they fail to do so, you may be certain that they are but shadows and that your voyage had better be abandoned from the start. For I doubt whether any but the most valueless books have steered the course which was expected, or reached the harbours which were sought. It is a good thing, doubtless to possess in advance some idea of your plot and story, to have mapped out roughly your course and stopping places. You may be pretty sure, however, if after the first four chapters, you still find yourself adhering to your programme, if there is no mutiny among the crew, that your characters are lacking in vitality, and they are mere paper *fantoches* which you move about. Any decently conceived character takes the story from you; he rises from his place there by the bulwark, and with confident eyes and voice takes the tiller from your willing hands. When that happens, you have the right to feel that your book is likely to be worth while.

This, I think, is the only certain rule about the making of novels. They must be organic; they must have a life of their own independent of their author: and if the moment never comes when this sense of independent life fills you with a glad astonishment, then you may be assured that your book will be still-born.

There are other rules, of course, but they are of less importance. There is the rule about unity of impression. It is hazardous for a beginner to combine several diverse interests in a single novel. It is always a temptation to fill the canvas with a multitude of incidents, to introduce something to suit every taste, to mingle action with interpretation, to shift from the key of objective description to that of psychological autopsy. The best novels are written in the same key and in the same time throughout. Beginners, however, often endeavour to brighten their pages with transitions from Beethoven to jazz. Your readers, however, will wish to know where they stand. Even in reading this present article you are not quite certain whether I am being sarcastic or serious. As a matter of fact, I am being serious. But you are unaware of that fact, and this unawareness on your part proves how badly I write. Were I a better writer you would have no such doubts about the "key" of this article. You would say "How true!" when you knew me to be serious: and when you knew me to be funny you would say "Ha! Ha!"

THEN there is that question about showing off. It is cognate to the problem discussed above, but it has a separate identity, and is apt to be overlooked by the arrogant beginner. Exhibitionism in literature, as Sterne has shown us, is a most regrettable attribute. You see it comes so easily. You will have noticed that bit about how the pines on the Ligurian coast look, in February, like a bowl of artichokes at the *Café de Paris*. You are pleased by this observation, which is not only far-fetched and unconvincing, but also singularly untrue. But you are pleased by the observation, and you bring it in. You send your characters either to Liguria or else to the *Café de Paris*. And then you flump in your silly little association. I call that exhibitionism. It is an ugly word, I know, but it describes exactly that determination to display one's own views of nature at the expense of all propriety. Nothing is so conducive to the emergence of this vice as the employment of a note-book. The French have done a great deal of harm in this respect. We know that Guy de Maupassant, we know that Proust, had a little dog-eared, pencil-stained, pocket-soiled, note-book, in which hour by hour they annotated reflections and observations. We know also that André Gide wrote a tiresome and instructive diary of his emotions and experiences in composing *Les Faux Monnayeurs*. All this is well enough. But if you write too copiously or freely in your note-book you will provide yourself with a series of set-pieces, and in order to introduce these phantasies of observation you will be tempted to interfere not only with your characters but also with the novel itself.

The same warning applies to dialogue. Every novelist has regretted his incapacity for writing shorthand. "If only," he has sighed, "I could record all that; if only I could put it down exactly as it is spoken, what marvellous copy it would make!" Here

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CORDOBA

As a Spanish lady of high degree La Argentina, who made such a success here last season, appears in the dignified, undulating dance of Cordoba, to the rhythms of Albeñiz

ANDALUSIA

In the impressive matador-like costume of Andalusia, the dancer presents one of the numbers she is now giving in Paris and which she will bring back to America in the early autumn

LA CORRIDA

One of the few interpretive dances of Argentina's repertoire, *La Corrida*, a series of impressions of a bull-fight, establishes, in a few simple steps and gestures, the atmosphere of the arena

LA GITANA

La Argentina, as the proverbial gypsy, with red polka-dots and flaming scarf, proves that she is as adept a musician, in the manipulation of her castanets, as she is versatile a dancer

LA GARTERANA

As a peasant from Toledo, shawl about her head and boots flashing, the dancer gives a vivid picture of what might perhaps best be described as the Spanish equivalent of the *Czardas*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY D'ORA—PARIS

An Old Spanish Custom—

La Argentina Effectively Illustrates the Infinite Variety of the Dances of Her Native Land

Making Pictures

An English Novelist, Turned Painter, Discovers That Creative Art Is a Thing of the Spirit

By D. H. LAWRENCE

ONE has to eat one's own words. I remember I used to assert, perhaps I even wrote it: Everything that can possibly be painted has been painted, every brush-stroke that can possibly be laid on canvas has been laid on. The visual arts are at a dead end. Then suddenly, at the age of forty, I begin painting myself and am fascinated.

Still, going through the Paris picture-shops this year of grace, and seeing the Dufys and Chiricos, etc., and the Japanese Ita with his wish-wash nudes with pearl-button eyes, one feels the same weariness. They are all so would-be, they make such efforts. They at least have nothing to paint. In the midst of them a graceful Friday flower-piece, or a blotting-paper Laurencin seems a masterpiece. At least here is a bit of *natural* expression in paint. Trivial enough, when compared to the big painters, but still, as far as they go, real.

What about myself, then! What am I doing bursting into paint? I am a writer, I ought to stick to ink. I have found my medium of expression: why, at the age of forty, should I suddenly want to try another?

Things happen, and then we have no choice. If Maria Huxley hadn't come rolling up to our house near Florence with four rather large canvases, one of which she had busted, and presented them to me because they had been abandoned in her house, I might never have started in on a real picture in my life.

But those nice stretched canvases were too tempting. We had been painting doors and window-frames in the house, so there was a little stock of oil, turps, and colour in powder, such as one buys from an Italian *drogheria*. There were several brushes for house-painting. There was a canvas on which the unknown owner had made a start—mud-grey, with the beginnings of a red-haired man. It was a grimy and ugly beginning, and the young man who had made it had wisely gone no further. He certainly had had no inner compulsion: nothing in him, as far as paint was concerned, or if there was anything in him, it had stayed in, and only a bit of the mud-grey "group" had come out.

SO for sheer fun of covering a surface and obliterating that mud-grey, I sat on the floor with the canvas propped against a chair —and with my house-paint brushes and colours in little casseroles, I disappeared into that canvas.

It is to me the most exciting moment—when you have a blank canvas and a big brush full of wet colour, and you plunge. It is just like diving in a pond—there you start frantically to swim; so far as I am concerned, it is like swimming in a baffling current and being rather frightened and very thrilled, gasping and striking out for all you're worth. The knowing eye watches sharp as a needle; but the picture comes clean out of instinct, intuition and sheer physical action. Once the instinct and intuition get into the brush-tip, the picture *happens* if it is to be a picture at all.

At least, so my first picture happened—the one I have called *A Holy Family*. In a couple of hours there it all was, man, woman, child, blue shirt, red shawl, pale room—all in the rough, but, as far as I am concerned, a picture. The struggling comes later. But the picture itself comes in the first rush, or not at all. It is only when the picture has come into being that one can struggle and make it *grow* to completion.

Ours is an excessively conscious age. We *know* so much, we feel so little. I have lived long enough among painters and around studios to have had all the theories—and how contradictory they are—rammed down my throat. A man has to have a gizzard like an ostrich to digest all the brass-tacks and wire nails of modern art theories. Perhaps all the theories, the utterly indigestible theories, like nails in an ostrich's gizzard, do indeed help to grind small and make digestible all the emotional and aesthetic pabulum that lies in an artist's soul. But they can serve no other purpose. Not even corrective. The modern theories of art make real pictures impossible. You only get these: expositions, critical ventures in paint, and fantastic negations. And the bit of fantasy that may lie in the negation —as in a Dufy or a Chirico—is just the bit that has escaped theory and perhaps saves the picture. Theorize theories all you like—but when you start to paint, shut your theoretic eyes and go for it with instinct and intuition.

I HAVE always loved pictures, the pictorial art. I never went to an art-school, I have had only one real lesson in painting in all my life. But of course I was thoroughly drilled in "drawing", the solid-geometry sort, and the plaster-cast sort, and the pin-wire sort. I think the solid-geometry sort, with all the elementary laws of perspective, was valuable. But the pin-wire sort and the plaster-cast light-and-shade sort was harmful. Plaster-casts and pin-wire outlines were always so repulsive to me, I quite early decided I "couldn't draw".

I couldn't draw, so I could never do anything on my own. When I did paint jugs of flowers or bread and potatoes, or cottages in a lane, copying from Nature, the result wasn't very thrilling. Nature was more or less of a plaster-cast to me—those plaster-cast heads of Minerva or figures of Dying Gladiators which so unnerved me as a youth. The "object", be it what it might, was always slightly repulsive to me once I sat down in front of it to paint it. So, of course, I decided I couldn't really paint. Perhaps I can't. But I verily believe I can make pictures, which is to me all that matters in this respect. The art of painting consists in making pictures—and so many artists accomplish canvases without coming within miles of painting a picture.

I learnt to paint from copying other pictures—usually reproductions, sometimes even photographs. When I was a boy, how I concentrated over it! Copying some perfectly worthless scene reproduction in some magazine. I worked with almost dry water-colour, stroke by stroke, covering half a square-inch at a time, each square-inch perfect and completed, proceeding in a kind of mosaic advance, with no idea at all of laying on a broad wash. Hours and hours of intense concentration, inch by inch progress, in a method entirely wrong —and yet those copies of mine managed, when they were finished, to have a certain something that delighted me: a certain glow of life, which was beauty to me. A picture lives with the life you put into it. If you put no *life* into it—no thrill, no concentration of delight or exaltation of visual discovery—then the picture is dead, like so many canvases, no matter how much thorough and scientific work is put into it. Even if you only copy a purely banal reproduction of an old bridge, some sort of keen, delighted awareness of the old bridge or of its atmosphere, or the image it has kindled inside you, can go over on to the paper and give a certain touch of life to a banal conception.

It needs a certain purity of spirit to be an artist, of any sort. The motto which should be written over every School of Art is: "Blessed are the pure in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." But by "pure in spirit" we mean pure in spirit. An artist may be a profligate and, from the social point of view, a scoundrel. But if he has painted a nude woman, or a couple of apples, so that they are a living image, then he was pure in spirit, and, for the time being, his was the kingdom of heaven. This is the beginning of all art, visual or literary or musical: be pure in spirit. It isn't the same as goodness. It is much more difficult and nearer the divine. The divine isn't only good, it is all things.

ONE may see the divine in natural objects: I saw it today, in the frail, lovely camellia flowers on long stems, here on the bushy and splendid flower-stalls of the Ramblas in Barcelona. They were different from the usual fat camellias, more like gardenias, poised delicately, and I saw them like a vision. So now, I could paint them. But if I had bought a handful, and started into painting them "from Nature", then I should have lost them. By staring at them I should have lost them. I have learnt by experience. It is personal experience only. Some men can only get at a vision by staring themselves blind, as it were: like Cézanne, staring kills my vision. That's why I could never "draw" at school. One was supposed to draw what one stared at.

The only thing one can look into, stare into, and see only vision, is the vision itself: the visionary image. That is why I am glad I never had any training but the self-imposed training of copying other men's pictures. As I grew more ambitious, I copied Leader's landscapes, and Frank Brangwyn's cartoon-like pictures, then Peter de Wint and Girtin water-colours. And I had enormous profit from it. I not only acquired a considerable technical skill in handling water-colour—let any man try copying the English water-colour artists,

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STEICHEN

On the Way—Sylvia Sidney

A Versatile Young Actress Who Is Rapidly Advancing on the Path That Leads to Stardom

THE girl who, at the age of fifteen, played *Prunella* in the graduation exercises of what was then the Theatre Guild Schoo! of Acting, has since been consistently cast for tragic rôles. That is, until this summer when in *Nice Women* she appeared as a wise-cracking flapper, whose cynicism was hidden behind the whimsical smile of a tender ingénue. Two years ago she was the heroine of Samuel Shipman's play of the underworld, *Crime*, and last season, in *Gods of the Lightning*, the moving, if somewhat propagandist tale of the Sacco-Vanzetti case, Sylvia Sidney became known as a young actress bound for stardom. The reward for good work was a movie contract, and she set out for Hollywood, to return after two pictures. She is one of the first of that great group of young actors, spirited away from the stage by the Hollywood revolution, to return to New York and the so-called legitimate drama. Perhaps the films did not catch the evanescent, elfin quality of her personality, perhaps, it is just that she is the old-fashioned actress, born for the stage. Sylvia Sidney is still in her teens, and marked as a young actress worth watching—a brittle comédienne and at the same time a wistful protagonist for tragedy. Hers is a versatility, rare in these days of "talkies", which promises well

From a War Correspondent's Note-Book

Three Recollections of Incidents Which Occurred on the Eastern Front During the Great War

By FERENC MOLNÁR

§1

AS a foreword to this incident, I shall quote a few lines by Maeterlinck, taken from his book on white ants.

"Don't ever be tempted to add a fictitious miracle to a genuine one. The passing years slowly teach the author that the decorations age first—and that they age much quicker than the author himself."

And as a preface, I shall mention that I was a war-correspondent in 1914 and 1915 and that it was my habit during those two years, to make notes of the things I saw in a little note-book I always carried with me. Later, in looking over this book I have often noticed a terse, laconic little fragment in three short chapters, written in note-book style. I never dared to "write it up." Now I shall simply copy it, without changing it in any way, without decorating it. Its date in the little book is: *1915, Horozanka township, Eastern Galicia, at the headquarters of the 55th Division;* its title: *Three meetings with four women from Brzezany.* The note, then.

Note 1: Trench-warfare for some time. So-called "relative inactivity." Beautiful, early Summer day. Before lunch, walk in the town with Major General Hofmann, in command of the division. In front of the tavern, sitting in a peasant wagon, four women dressed in tawdry clothes. Not peasant clothes. They are laughing. They order beer. Horribly gaudy, multicoloured dresses. "Parisian" hats with ostrich feathers. The women are small, lean. Over-rouged cheeks. Haggard faces, wide, vulgarly rouged lips. Hollow eyes with deep rings. Tuberculosis shows in their features. They may be thirty—thirty-five years old. Their looks are merry, precocious, childish. Soldiers joke with them. The General remarks: "*Cocottes.*" (He pronounces the word in parentheses.) "From Brzezany." A "flying" lupanar. The women were formerly the inmates of a Galician house of ill-fame and have now established themselves as an independent unit. The General remarks: "They are playing a guest engagement here." The sun shines. We continue our walk. The General speaks at great length of such institutions at the front. The division north of ours has two already. They are under the control of the Commander-in-Chief. All this happened on a Monday.

NOTE 2: Wednesday. It is the fiftieth birthday of Colonel S. I am invited to the celebration. There will be a large party. Half an hour from here by auto. We shall have to cross the town of Hnilce. Captain D. calls for me with his car at half-past six. The sun is still shining. The dinner will be excellent. A few shots are heard from afar. The auto flies along. We reach Hnilce. It is situated on small hills. In the center of the village, the market square, bordered by very old, very high trees with sparse foliage. The four women hang on one of the trees. On their breasts signs: "*Spy.*" They still wear the hats with the ostrich feathers. One of them has a cigar in her mouth. Their clothes are insulting colors: 1, yellow; 2, purple; 3, green with a white blouse; 4, bluish-green. A vermilion feather on one of the hats, a black one on another. Gaudy silk stockings. Their legs are very thin. Three of them wear white shoes, the fourth one dull, shabby gold. Their heels are extravagantly high. The ribaldry of their faces is horribly conspicuous. Their eyes are half open. All four of them bend their heads slightly to one side. The sky, bathed in twilight, serves as a background, for the tree is on the top of a hill. The sky is pink.

NOTE 3: Half-past one A.M. We are returning from the birthday dinner. We have drunk wine. It is dark. The wind blows wildly. Funnels of dust run in front of us on the road, we can see them in the blaze of our headlights. We are in a hurry. We want to get home before the storm breaks out. The tall trees lining the road are bent by the wind. A few big drops of rain are hurled against our cheeks, for we are racing along at 60 miles an hour; the rain drops are actually painful. An endless line of slowly marching supply-wagons occupy half of the road. Steep ascent. The road goes uphill. Captain D. remarks: "We are in Hnilce." We drive up the hill in the direction of the market square. We are coming from below, consequently our headlights illuminate the tall tree. The sparse foliage trembles in the wind behind a fine cloud of dust. The four women, like four pendulums, swing in four different directions. As they swing, they make complete revolutions around their own axes. None of them wear hats any more. The strong headlight falsifies the glaring colours of their dresses. The auto stops. We gaze at the scene without saying a word. When one or another turns toward us, the rouge and paint on her face seem natural in the artificial light. The eye-balls of one of the women reflect the light. Gusts of wind. The women swing so hard in the strong wind that they appear almost to fall. We start again. We hear the sound of guns once more. It begins to rain. The car races down the hill. I look back; it is pitch dark. I cannot see anything. Thunder, from afar. I await a flash of lightning, in order to see them once more by its light, but in vain. There are no flashes.

§2

The military censor cut the following lines from one of my newspaper articles in 1915.

"Mrs. K., a nurse at the Pálffy-tér Military Hospital, arrived here tonight. She told me that she had seen two invalid soldiers wash their hands. One of them had lost his right arm, and the other one his left one. But they had washed their hands just as all those to whom God has left both arms wash their hands. They had merely formed an alliance for the purpose of carrying out this intricate business: one of the invalids washed his left hand with the right hand of the other."

These lines were also cut from my newspaper correspondence by the military censor.

"Captain H., attached to G. H. Q., is responsible for this story:

"On the Austro-Italian front, two Hungarian soldiers were lost in the snow on the rocky Dolomites. The captain sent them out to reconnoitre rocky mountain peaks, chasms, snow,—ice, cold—when they had not returned after two days and two nights, he thought they had been killed. On the third day, the two Hussars showed up. Both of them were starved, half-frozen, ragged. They told their captain that they had been lost among the strange Italian hills.

"'But how in Heaven's name did you find your way back?' the captain asked them.

"'We went by the map,' answered one of them. 'We walked on this road, always straight ahead—until we've got here.'

"And he showed the captain a torn, wet, hardly decipherable map. It was the map of the Hungarian County Ugocsa, which is a thousand miles from the Italian border, torn out of a Hungarian encyclopedia."

§3

THE division, to which I was attached as a war-correspondent, was famed far and wide for the excellent *cuisine* of its staff. We were lying in Eastern Galicia, on a front section that was then often inactive for months. It was a hot summer, and the guns would sometimes be kept silent for days. The staff officers read novels, wrote diaries, organized horse-races. And the food became better and better day by day.

There were two tables in the officers' mess-room. A large one, at which about thirty-five minor officers sat, and a small one, reserved for the general, his ten staff-officers, and the guest—myself. The food served at the large table was very good, but the small table rivalled any of the best Viennese hotels. My neighbour at table was a young Croatian first-lieutenant who represented the opposition in this select little gathering. One day, he turned to me and remarked: "The reason the food is so superb here is that both of our cooks fear death. They hope that if they continue to cook well they will be permitted to fight the war in the camp-kitchen and will not have to go to the trenches."

We had cakes every Sunday. One of the two cooks was a professional pastry-maker. It seemed to me this fellow was even more afraid of death than his colleague. He was simply magnificent. His cakes were always embellished with the most surprising decorations. One Sunday he gave us a Gothic cathedral with many steeples. Another time, he presented us with a hunt made of sugar. It was complete with forest, hunters, and game. Then he surprised us with a castle. Its windows were illuminated, and when we lifted its roof a live bird flew out. But the most beautiful of them all was the Fort of Przemysl, shot to pieces and burning. The general was en-

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THE FRANK REHN GALLERY

PORTRAIT GROUP

These lithographs are results of experiments in an unfamiliar medium by John Carroll, American painter. The group above includes, reading clockwise, Mrs. Adolf Dehn, Kunyoshi the painter, Mrs. Carroll, Adolf Dehn the caricaturist, Carroll, and Katherine Schmidt

(Left)

SELF-PORTRAIT

In this provocative little portrait lithograph of himself, the directness and simplicity of John Carroll's previous work has seemingly been coloured by the *fin-de-siècle* skepticism, the aggressive negations of the modern German school of interpretative portraiture

(Right)

KATHERINE

In the portrait titled *Katherine*, John Carroll has effected successful fusion of his own manner with modern German technique. He is soon to hold a show at the Rehn Gallery. His large painting, *Three People in a Café*, won a much coveted prize at the Carnegie Institute

Lithographs by John Carroll

A Well Known American Painter Experiments With a New Form and a New Manner

CECIL BEATON

The Three Sitwells

A Study of That Trio of Ornaments of English Life and Letters: Sacheverell, Edith and Osbert Sitwell

THE Sitwells, three porcelain exquisites, proceeding in unison with an almost persuasive concentration from one to another baroque posture, like the syllables in a charade that make no sense separately but may gather some meaning when assembled: Sacheverell, the name of a pre-Raphaelite ("mainly self-educated"); Osbert, the figure in profile at the lower right; ("recreation: regretting the Bourbons"): and Edith, might be anything ("intense dislike for simplicity and a sense of humour"). Osbert is memorable for his superb *Triple Fugue and Other Stories, Before the Bombardment* and, recently, *England Reclaimed;* Edith for her bizarre and brittle poems in *Sleeping Beauty;* and Sacheverell for his brilliant studies of Southern and German baroque art. Most recently Osbert has advertised that he will execute commissions for portraits in verse; and two years ago Edith gave a reading of her poems through a megaphone. Perhaps they are gravely mad; perhaps they are fabulous comedians; certainly they would resent any accusation of usefulness. But the wonderful and really heartening part of it all is that they always keep perfectly straight faces, so that no one can ever afford to laugh; nor can you and I

Ashes

A Correspondence Where a Débutante Offers Illusion and an Actress Replies With Verity

By MICHEL CORDAY

THIS is the letter that little Paule Cessain, the débutante, wrote to her former schoolmate Juliette Folerne, of the *Comédie Française:*

Dear Friend:

I do hope you haven't forgotten me. We were such good friends at Madame Gaillard's school, and surely you must remember the simply terrible examination we took together when we were both sixteen. It was only five years ago, but it seems an age, and we haven't met since that day; we haven't even written. Of course I have seen you time after time on the stage (I just can't tell you how much I admire your acting!) but it isn't really the same as a friendly talk. And you, Juliette—you must have piled up so many, many memories in those five years that the little you know of me is buried underneath them. Please will you search through the corners of your mind, and see if you can't discover just a little of the real friendship you showed me then? I do need it so much!

What I want to tell you to-day is horribly difficult to confess. Just imagine, Juliette: every time I sit down at my desk, I see the face of the person to whom I'm writing! It's dreadfully embarrassing. Why, you're standing before me at this very moment with your lovely "red and white" smile that all the critics mention. I saw that smile of yours ages and ages before the critics even dreamt of it. But I'm procrastinating; I simply can't get to the point. Well, here it is: I have fallen head over heels in love with your illustrious friend, Favère!

I REALLY ought to keep this great secret to myself. But when I think that you see him every day, that you work beside him, that you often talk to him, I just can't help telling you about it. I somehow feel that you, more than any one else in the world, will find it in your heart to forgive me, to understand me. And besides, this infatuation of mine seems so extraordinary that it really doesn't impress me as being criminal.

Juliette, I want to meet him off the stage. I want to hear him speaking his own lines, and not those of some dull author. I want to find out for myself what his eyes are like, and see what sort of gestures he uses naturally.

Of course, I never mention his name to my parents, for fear of being betrayed by my voice.

How old do you think he is? About forty-five, shouldn't you say? Isn't he handsome! What I like about him is his strength, his low, manly voice, and his air of gravity. He's so different from the anaemic, stoop-shouldered juveniles one sees on the stage these days. And I love his hair, too; it's so thick and bristly, and its colour is so unusual—a sort of metallic grey, like a mass of steel wires.

I should like him to be as near me as he seems through my opera glasses. When I look at him that way, I'm always tempted to stretch out my hand, as if I were going to touch him.

I'm running on and on . . . It may be true that his charm is just as artificial as a scene on the stage, but it's also true that Favère is my ideal of masculine strength with his dignified look, his stirring voice, and the touch of blue-grey in his hair. Juliette, he haunts me. I can't even dream of him, for fear I'll talk in my sleep. I scheme and tell fibs, just so my family will be sure to take me to the Comédie on the nights when Favère is playing. And do you know, there are times when I feel like getting married because of Favère. Then at least I could go to the theatre whenever I chose.

I feel so silly when I tell you all these things. But Juliette, I do think that if I could see him standing before me just once, as if I were looking at myself in the mirror, then my fever would die away. I ask no more than to see him. Really this wish of mine doesn't seem very criminal, and I don't see why it shouldn't come true.

To-day I sent Favère a special-delivery letter, and signed it "A young admirer." I asked him to meet me in Louvois Square tomorrow at five o'clock. I chose this place partly because it's near his theatre, and partly because it seems so peaceful, almost like a country town. I shall go there with my maid, who incidentally knows nothing at all about my secret. In that way, I can see him by daylight, close at hand, without revealing myself. No, I shan't speak to him. I shall let him go away without making him a sign, but I know that I shall feel calmer afterwards.

AND now, Juliette, I'm asking you in all confidence: do you think he will come? He must be so tired of compliments and letters and women that sit at his feet and all the rest of it. . . .

But please, please don't let him know that I am his "young admirer." I should simply die of shame.

You know what his habits are. Try to find out whether he'll answer me. And do tell me more about him. Don't be afraid to write me an eight-page letter, the way we used to do in school.

I'll be ever so grateful, my dear and famous friend, and please don't make too much fun of your silly little schoolmate.

Paule Cessain

Now, the special-delivery letter that Paule had sent to her matinée idol was a *petit bleu*, a "little blue," a sheet of sky-blue writing paper which is transformed into an envelope by folding it once and pasting the gummed edges together. Messages like these are delivered through Paris by pneumatic tubes and special messengers within two or three hours after mailing. Juliette Folerne thought of using a "little blue" for her reply, but after all, she had so much to say. . . . Choosing two sheets of her own heavy note-paper, she began:

Dear Paule:

Do I remember you? Why, Paule dear, what a question! I have thought of you many times during the past five years, but always I decided that you must be married, a mother, a popular young matron, a social luminary, and goodness knows what besides. Then too, I've been so taken up with my work in the theatre that I've had no time whatsoever for outside interests. How your letter surprised me! To think of little Paule Cessain, who used to be so reserved, so obedient, so brilliant in her studies—to think of her bowing down before Favère!

Do you know, poor darling, that you are putting me in a very difficult situation?

FIRST of all, you are forcing me to speak ill of the great Favère. It's a duty I can't very well avoid with an old friend like you, but the written proof of it might be very dangerous to a young woman who is looking forward to a career on the stage.

Next, aren't you going to be disagreeably surprised at receiving counsels of prudence and discretion from an actress? I'm afraid that they're the only sort of counsels I can give you. Your own experience is that of thousands of young hearts like yours, all the victims of the same illusion. They make an idol out of some one like Favère; they do everything in their power to meet him; and all too late they discover that he is bowed under the weight of his triumphs . . . and his years.

Paule dear, it's an old, old story. But of course you have led such a secluded life, and your parents have kept such a strict watch over your reading, that you must be ignorant of all the young women who have gone before you.

I'm anxious not to be pedantic, and at the same time I don't wish to launch into dangerous scandals. So I shall tell you a story, a rather ridiculous little story that is melancholy, too, and really quite symbolic.

But first, let me give you one piece of advice: don't go to Louvois Square this afternoon. It's a bad neighbourhood however innocent it may seem. Besides, Favère is cer-

(Continued on page 80)

COME DOWN, O MAID . . .

By RICHARD KIRK

LADY, you stand upon a hill.
Are not the blustering winds too chill?
It was I who bade you face
The elements from that bleak place.

It was I who bade you look
Like a picture in a book.
It was I who took you in—
Lovely rounded, lovely thin!

Lady, I would have you come
Down to this more sheltered station.
Here is bread; let's eat a crumb
Sweeter than imagination!

THE CONSTANT WIFE

Ruth Chatterton plays the rôle in the talking film version, which Ethel Barrymore played on the stage in the Somerset Maugham comedy *The Constant Wife*, which for cinema purposes is to be known as *The Marriage Holiday*

OFFNER

VANDAMM

ANNA CHRISTIE

Greta Garbo, with a Swedish accent to boot, is undertaking the Pauline Lord rôle in the talking film version of Eugene O'Neill's play *Anna Christie*

SUSSMAN

A MOST IMMORAL LADY

Leatrice Joy is the screen heroine of the play which gave Alice Brady a chance, this season, in *A Most Immoral Lady*, to convince New York before she joined the Guild that she is one of the first actresses of the American theatre

Shadows of Their Former Selves

WITH the arrival of the talking films, their first and inevitable obligation was to take the place of the defunct and much lamented "road" of theatrical parlance. Minneapolis and Omaha could not see Ethel Barrymore in *The Constant Wife*, but they and all their sister cities and even villages can hear Ruth Chatterton in the screen version of the Maugham play. Perhaps this was not in the minds of the film magnates when they bought up the Broadway output of plays. Perhaps they were looking for suitable material, that could be found easily, if expensively, something with a stage tradition they could copy, while the laboratory experts were at work developing a new technique for the talkies. Certainly all the dramas of this season, and the last—as well as many dramas of more ancient vintage—have found their way to the mills of Hollywood. In New York it is a little too much of a good thing, for no sooner does a play close than its double opens on the screen, as Helen Hayes for one, wound up her tour in *Coquette* just in time to see Mary Pickford play the part in the talkies

JEALOUSY

With Jeanne Eagels in the Fay Bainter part and the addition of half a hundred extras to make film material, Louis Verneuil's two character drama *Jealousy* has been safely transferred to the talking screen

RICHEE

VANDAMM

BURLESQUE

Nancy Carroll dons the black sequin cap and ballet skirt which Barbara Stanwyck displayed for two seasons in New York to make a film version of the Arthur Hopkins success of another season—*Burlesque*

VANDAMM

SATURDAY'S CHILDREN

Corinne Griffith laid aside her fine feathers long enough to be the demure wife in the film *Saturday's Children*, the rôle Ruth Gordon played on the stage in Maxwell Anderson's play

WHITE

SHOWBOAT

As *Magnolia* in the film made from Edna Ferber's novel, Laura La Plante takes over the part which Norma Terris played in the Ziegfeld version, even to the singing of the Kern songs

VANDAMM

TRIAL OF MARY DUGAN

Norma Shearer took the witness chair in the *Trial of Mary Dugan* vacated by Ann Harding when Bayard Veiller's popular melodrama was adapted, words and all, for the screen

COQUETTE

Mary Pickford, in her new haircut, chose the Jed Harris success for her début in the talking pictures, in which Helen Hayes has wrung many tears from the New York audiences

MURAI

ROSALIE

With Marion Davies, herself a graduate of Mr. Ziegfeld's academy in the Marilyn Miller stellar rôle, the musical comedy seems assured of the authentic touch in the motion pictures

The Mistress of Bayreuth

Being a Postscript to Graf Du Moulin Eckart's Biography of the Widow of Richard Wagner

By ERNEST NEWMAN

THE musical world has long been awaiting the authorized biography of Cosima Wagner. It has come at last—a big volume of a thousand pages. It ends, however, with the death of Wagner in 1883. Precisely what we are to understand by that I do not know. Will a second volume follow, dealing with the later years, or is the closing of the record with 1883 final—a last superb gesture on Cosima's part, the meaning of which is that her own real life ended when Richard died? That conjecture would not be an unreasonable one, in view of all we now know of Cosima.

The biography, the work of Richard *Graf* Du Moulin Eckart, is called *Cosima Wagner, ein Lebens- und Charakterbild*. He has long been known as a typical Wahnfried partisan, honest enough in purpose, but, like others of his kind, incapable of seeing matters from any but the Wagner point of view. Some years ago he published a Life of Hans von Bülow that called forth some very pungent criticism from Bülow's widow, Marie von Bülow. Du Moulin has never struck me as a man of commanding intelligence or much breadth of view. But these qualities are hardly necessary in the first biographer of Cosima. What we want to begin with is the main facts of her career, and these he supplies in abundance. He has evidently been granted every possible facility by the Wagner family; particularly valuable are the extensive quotations he gives from Cosima's diary.

ONE gets the impression from the book, as from other publications that have appeared under the aegis of Wahnfried, that a good deal of the darker side of the story has not been told; at all costs the Wagner legend must be kept going. But enough has been told not only to supply the Wagner biographer of the future with a heap of new material (there is as yet no Wagner biography that is either thoroughly complete or thoroughly reliable), but to let the world see what it owes to Cosima. She deserves, some day, a study by some artist in biography of the rank of Lytton Strachey or André Maurois. Meanwhile we must pay our tribute to her as one of the most remarkable women of the Nineteenth or any other century. She has not been personally popular outside her own immediate circle, and her management of Bayreuth since Wagner's death has brought on her a large amount of criticism; but one is willing to forget everything of this kind in view of the fact that by her courage and devotion, her impenetrable indifference to everything in the world but the cause of Richard Wagner, she saved the great man for himself and for us, made it possible for him to complete the towering masterpieces of his later years, and did more than any other single being to help him realise his dream of Bayreuth. We can forgive her the sharp angles of her personality. One needs to be all angles to cut one's way through so steadily and so uncompromisingly to one's self-appointed goal as she did.

She comes of a mixed breed and a tough ancestry. Her grandfather, the *Comte* de Flavigny, was a French *émigré* of the Revolution who sought refuge in Frankfort-am-Main, where he fascinated the eighteen-year-old daughter, who had recently been left a widow, of the Jewish banking house of Bethmann. To prevent their marrying, the family took the drastic step of getting the *Comte* put in prison on some technicality. The girl thereupon found some means to spend the night with him in the prison, and then told her people that to save her reputation they would now have to consent to a marriage. It was a stroke worthy of Cosima herself.

THEIR daughter, Marie, became in time the wife of the French *Comte* d'Agoult, a man much older than herself. She was a woman of considerable intelligence; she produced a fair amount of literary work under the pseudonym of Daniel Stern, and her Memoirs *(Mes Souvenirs)* are still well worth reading. The marriage was not a happy one. To her salon in Paris, one day, Berlioz brought the young Liszt, who was at that time turning the heads of most of the aristocratic women of Europe (and Liszt, throughout his life, dearly loved an aristocrat) by his good looks and his piano playing. The story goes that some instinct of caution in the young pianist made him treat the beautiful Countess with some reserve. This only made her, out of pique, the more resolved on the conquest of him. He fled from her, appealing, like *Siegfried* on a less critical occasion, to his mother. The energetic Marie pursued him to Switzerland and took possession of him. The liaison lasted some years and produced three children—a boy, Daniel, who died young, Cosima, (born on Christmas Day, 1837), and another girl, Blandine, who became the wife of the French politician Emile Ollivier. Liszt and Marie were fundamentally unsuited to each other, and the association lasted only a few years, the lady ultimately going back to her husband. One of the most unpleasant traits in her character was her determination to hurt her lover by insisting on her own superiority of birth; her novel *Nélida*, in which Liszt is supposed to be drawn as the painter *Guermann*, makes rather disagreeable reading today.

Liszt, like the high-minded gentleman he was, had Cosima brought up on the strictest Nineteenth Century principles in Paris, under an old governess of the strictest Nineteenth Century kind. He settled her as a young girl in Berlin, where she became first the pupil and then the wife of the young Hans von Bülow. The story of her first few meetings with the twenty-four years older Wagner are told with fair accuracy in the composer's autobiography, though there was plainly more in the matter, even in the Eighteen-Fifties, than he allows to appear. All the world knows the later stages of the story—how, after King Ludwig's rescue of him in 1864, Wagner brought the Bülows to Munich, how Cosima acted as his secretary and took over the direction of most of his affairs, and how, after a liaison that seems to have been no secret in Munich to anyone but Bülow, she finally left her husband and threw in her lot with Wagner.

It is only now, when the contents of Cosima's diary are laid bare to us, that we can see the affair in its true perspective. Some recently published letters of Bülow show how deeply he suffered under Cosima's desertion, and how unjust was the long-current view of him as a *mari complaisant*. Wagner, of course, had no scruples at any stage of the affair, and though he was often hurt and angry at the repercussions of it in the musical and the social world, that was only because it made life a little more difficult for him. One hardly knows whether to laugh or to cry over his eternal lament that there was nothing for him to do but to practise "resignation." His method was always to take what he wanted wherever he found it, leaving the practical business of resignation to others and drugging himself with the high-sounding word. It was upon Bülow and Cosima that the real suffering fell, and most of all upon Cosima. Her diary makes it clear that she never forgot the misery she had brought on Bülow, and never ceased to reproach herself for it. But had it meant tenfold misery for Bülow and herself and others she would still have done what she did, for she was sustained by a fanaticism of conviction that has hardly a parallel outside the history of religion. She had persuaded herself that Richard Wagner was not only the greatest artist of modern times but a culture-force of the rarest quality, a being on whom the very future of civilisation depended; and to save this saviour of humanity she would probably have stuck at nothing this side of actual crime.

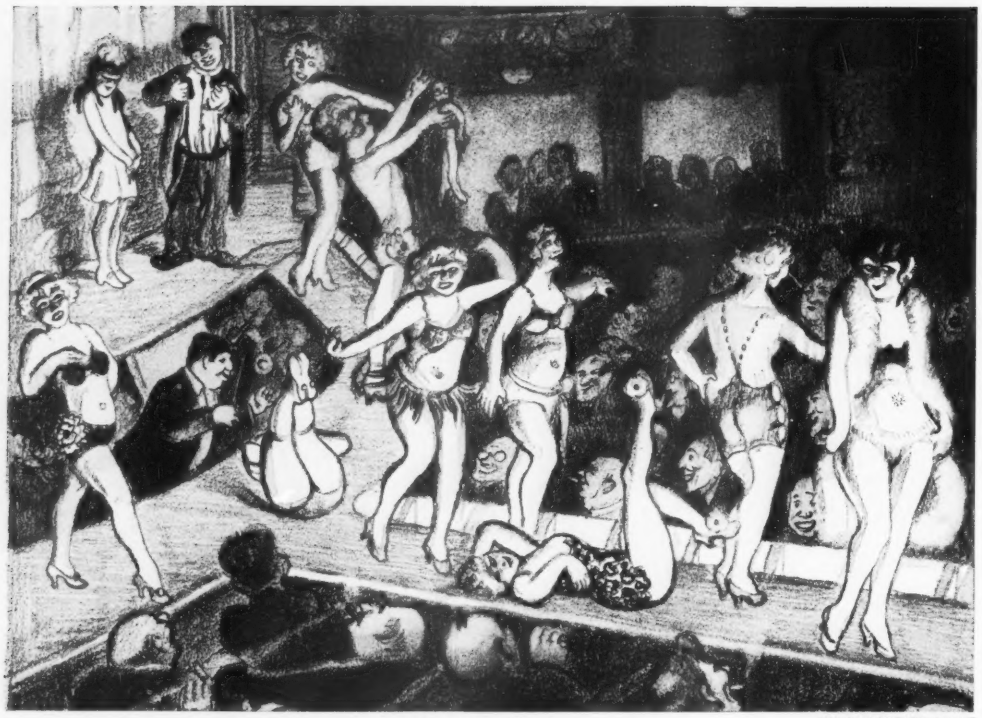
HER services to him and the cause were manifold. She sustained him morally and intellectually by entering fully into his ideas, of which she understood enough to be the sharer without understanding too much and so being in danger of becoming the critic, which would have been fatal. She was an excellent business woman, a firm ruler of her household, and a dragon to anyone who was likely to waste the great man's time. She was a lady of high breeding, fit to represent him anywhere in his new station in life; it was she, indeed, not Wagner himself, who carried on most of the correspondence with Ludwig. It is not only in the highest degree improbable that he would ever have had the heart to complete the *Ring* but for her: it is incredible that without her by his side to take so much correspondence and administrative work off his hands the ageing and in the later days ailing artist would ever have found the energy to carry through the terrific labour of the founding of Bayreuth, at any rate without the most serious damage to his creative work. And it is pleasant to know that he rewarded her devotion with a gratitude that one would hardly have thought was in him; the two most beautiful traits in his strange nature are his

(Continued on page 78)

Two Lovers—A Painting by Pablo Picasso

A Canvas by the Distinguished French Master Who Is the Chief Innovator Among Living Painters

PICASSO'S title to the rôle of the Great Anarchist in modern art should be qualified by the fact that his most shattering assaults on tradition have always taken the form of experimental masterpieces that have been "created" in the purest sense. He stands today, not yet fifty years old, the supreme living master of the science of appearances in all its forms, still willing to experiment in any form that is not hackneyed or impotent or corrupt with the decays of orthodoxy. The painting reproduced above, *Two Lovers*, one of his most noted canvases in America and now in the collection of Mary Hoyt Wiborg of New York, renders a problem in Hellenic serenity and simplification. Pablo Picasso offers the strange contradictions of being the greatest intellect among living painters as well as the simplest, the most modest—and the richest. Born a Spaniard, Pablo Picasso has lived and worked uninterruptedly in Paris since his youth. He has been the stimulus for and the butt of more published discussion than any other living painter—and has remained serenely and stoically unaware of nearly all of it



DRAWINGS BY MABEL DWIGHT

ON THE RUNWAY

Whether it's *The Red Hots* at the Columbia or some stock company in Detroit, modern "burlesk" looks very much like this just before the company goes into its big production number featuring mother-love and the theme song: *Remember That Angels in Heaven Need Mothers*

The Last Days of Burlesque

A Sad, Sad Story Concerning the Reformation of a Familiar Type of Entertainment

By KENNETH MACGOWAN

BURLESQUE is a very sad art these days. And the saddest thing about it—sadder than its joyless and emaciated houris, sadder than the comedians they eclipse—is its virulent reputation for propriety.

"Where," asks the family man who takes fatherhood seriously, "is my son going to acquire memories of ruddy and forbidden entertainment to solace his pantalooned evenings with memories of the follies of youth?"

The family promenade of a Sunday afternoon is no longer punctuated by that tense moment when the poster of Rose Sydell's *London Belles* hove in sight and youth kept face-front and eyes-right while the paper pageant of convoluted amazons filed past. The town police busy themselves no longer with pasting aprons of white paper over the postered charms of *The Sporting Widows.*

Alas! Rose Sydell's anglophile entertainment is as dead as the Sunday promenade. Widows are no more sporting than maids. Burlesque can't afford 24-sheet posters. And—very, very significant—Billy Watson's *Beef Trust* has degenerated into "Sliding" Billy Watson's *Chicken Trust.*

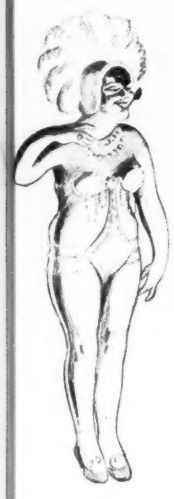
They were innocent enough in all reality, these broad-beamed entertainments. It took no more than the swing of an ample hip, as an amazonian captain made a 'bout-face, to bring the house almost to its feet in ribald applause. Hardened devotees of the pool room fell off their seats when the tramp comedian drove a spigot into the receptive abdomen of the German fun-maker and drew forth foaming beer. In most houses like the Gayety in St. Louis—"The Home of Folly, Two Frolics Daily"—the limit of comic audacity toyed with the danger attendant upon dandling a baby. At some of the lowest of theatrical dives a Little Egypt came in towards ten-thirty for half a minute of expurgated *danse-du-ventre;* but these souvenirs of the old Midway were not to be compared with the shimmy, grind, cooch, and kindred centrifugal motions of which the chorus girl of modern burlesque is past-mistress.

Sylvan as was *The Beef Trust* in its innocence, at least the older burlesque-goers *thought* it wicked, and this was all that mattered. They were naughty silken-hosed outcasts—it looked like silk anyway—and it was as heinous a sin to watch the girls march and counter march as to see Maude Allen dance before Herod without her shoes or stockings. Nowadays the daughters of the Four Hundred produce charity Follies in Hula costumes, we eat supper to the rhythm of charmers garbed in diamond fig leaves and a pair of castanets. No wonder youth is bored to extinction by a burlesque chorus that, instead of wearing tights and carrying a spear, wears no more than a spear or two of grass and discards tights. The lure of the forbidden has departed, trailing memories behind, and burlesque—and youth—consequently suffer for it.

Burlesque is dying of a good reputation and a bad character. It is no longer supposed to be wicked and it is thoroughly vicious. Viciousness—relieved by very little humour and hardly any skill—is its one virtue. Yet nobody knows this. The fault can be laid at the door of that ex-mogul and high advocate of "clean burlesque", Sam Scribner.

Scribner had a dream. Satan took him into the high places of Times Square and showed him all the gold that would be his if he could only clean up burlesque. He cleaned it up, pretty thoroughly and pretty honestly. The shows that circled round through the theatres known as the Columbia wheel were as decent as any Broadway musical show, and decenter than some. They became "family entertainments." They had their eye on the audiences that used to go to popular-priced musical comedy and melodrama houses before the movies killed them. They reached their peak in the production by Jean Bedini—I think it was called *Peek-a-boo*—from which Sam Harris plucked Bobby Clark.

The rival "wheel", the Mutual, failed to see the light. It kept to old ways, and with a certain wisdom. Clean burlesque failed to flourish. Scribner and his associates rather desperately threw in some traveling dramatic companies giving the warmer plays of *White Cargo* and *Aloma* variety. Still, the misfortunes of the Columbia Theatre—the Broadway hub of the circuit—continued to grow, and



1929
The Spirit of Burlesque, 1929, sings with feeling: "You Can Look But You Mustn't Touch"

presently Scribner was out and the Mutual was all there was to burlesque. But not for long. The drab and mechanical naughtiness of the shows began to pall on the audience. Business fell off. And a curious new burlesque institution began to flourish.

This was the burlesque stock company. It has its ups and downs. New York shows not so much interest in it as the newer and hardier cities of the middle west. Manhattan has a profitable house of this kind in its old stand-by of far earlier days, Minsky's National Winter Garden, down where Second Avenue meets Houston Street in the heart of the East Side slums. But you must go to Detroit or Chicago to find a dozen of these curious institutions grinding out continuous entertainment for their habitués.

Detroit concentrates its stock burlesque in the cheaper business section. Chicago spreads its shimmied joy towards the residential districts where the lower middle class abounds.

Whether the show is Mutual or stock, the audience downtown is a little more masculine, but plenty of women come in, properly escorted by gentlemen, and every now and then you see the middle-aged, bespectacled couple with their eight-year-old boy, who are so plentiful in the neighbourhood houses. When these houses give their weekly midnight shows, usually on Saturdays—Midnite Shambles they are often called—the children stay home, but the rest of the audience is astonishingly sober and even feminine. Grey-haired mothers of the sort that warm the cinematic heart of William Fox smile benignly at the matinées while shimmy-artistes only slightly younger than themselves "shake 'em up" and comedians work in black-out bedroom scenes.

The humour—what there is of it—has changed less than any other feature of the art that used to be affectionately called "burleycue" and now goes in for the reformed spelling "burlesk". There are still two comedians to every company. They are usually tramps, Jews or Germans, but never Irish. They still explore the devious misunderstandings of human language and confuse "underwear" and "under where", "zephyrs" and "heifers", "What street?" and "Watt Street." The comedians wax a great deal franker than they used to; down at the National Winter Garden they often substitute the subtler humours of the bath for the banalities of the bedroom. By and large the humour of burlesque has deteriorated because the comedians have been crowded out by the shimmy-shakers. It is only in occasional shows like *Laffin Thru, Girls in Blue* or *The Red Hots* that fun-makers appear who are as amusing as Joe Van with his red-nosed suggestion of Richard Carle, Al Fatica, an apish ganglion of hardly human nerves, Clyde Bates, good old-fashioned robustious tramp, or "Boxcar Bennie" Nugent, the really clever comic of the National Winter Garden.

It is my impression that the comedians are better in the stock houses, and certainly the general level of dancing and turns and "production numbers" seems to improve when the railroad and its costs are eliminated. These companies rarely give more than an hour and a half or two hours of burlesque; the rest of the time from noon, when the show begins, to eleven, when it stops, is filled in with the showing of dated photoplays and impassioned attempts by concessionaires to sell Eskimo Pie, naughty joke books, "art" magazines, "magic mirrors" showing Parisian models to those that breathe on them, and pitiful little boxes of chocolates each and every one of which contains such gifts as silk stockings, ladies' step-ins, dollar cigar lighters, silver cigarette cases, tin wrist watches and like trifles.

A BIT OF DIALOGUE
It was not a comedian but one of the audience who said of this souvenir of older days: "She shimmies like my truck." The comedian made a note of it

Even in the stock houses the bulk of the entertainment comes down generally to ten minute sessions with the three leading women and chorus alternating with five minute intermissions of humour produced by two comics and two "straights." Most of the theatres have installed the runway which Max Reinhardt brought from Asia for *Sumûrun*, and out on this runway and across the stage the women work laboriously at the game of shimmy and the "strip teaser." The latter is the routine lure of the principal women. Occasionally capable and well-shaped dancers like "Peaches" of *Laffin Thru* or Anne Corio of *Girls in Blue* add some art of execution and even of mock-modest reticence to the business of shake and revealment, but most of the time it is just a matter of nine encores during which the girl on the runway indicates at each exit that, if she comes out again, she will have discarded one more bit of gauze or shoulder strap.

THE INGÉNUE
"Ain't She Sweet!" Fashion banned *The Beef Trust*, so here's a modern soubrette

The forty companies that present Mutual burlesque in the forty theatres of its wheel are pitiful in numbers and talents. Sometimes a prosperous playhouse in New York or Chicago will add a group of sixteen chorus girls and three soubrettes to work exclusively on the runway in six songs injected into the routine road entertainment; and sometimes one of these soubrettes, like Erin Jackson at the Columbia, will have personality and talent enough to put all the rest of the show to shame. The regular traveling troupe always includes sixteen worn choristers and seven principals—two comics, three women, and two "straights."

Variety—a liberal-minded tradepaper of burlesque, vaudeville, pictures, and the "legit"—says there are not ten performers on the wheel who "own any rightful stage talent." The reason, as *Variety* points out, isn't far to seek. The income guaranteed the traveling show is a little less than $1700 a week. Thus the thirty salaries of company, manager and stage hands must average about $50 a week, with $75 the top for any one featured player.

With such a financial problem on their hands the guiding spirits of traveling burlesque fall back heavily on the cheapest and simplest allurements—the "cooch" and the "strip teaser." They reason—despite steadily declining business—that this is what their patrons want. I'm not so sure. Most audiences applaud the strip teasers mechanically. It's a routine business. The girl will come out just so long and no longer. As she is unable to sing or dance with any distinction, there is no point in encores when the possibilities of the strip teaser are exhausted. But give the burlesque crowd a quartette of girls that can sing, and they'll blister their hands for minutes on end. In the stock houses they love production numbers with war scenes or opium joints and sad, sad songs about mother. Perhaps a little real talent and originality—or at least clever thievery—will lift road burlesque back into the fame and fortune that it enjoyed when it was supposed to be very wicked.

THE BRIDGE CLASS
"Boxcar Bennie" Nugent and "Dusty" Bobby Wilson open an auction bridge class at Minsky's famous National Winter Garden

At the Sign of the Silver Star

Wherein a Thief and Murderer Is Shown to Profit by a Good Knowledge of the Poets

By THOMAS BURKE

EDITOR'S NOTE: *At the Sign of the Silver Star* is the first of a series of mystery stories that Thomas Burke has written for *Vanity Fair*. Since the publication of his famous collection of short stories, *Limehouse Nights*, there can be no more interesting event in fictional criminology than the appearance of one of Mr. Burke's experiments in *Grand Guignol* horror. The others of the series from Mr. Burke's hand will appear in forthcoming issues of *Vanity Fair*.

WHEN Miss Wilcox, in one of her moments, noted how easily things go wrong, she was right. She usually was; that was the bit of her that galled. A poet who's usually right is like a husband who never stays out late. She was so right that much of her crystallised rightness has been printed on little cards that one can pin over one's desk or one's bed or one's bath; and it would have been well for Dodge Fargus and Mosey Rubens if they had bought the Alas-how-easily card and hung it over their roll-tops. It might have saved them a packet of trouble. But although neither Dodge nor Mosey was ignorant of the common truths of life, they knew nothing of Miss Wilcox or her cards, and did not know that she exercised the function of the true poet in pointing out things that everybody knows and nobody realises. They were like most of us—positive knowers and negative realisers—and being that, they bought a prize-packet.

Those who remember the Silver Star affair—everybody of London's waterside does—know what that packet was.

IT began with Mosey Rubens making contact with the Carshalton diamonds. One doesn't follow up that sort of contact; one refrains; and although Amsterdam was eventually indicated, Mosey saw that his line was to refrain for a while from Amsterdam and all other contacts. Usually Mosey played a lone hand, but this time he had grabbed more than one handful, and he needed help. Like many of his kind he had a habit of thinking that he thought and of confusing knowingness with knowledge; and yet another habit—very widespread—of putting himself into other people's places and seeing things through their eyes—but with his own brain. Fatal habit. So, needing help, he saw his situation as he thought it would appear to one who was like himself, a square-dealer. Looking around for square-dealers he went to Spike Arabin—the youngest and cleanest of the boys—and offered him a fair rake-off of the doings if he could find him a soft and safe corner; and Spike Arabin said in his large way, leave it to him, he'd fix it.

Mosey left it to him. He thought he knew Spike through and through, and saw nothing ridiculous in one human creature's making so reckless a claim about another. Had he known Miss Wilcox's poems and kept them before him, he would have realised in advance that nothing and nobody in this world is certain, and that the best of men, as well as things, easily go wrong. He would have perceived that when twelve thousand pounds are lying around it is foolish to trust anybody—even people you don't know. The result is always distressful. It was *here* Spike Arabin, under such a trust as had never before been committed to him—a human life with twelve thousand pounds trailing to it—found the trust too heavy. Without a spot of the compunction he would have felt at stealing Mosey's watch, he sold him and his load to Dodge Fargus, landlord of the Silver Star.

The Silver Star, on the downstream waterside, was an affable house—affable, that is, when you got to know it. In its outward demeanor it was anything but affable. It stood at the end of a narrow passage running parallel with a deep cut that gave entrance from the river to the docks. Shrouded on one side by a high wall, and open to the hollow cut on the other, the passage was a haunt of many echoes; and all footsteps approaching the Silver Star rang upon the cobbles the news of their coming. This was sometimes useful. So were the Star's back windows, which gave directly on to the vast curve of the river. Seen from the land end of the passage it had a reticent, even furtive air. It was low-pitched, and its brown plaster front was so dilapidated that it seemed to falter and cringe. At night it gave no high greeting of brilliant windows. One pale gleam that threw less light to the passage than the silver star of eve throws to the earth, was the only hint that the passage held anything but a blank wall. But for favoured customers its frigid bearing was eased. Like some men, it had a warmth of feeling for those it accepted as strong as the frost in which it locked itself against the world. It was like its owner, too. In appearance Dodge Fargus was a sack and as non-committal as a sack. At first glance his whole being seemed a blur of insignificance. At second glance the essential Fargus burst into self-betrayal through the large drooping and jutting lips.

WELL, it was to this ambiguous house that Spike carried Mosey as a spot where he could safely rest until the signs and portents were favourable to a trip to Amsterdam. Before carrying Mosey there he visited Dodge Fargus. With his sharp bird eyes and sharp bird nose close to Dodge's blunt ear, he put it to Dodge.

"Fifty-fifty if I bring him—eh? Fifty-fifty. It's easy. With the river right here. And a few fifty-six weights. Eh? Outa the window here—into one o' them skiffs—and then into midstream. Four o' them fifty-six weights prop'ly fixed, and nothing'd bring him up. And he'd never be missed. He's got nobody. Whad yeh say—eh? Twenty thousand. Broken up across there they'd easy make twelve thousand. Twelve thousand. Fifty-fifty. Whad yeh say?"

Fargus said it, and upon a suitably wet and misty evening Spike and Mosey and twelve thousand pounds passed unseen down the dark passage and into the Silver Star. Very late that night Mosey, just Mosey himself, passed out of the Star.

At midnight he was in bed. He had shared freely in the hospitality and camaraderie that lived behind the deceptive front of the Silver Star, and he was at peace. He had found friends—as the wealthy always can if they are as ready as Mosey was to acknowledge friendship in the apt way—and he had the feeling of being well guarded and cared for. He was. Two men downstairs were keeping guard over him as a mother keeps guard over a wakeful baby.

They sat in the interior and private parlour of the house, silent and without movement. So enclosed was this room, between the back and front of the house, that not only was it noiseless itself but it comprehended no foreign noise. No sound of road-traffic; no sluck of waters against the moored boats and barges; no hoot of outbound steamer or wail of siren came there. No sound at all. Not even the ticking of the clock in the dead bar as it marked the moments between the quiet life of one hour and the red blast of treachery that was to come. They sat on either side of the fire, and the room and all its furniture seemed to be waiting, as they were, upon some sharp event. If those men could have glowed the whole room would have been flooded with a crowding miasma of scarlet; scarlet with a tinge of yellow. Spike's thin face flittered with expression; Dodge's face was the mask of a half-wit.

AT half-past midnight Dodge got up and made an ungainly creep to the door. He opened it, and stood just beyond it. His arms drooped from his great shoulders like trunks. His hands opened and closed. He came back and spoke in a whisper. "Sounds all quiet."

Spike shook his head. "Usually snores when he's prop'ly asleep." Dodge sat down again. "Give him 'nother quarter 'nour." Spike fumbled for a cigarette, and reached for the matches. Dodge stopped him. "Sh! Make a splutter. Use spill."

At the end of the fifteen minutes Dodge went again to the door, and this time went out and crept half-way up the stairs. His shadow on the stair wall made the shape of a hippopotamus. He crept down again. "Seems all quiet."

Spike got up. "I'll have a see. I'm lighter than you. You might rouse him." Their voices rustled. Spike made a streak through the door and up the stairs. He seemed to move without movement. Dodge went back to the room and fiddled with something that he took from the back of his desk. In less than a minute Spike was back in the inner silence. He whispered across the table to Dodge. "Safe enough now. All quiet. But slow and easy up the stairs. He wakes quick."

Dodge nodded. With one hand in his coat-pocket he made a slow creep towards the stairs. In the little passage outside the room he came into the world again and its midnight braying and hooting. These distant noises, coming suddenly, broke upon his ears like a storm, and the ticking of the bar clock was

(Continued on page 92)

An Hawaiian Drawing by Helen Wills

A Sketch, Made at Waikiki, From the Twice-Gifted Hand of America's Woman Tennis Prodigy

THE action studies of contemporary tennis players by Miss Helen Wills are already familiar to readers of *Vanity Fair*, but the firmer and more mature portrait sketch reproduced above (study of a Hawaiian girl) is the first published work of its kind from Miss Wills' hand. Here she has certainly advanced from her closely observed studies of the female body in action, in which the "action" has always, by a very natural coincidence, drawn its inspiration from the game of tennis, toward the more difficult and deliberate problems of portraiture, where the hand so formidable in the world of sport is proving itself in art. During this summer Miss Wills has been touring the tennis courts of Europe, where she has already augmented her formidable collection of trophies

Apache Trails

A Short History Related on the Passing of a Picturesque Character From the Parisian Scene

By PAUL MORAND

I ONCE visited a prison in the heart of the Ivory Coast. The keeper, a big negro dressed in a girdle of blue pearls, after showing me many other cells, opened a door secured by a wooden lock.

"This," he whispered, "is the cell of the condemned."

The room was empty. Observing my astonishment, he added:

"I am the one under sentence of death."

He said it with a modesty that could not conceal his pride. Just so, nowadays, it is very hard to distinguish the *apache* from the other inhabitants of a great city. The *apache* has come into his own; he is dressed like you or me, and even when he tries to astonish us by crying out "I am an *apache!*" we can scarcely realize we must be on guard.

Apache is a word of the Pima Indian dialect, which means, literally, enemy. As for the tribal name, it means men of the forests. Since Fenimore Cooper's time everything has altered. The *Apaches* have come to live in the city, and have deserted the forests; it is no longer a hostile tribe, really, or, at least, it is made up of enemies so familiar that they have come to be almost our friends.

I THINK I have seen some examples of the old stock type in the Sierra Madre mountains, right in Sonora. They were very peaceful, and engaged in exquisite work in basket making.

But how has the word *apache* made headway in France? I do not agree that it was brought back from Mexico by Maximilian's soldiers; I think it was rather through the popular novels of Mayne Reed and Cooper that it entered the slang of the Parisian lower classes. *Apache* does not appear before 1900. It made a sudden appearance, in 1902, after the crimes and the disruption, by the arrest of their members, of two celebrated gangs still remembered by all Frenchmen.

On January 11, 1902, a man called François Leca went to a hospital to have two bullets extracted, one in his thigh, the other in his hand. He said he had been shot by men he didn't know. Cured, he took his departure in a cab, accompanied by his mistress and three friends, whereupon they were surrounded and he was wounded anew by a knife thrust, while bullets whistled all around. This attack was delivered by a hostile gang, "the Courtille band." Manda, its chief, was arrested, and Leca, once more in bed, lay in a cot surrounded by police, who feared a new assault upon him.

All those arrested refused to speak. Paris was deeply stirred. Finally this much was learned: Manda, one morning, had gone to call on Leca, his best friend. He didn't find him in, but he did, on the other hand, find "the Panther," Leca's mistress. She appealed to Manda's taste, and he took her away from Leca. Immediately, by way of reprisal, as seemed only fair, Leca sought out Manda's beautiful red-headed mistress, known as Casque d'Or, Queen of the *bals-musettes* of Bellevue and Menil-Montant, and told her how they were both being betrayed by their lovers. The inevitable followed. Manda received this note: "You have taken the Panther away from me. I am leaving with Casque d'Or. If you want her back come after her; I am waiting for you. Leca."

Manda gathered his supporters and accepted the challenge. After unsuccessful attempts to bring about a meeting, they came together, on January 8 in the *Place du Trône*. Leca and Manda flew at one another. Leca, wounded, refused to tell where he had hidden Casque d'Or. The next day one of his lieutenants was taken prisoner, shut up, tortured; they carved artistic designs on his skin with a knife. In the hospital Leca persistently refused to tell where Casque d'Or was and wrote to Manda: "You are a coward." Manda decided to visit the hospital. As he went in Leca came out, in a carriage. So the attack on the cab came about.

Paris, thenceforth, passed for the resort of bandits, where no one could live any longer in safety. From St. Petersburg some Russians offered hospitality to their Parisian friends who were, one day, to offer a return in kind. Meanwhile, the romance went on. In the autumn of 1902 Casque d'Or married Leca, who had taken refuge in Belgium, but she still loved Manda, and sent him flowers in prison. . . . Tired of adventure, Casque d'Or then turned to the stage, and appeared in a menagerie, among lions who were tamer than her friends! The wedding—a real wedding *à la Douanier Rousseau*, finally took place; Leca's father was a policeman and Casque d'Or's an employee of the *Octroi!*

I REMEMBER opening an illustrated paper, a little while before the war. In an article on the convict prisons of Guiana there was reproduced a photograph of two peaceful citizens behind the bottles of a drug store. One of them was Manda, Casque d'Or's lover, employed in the prison infirmary.

Thenceforth the *apaches* began to change. The tribe lost the picturesque quality it had had at first. It learned to read the books of civilization, and turned anarchist. During this period, *M.* Jouin, assistant chief of the *Sûreté*, had gone to arrest a man called Bonnot, at Ivry-sur-Seine. As he entered the room he was killed, with his aide. Bonnot, after shamming death for a moment, escaped over the roofs. (It is a striking coincidence that the investigation of this affair was conducted by *M.* Klotz, the Minister, who is now in prison himself.)

The motor in which Bonnot escaped was found, and he himself was run to earth in a house at Choisy-le-Roy, the home of an anarchist friend, to which it became necessary to lay siege. The mayor came, with his shotgun. Several attempts to blow up the house failed. Lying on a mattress Bonnot received the police, a revolver in each hand. He died at the *Hotel-Dieu*, the hospital of the town, crying: "Herd of cattle! I have the right to live. If your criminal society tries to deprive me of it, so much the worse for it!"

With Bonnot, progenitor of the Russian revolution, the anarchistic *apache* disappears, and the heroic epoch comes to an end. The *apache* entered the Panthéon, I mean to say, by way of immortal literature. He quickly became the hero of serial stories in the newspapers and popular plays. He knew how to love to the point of death; he became a tribal chieftain.

They sang of him at café-concerts. The painters of Montmartre, the satirical magazines like *Le Rire*, celebrated him. He took his place between the scurvy prowler of the fortifications in the romances of Eugène Sue and the elegant, polished, post war burglar, with whom assassination was a habit. The *apache* has a costume, the uniform of his profession, which makes him instantly recognizable in every scene in the music halls. He has replaced the bridged cap of twenty years ago with the English checked cap.

HE affects the red scarf his girl friend also wears, attracted by its colour, fastened behind her ear with a straw. He is always well shod, with a fondness for patent leather and light grey cloth tops, with bright buttons.

As for Casque d'Or, how many copies there have been of that famous gigolette, with her twisted mass of red-gold hair! She still expresses herself to-day through the lips of Yvonne George, of Gaby Monthreuse, of Damia, of the famous realistic singers of the after-midnight shows.

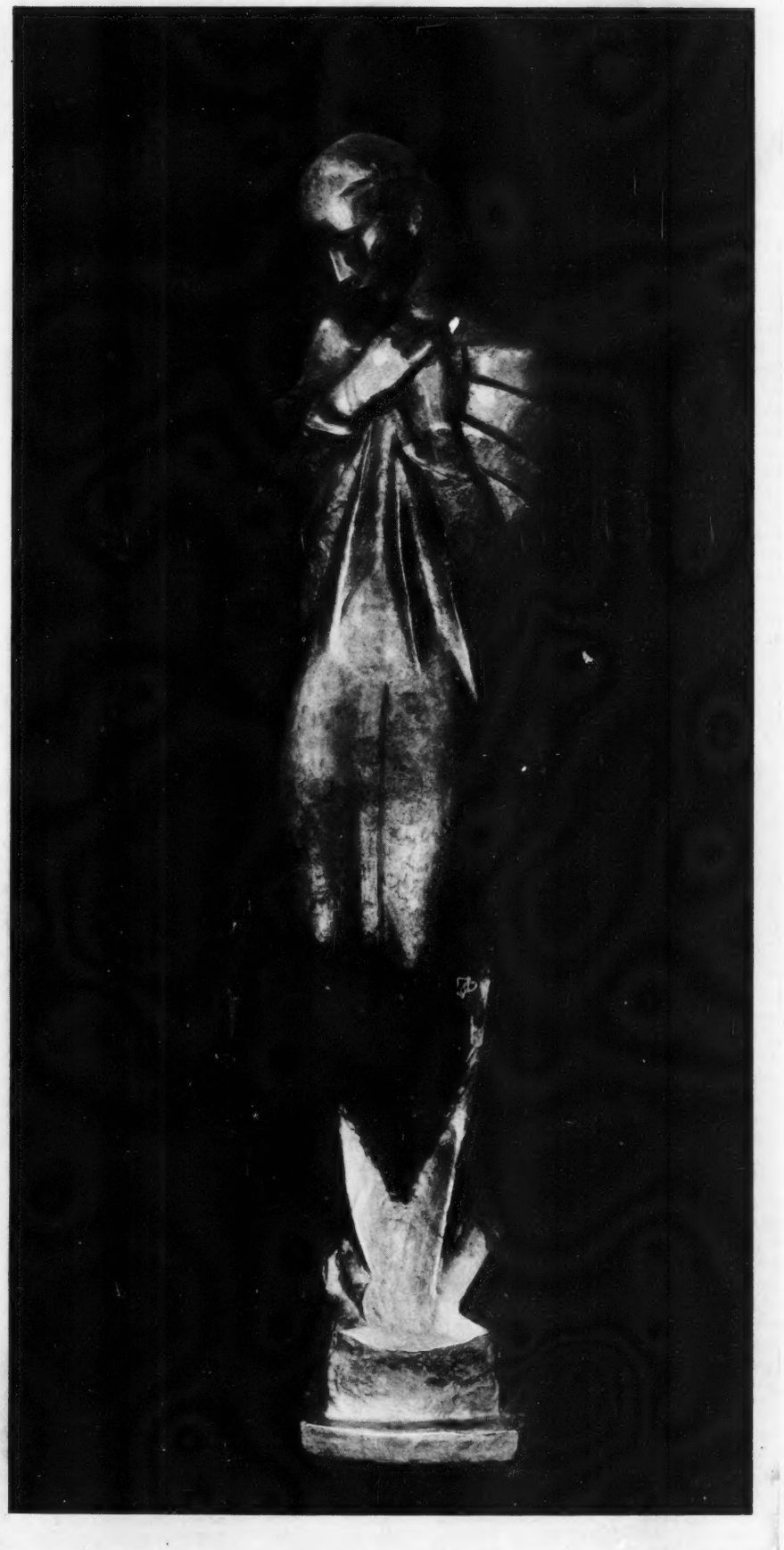
Both appeared, during the war, in the famous novels of Carco, after having been honoured in the great romance of Louis Philippe, *Bubu de Montparnasse*.

Somewhat modified, wholly inoffensive, these gentry are still ornaments of the balls of the *Rue de Lappe*, so much frequented, for the last two years, by Americans.

No one believes, any longer in the *apaches*, but so familiar is the dark and awe-inspiring picture of these poetic bandits that the public still accepts the legend.

The *Apaches* of the Sierra Madre and those of the *Place Maubert* have certain traits in common. They were savage, they were in revolt against society, they always got their man, they obeyed a secret code of honour; lastly, they were tattooed, and provided with magnificent surnames. But no one, to-day, confuses them.

They say, in Mexico, that these Indians wear clothes without pockets, so that they may resist the temptations of ownership. The *apaches* of Paris have hands full of presents; curious tourists, ladies avid for sensation, engagements with moving picture companies, have come, and, with them, prosperity. They used to be emaciated; now they are fat. They used to live dangerously, as Nietzsche said. To-day they are good citizens, and they will bring up their sons to be officials.



Adagio
A Bronze Figure

By GEORG KOLBE

THE clear, pure form of this bronze by the German sculptor Georg Kolbe is a unique and modern expression of an immanent mysticism. The work, entitled *Adagio*, and only thirty-two inches high, is almost Lydian in its serenity, unimpassioned and crystalline. Yet its visionary quality has none of the neurasthenic overtones of much religious art; it is firmly and vigorously realized in a simplification that is only the reward of a thorough mastery of the human figure. Kolbe, who is one of the most important of Germany's living sculptors, represents an entirely new temperament in German art, one opposed to the familiar Teutonic tradition of oppressive heaviness. The felicities of his powerful and supple sculptures have brought him, now over fifty years old, an immense popularity in Europe. The recent exhibition of his work at the Weyhe Galleries in New York includes twenty-nine examples, among them the above, which was brought to America in 1928 and of which about six copies have been made. It was his first one-man show in America, consisting chiefly of nudes and portraits, most of them less than half life-size

Talkies, Plays and Books

Thoughts on the Approaching Battle Between the Spoken Pictures, Literature and the Stage

By DOROTHY RICHARDSON

MORE and more people seem to be predicting that, at a not too distant tomorrow the films will be all-in-all, the libraries mildewed, and authors and playwrights, whether dead or living, mere properties at the disposal of the superproducer. Cinematography in its current, and anticipated, developments throws a dark shadow over the literary and dramatic arts. And it is not only "people" who cherish these apprehensions. It is also Mr. H. G. Wells. In the preface of *The King Who Was a King* Mr. Wells declares that the film, "the great music-drama of the future" is a medium superior alike to the play and the book. This ultimatum from one who has achieved so much with the written word is a direct challenge to all who value books.

First as to the stage-play. Why do we go to the theatre? To see plays, actors and actresses. And if in the end the film can give us perfectly realistic, three-dimensional, coloured, sounding, and really-not-to-be-distinguished-from-living performances and a great deal besides that the stage-play cannot give in grandeur and depth and subtlety of effect, and all of this at a third of the cost to ourselves, why should we go on supporting the stage?

BUT it is not only for play and players that we frequent the theatre. There is more there than that. To begin with, the stage-play, like the opera, always has been, in part, a social occasion. The living *people* on the stage form part of the social unity that is any given performance. For the moment, however, let us keep on the near side of the footlights where sits the audience gathered in awaiting the instant of the gliding away of curtains. Where is the parallel to this particular kind of social gathering? Be the movie-theatre never so beautifully lit and decorated, its atmosphere is not *social*. These are no intervals in the performance for discussion, the paying of calls, refreshments and the charming diversions implied in the expression "seeing the house". There is no occupation for the opera-glass, the inseparable companion of the real stage-addict. Fair face, exquisite toilet, shimmering jewels, all these are invisible in darkness. All these things are incidental to the performance but they play their part in creating the gulf that yawns between play and movie. The movie, it is true, offers certain compensations: you cannot, for instance, go to a play at a moment's notice in a black mood and an old ulster, but to the movies you may go just as you are—within and without.

We go to the play, we join the social throng, the curtains glide away, the scene is displayed and the social centre shifts to the far side of the footlights. We join company with the living beings upon the stage with whom we are to share more than the play. We share the crisis of the start and all the vicissitudes of this single performance, be it First Night, or second, or Farewell. We collaborate throughout, influencing the players by our attitude. The play is a living organism and, if fit to survive, alters during its run, is modified in a thousand ways. And in this modification the audience has played its part. No two performances are identical and the last is a genuine farewell. We know when, souvenir in hand, we leave the theatre that never any more while we live shall we see that play just as before. For this uniqueness of a single living and developing work of art the film is no substitute. It appears, finished and unchangeable. You may applaud or disapprove, but your collaboration is passive and helpless. Nor can you hand a bouquet to the film-star.

FOR the genuine stage-lover there is no question of competition between play and film or even of comparison. Though the perfected Talkie may simulate stage-play and intensify it with the help of the resources of advanced cinematography, there will still be for the audience no comparison possible between the two fundamentally different types of experience. The only pull of film over stage that is beyond question, is the economic pull. Wherever, as is notably the case in certain countries of Europe, seat charges, always high and at present inflated by the entertainment tax, remain as they are, the scales are weighted on the side of the new movies.

As to the chance of cinematography coming into competition with literature: how can it? None of the prophets specify either the nature of the competition or the method of its operation. They content themselves with burning incense upon the altar of what they regard as the paramount art of the future. They may be right in so regarding it. But to demand absolute death-dealing power for a single art is to fly in the face of human experience.

Certain forms of literature the film may, at some distant date, either supplant altogether or reduce to a collaborating partnership with itself. It is clear that the purposes of the educationist, the theorist and the propagandist can be largely assisted by the use of the screen and it is conceivable that a day may come when none of these will be found working apart from it. Yet a large part of juvenile education must always remain both oral and bookish, if only because you cannot hold a film in your hand and study it at leisure. The education of adults might be carried on by means of the film, but here too the same objection holds.

Meanwhile the film to date has reinforced the book by creating more readers than it has destroyed if indeed it has destroyed any. The two arts are visibly playing into each other's hands. Already we have seen new books dramatized and filmed almost simultaneously, a successful play re-issued by the author as a novel, and so forth. And though there are plenty of people who believe that what is an artistic success in one medium cannot be born alive in another, there are, fortunately for those who enjoy experimenting in more than one medium, plenty who do not. The majority of these, having enjoyed a book would as soon see the play or film of the book as re-read the original. Just as the drama has created a public for written plays, both those intended for the stage and those many others either unplayable or written without an eye to the stage at all, so will the practice of film-seeing create a public for a new kind of literature—film-literature—of which Mr. Wells' book, if we except the small scenarios appearing from time to time in periodicals, is, characteristically enough, the first example.

Be the future developments of the film what they may, they can no more take the place of the written word than congregational can take the place of private devotions; if for no other reason than the perfect incomparability of the two *considered as experience*. But there are other reasons. Imagine the film of the future, available not only at the theatre, but in every home. Private screen, apparatus, supply of reels from local circulating filmery. Even so, the film will be a "show", something for collective seeing, to be displayed by agreement at a given time and place. And this is not all. For however and whenever we see a film we must needs adjust our sensibilities to follow its pace and either keep them so adjusted or miss the whole, miss the closely-woven continuity that is the life of a good film. There is none of the go as you please that is one of the charms of reading, no pause for reflection, no turning back, no possibility of leisurely apprehension.

THE film is apparition, and to its apparitional quality it owes much of its power. But the book remains the friendly lamp glowing at the elbow. We may test the essential difference between the two types of experience by a very simple experience, typical because the book which we will choose to test is one that would undeniably make and will probably yet be made into a quite overwhelmingly beautiful film: Remarque's *Im Westen Nichts Neues* whose translation *All Quiet on the Western Front* is almost as good as the original. This book, if the author had chosen to write it as scenario must have consisted of a series of selected episodes. These episodes, filmed, would be greatly enhanced and deepened. They would have the power of charming and shocking any onlooker into horrified recognition—for a moment. But the essential power of the book would not be there: its poetry which alone forces and enables us to sustain the years of experience we live through during six or seven hours of reading. No conceivable film could bestow upon us the intimate sense of having shared a personal experience that is the gift of Remarque's book.

Can you imagine film equivalents for Huxley's *Point Counterpoint*, for any D. H. Lawrence, any Sinclair Lewis, or Elizabeth Madox Roberts books? Excellent films might be made of selected works by any of the foregoing authors, but they would be almost unrecognisably different from the originals from which they derived and quite incapable of taking their places.

ROBERT RAMPANT

The stage manager is not enacting the rôle of Jonah. The performance is over; the theatre lights are fast dimming, and still Robert cannot disengage himself from the jaws of the alligator. The reptile is breaking under the strain. As this issue goes to press nothing has been heard from Herman who plays the rear guard of the beast

THE DÉBUTANTE

Gertie as Miss East 183rd Street, won a 1929 beauty contest. As her reward she is about to have the opportunity of showing the New York public (above 125th Street) her conception of "the dance of Eros." Gertie's consternation is due to the fact that she cannot remember just where her left foot should be placed for Position A

By ALAN ODLE

TRUE LOVE

Fred and Fannie's love scenes would melt the coldest heart. But each fears the other is trying to "steal the show" and the caustic, double-quick-time remarks they fling at each other between lines, are enough to change the colour of your hair. As a matter of private information, they've been married for years and continue so to cut down their expenses

ENTER THE VILLAIN

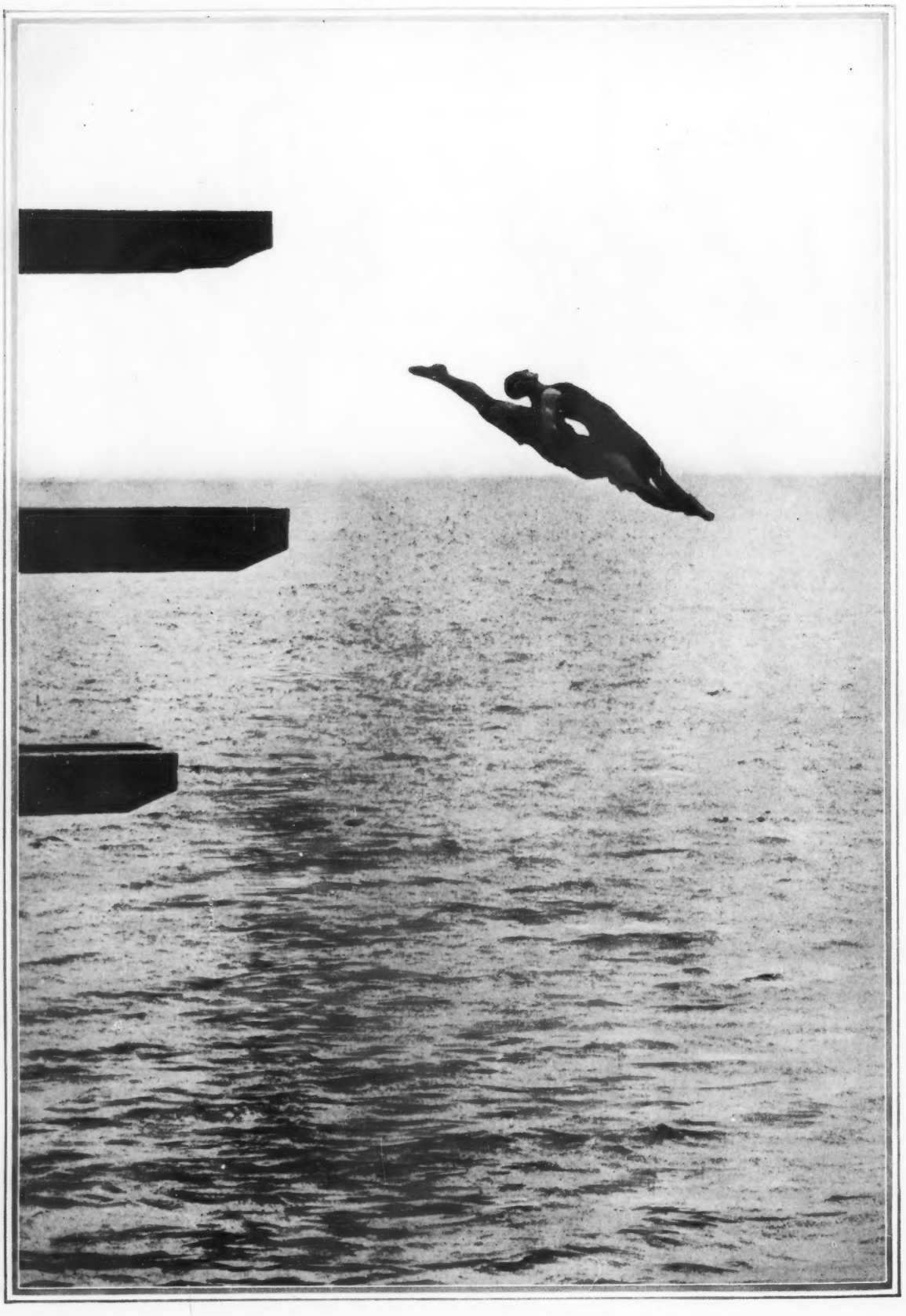
Joe's career as a villain began with the advent of his mustache. In reality he is a conscientious church-goer, and spends warm Sunday afternoons shooting white powder on the green bugs that gambol on his suburban tomato plants. He goes through agonized facial contortions before each performance in a desperate endeavour to look rough, tough and nasty

LIGHTS!

This is Alfred's first experience as a spot-light man. Though he carefully learned what colours to throw on the specialty dancers he seems to have had a lapse of memory. He now suddenly discovers that the faces of the dancers have changed from a rosy glow to a ghastly green hue. Alfred is beginning to feel just as sick as the actors are looking

Intimate Scenes Behind the Scenes

Glimpses into the Busy World of Back-Stage Where Almost Everything Is Not What it Seems



The Double Dive

A Photograph of Two Continental Divers Performing a Difficult Feat in Water Acrobatics

Art and the Critic

Why the Majority of Those Who Patronize the Arts Are Unable to Distinguish Good from Bad

By ALDOUS HUXLEY

A MAN can be a great art expert and not have the slightest feeling for art. He can possess a magnificent collection of Old Masters and be without the most rudimentary notion of what pictures are or why people paint them.

These are truths which are fairly forced on anyone who has ever visited a great collection, or passed an hour in the house of a *kunstforscher*. The Wallace collection, to take an obvious example, is one of the finest ever brought together by a private individual. French Eighteenth-Century art is represented in it by its most perfect specimens in every kind. But when Wallace bought contemporary pictures, pictures round which critical judgment had not had time to crystallize, what astonishing and ghastly mistakes he made! The fact that he could buy Meissoniers and Decamps makes one wonder what he saw in the Watteaus, the Fragonards, the Bouchers, with which he so judiciously filled his galleries of Eighteenth-Century art—whether, indeed, he saw anything at all, or if he just bought them because they were expensive, because there was a general consensus of critical opinion that pictures by these painters were good. Anyone with a long enough bank balance can collect Old Masters. But for the collection of contemporary works of art cash is not enough. Some taste, some feeling for beauty, some comprehension of the point and significance of art are also necessary. My experience convinces me that very few collectors and experts possess these qualities. They are betrayed by their taste in contemporary art and decoration. It is only exceptionally that one comes upon a man who, like the late Carlo Loeser, combines the historical learnings, the flair, the technical knowledge of a great expert with a genuine comprehension of art; a man whose modern collections are as fine as his collections of antiques, whose taste in decoration is his own and good.

THAT an art collector should have no feeling for art is not surprising. Rich men like to spend their money in the way that will bring them the greatest social prestige. The possession of an art collection is one of the things that enhances prestige. Therefore a certain number of rich men go in for collecting art. It is generally a mere accident that they do not spend their money (as other rich men spend it) on founding universities or endowing hospitals. Occasionally, it is true, the rich collector may have a genuine interest in art. But there is no reason why he should. We should be surprised, not at the absence of such an interest in collectors, but rather at its presence.

In the case of the art expert and of the learned *kunstforscher* the lack of any real feeling for beauty or comprehension of art may seem, at first sight, more surprising. But here again there is no justifiable cause for astonishment. The *kunstforscher* is just a scholar who happens to have chosen art as his special subject; there is absolutely no reason, in most cases, why he should not have selected Sanskrit grammar or the marriage customs of the Abyssinians. As for the expert, the man who can tell you whether a second-rate Botticelli is by Sandro or by Amico di Sandro, or if some rubbishy Eighteenth-Century portrait is by Romney or Osias Humphrey—why should he be expected to have any more feeling for art than the scholar? He is merely a man who has devoted a great deal of time to looking at a great many pictures and so has learnt by heart the tricks and peculiarities of all the celebrated painters of antiquity. The experienced doctor can diagnose his patients' diseases rapidly and correctly; the experienced wine-taster can name the year and the place of origin of what he drinks. So with the art expert. He has learnt to recognize the symptoms of Leonardo; he knows the aroma of a choice Velasquez of the 1647 vintage. But that is all. How little he requires any genuine feeling for, or understanding of art is shown by the fact that many of his most important functions are being usurped by men who make no pretensions to be anything but scientific technicians. The authorship of disputed pictures is now decided by chemical analysts and radiographers working in conjunction with learned historians.

THE *kunstforscher* and the expert are not to be despised. We owe them much valuable knowledge. They have taught us, for example, to recognize the difference between a Greek statue and a Roman copy; (on the first arrival in England of the Elgin Marbles many eminent connoisseurs pronounced them to be specimens of late Roman work). They have taught us to distinguish between the forgery of an ancient text and the text itself (all literary London was taken in by Chatterton's linguistically ludicrous imitations of Chaucerian verse). They have demonstrated that all that richly glows is not a Giorgione, nor all that looks bituminously black a Rembrandt. For these and many other similar services we should be duly grateful to them. But we must not make the mistake of imagining that they know, or have taught us to know, the difference between a good piece of art and a bad one.

Who does know, then?

The question is almost offensively personal; for, of course, we all believe that we know. And, presumably, for our own particular purposes, we do know. I like what I like; there is nothing more to be said. Whether what I happen to like is good art can only finally be decided by posterity. For good art is always the art that wears well. At any given time a certain number of peculiarly sensitive people prophetically like what posterity will like and dislike what posterity will contemptuously ignore. Who are these people? Again, the question is offensively personal. The only generalization one can risk is that the prophets of future sensibility will probably be more numerous among those who have a certain artistic talent than among those who have no such talent. History shows that most of the great, the durable artists have also been good critics. Many, also, who were poor artists have shown the prophetic discrimination which makes the critic. This need not surprise us. For what makes the critic is a certain artistic sensibility. Now, artistic sensibility may and frequently does occur in conjunction with a native incapacity to find suitable forms of expression. Or else there may be sensibility and facility of expression, but accompanied by some vice of intellect or character that spoils the work of art. And yet the creator of this bad, ungenuine work may be an excellent critic. The artist, good or bad, is the person best qualified to pass judgment on art and his anticipations of future taste are likely to be the most prophetically true.

Good art, or the art that will permanently be liked, is the art which most completely satisfies the fundamental needs of the human spirit. Man is a being with a more or less unchanging, or at any rate very slowly changing, nature; therefore the needs which art exists to satisfy—such as the desire for beauty, for heightened experience, for knowledge of reality and also for escape from reality—remain fundamentally the same. Every age, however, has its peculiar and passing needs, created by circumstances of the time. There is a frankly and admittedly impermanent art which exists merely to satisfy these temporary needs and which necessarily provides inadequate satisfaction for the cravings common to men of every race and time. There is also, however, a more interesting form of bad art—the art which is meant to satisfy, not the momentary needs, but the profoundest and most permanent cravings of humanity and which mimics the sublimest creations, often with a certain superficial success. The people who produce this kind of art are the forgers and card-sharpers of the artistic world.

ARTISTIC swindles are not all of the same kind. No one formula, except the most vaguely insignificant, will describe them all. Here are a few of the more familiar varieties. I will begin with that forgery of the sublime and grandiose which betrays itself by being, in some way or other, pettily inadequate to the superhuman intention. The symphonies of Bruckner provide us with an admirable example of this kind of swindle. Bruckner's particular stunt is the working up of gigantic climaxes. But the material from which he works them up is ludicrously inadequate. Themes which would sound thin and trivial in a Gilbert and Sullivan operetta are made the starting point and the melodic substance of colossal, expanding crescendos, ending in great cloud-bursts of orchestral sound, in more than Wagnerian climaxes. The effect is indescribably comic.

Another class of swindling art is that one distinguished by lack of vitality. This lack of vitality sometimes reveals itself in a certain baldness and barrenness, which critics

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Sonia

The Demon of Contradiction, or a Little Insight into the Vagaries of a Woman's Reasoning

By CLAUDE ANET

. . . . . *If you find him sad,*
Say I am dancing; if in mirth, report
That I am sudden sick —SHAKSPEARE
(Antony and Cleopatra)

IN St. Petersburg I once met a charming actress belonging to one of the Imperial theatres. Her name was Sonia Grigorievna. She was living with a giant of a man, six and a half feet tall, a big square shouldered fellow named Makharof. Makharof's resources were uncertain; I think he was part owner of a night-club. I knew him only by sight, but Sonia was charming and I made love to her to the best of my ability.

Once she accepted my invitation to dine in a gay restaurant. There was *tzigane* music; the dinner was excellent and the time passed rapidly. At half-past twelve—we had dined very late—Sonia said that she must go home. Disappointed, I insisted that she remain, but without result. It was in the middle of winter. We took a sleigh and drove away from the restaurant. The night was bitter cold; the thermometer registered 20° below zero. In the sleigh I had my arm about Sonia as is the custom. We were freezing notwithstanding our thick furs. Sonia lived in a very big house that is familiar to everyone who has ever been in St. Petersburg—the Tolstoi House, the biggest in the town, on the Fontanka canal. I suppose it contains at least two hundred apartments. I parted with Sonia at her door. As I was coming back through one of the courtyards, I saw that the windows of another apartment were lighted; the apartment belonged to a friend of mine, a Georgian prince. Now, in the hospitable St. Petersburg of the old *régime*, an apartment lighted in the night was an invitation to come in. So I went in to see my friend; I found some people there, and played bridge for some time; later I had supper there and it was after two o'clock when I took my leave.

ON the Fontanka canal, the cold was terrific. I walked rapidly towards the Nevski Prospect where I was sure to find an *izvostchik* to drive me home.

While going in that direction I saw a woman strolling on the walk at the side of the Fontanka in a leisurely way from one lamp post to another, and back, as if it were a beautiful summer's evening and not the coldest night of an exceptionally severe winter. I was surprised, of course, and on passing her, I turned my head to look at her face.

You can imagine my stupefaction when I recognized Sonia. I stopped at once and said: "What on earth are you doing here at this hour of night?"

At first she seemed confused; evidently she did not expect to meet me there, but she rapidly recovered, and with that astonishing feminine confidence which leaves us poor men stupefied and breathless, she answered with a single word:

"Nothing."

Now it must be confessed that this "nothing" at two-thirty in the morning, beside a frozen canal and with the thermometer at 20° below zero had an undeniable grandeur.

I recovered from the shock of that "nothing" and followed it at once with:

"My friend, if Makharof has turned you out of his apartment . . ."

Sonja interrupted:

"Preposterous."

That night, she seemed to be a woman who could only speak single words, not sentences.

I continued:

"If, for some reason I do not know, you cannot go home, you had better come with me. If you stay here, you will freeze to death."

At that moment, a gust of frozen wind penetrated to my bones.

I SAW she shuddered despite herself.

"You are right, I suppose," she said; "I will come with you, but only for a short time."

We walked in the direction of the Nevski Prospect with our mouths closed. And as we were walking, a sleigh drove past us. A tall man sat behind the *izvostchik;* one could not see his face, because the collar of his fur-coat went up to his eyes where it met his fur helmet. Sonia looked at him carefully and turned to see in which direction he was being driven.

The sleigh stopped at the door of the Tolstoi House. The man alighted, paid the *izvostchik* and disappeared into the house.

Then Sonia said to me:

"I shall go home now."

At this I became very annoyed.

"But won't you explain . . .?"

"I will explain nothing, you must wait. But, for the present, please let me do as I say. . . ."

She approached the next lamp post, gave me her hand bag to hold, opened it, took a little mirror out of it, some face powder, rouge and lipstick and proceeded to make herself up, exactly as if she had been in her dressing room at the theatre and not on the Fontanka canal in an arctic night.

When she had finished she smiled charmingly at me and said:

"Am I pretty? Do you like me?"

But I was not in a mood to be charmed so easily. I was disappointed and asked for explanations.

She refused them, stroked my hand and said only: "A little later, you will know everything; you will not have to wait long . . ."

And with a lovely smile, she disappeared through the door of the Tolstoi House.

I was furious. The whims of this young woman were excessive: I could not understand the scene I had just witnessed. And it is very disagreeable to be left, as I was, in the dark.

I did not have long to wait for an explanation. Two days later, Sonia called me on the telephone and invited herself to tea. And there she told me this story:

"The relations between Makharof and myself were not so pleasant as they had formerly been. I used to tell him sometimes that I did not love him any more and that I considered myself free. But, of course, he did not believe me. Men never believe women, when they say such things. In his presumption, he was sure that I spoke like that only to make him jealous. For my part, there was only one thing of interest to me, which was to know the exact nature of the feeling he had for me. Did he love me still?

"I would have given much to be sure of it. I saw that he was very touchy on one point. He liked to find me at home when he came home. When he arrived, we generally began a quarrel at once. All the same, I had to be there. So naturally, I arranged to be out when Makharof came in. Then, from a distance, I would imagine Makharof entering the apartment, looking for me everywhere, becoming furious, and, finally, beside himself with rage, kicking the furniture.

"The evening I dined with you, Makharof had told me to be back by midnight and to prepare the samovar, because he had work to do. As you remember, I stayed at the restaurant until half-past twelve, and it was nearly one o'clock, when I came home. But Makharof was not there. You can imagine my fury. Without hesitating a moment I put on the furs I had taken off and went down to the street."

HERE I interrupted her:

"And you waited in the cold night, and you risked your life perhaps, just to exasperate Makharof, oh, you maddest of women!"

She looked at me and said simply:

"You are French . . ."—as if these words were enough to show the abyss existing between us.

But I was not going to be stopped like that, and I pursued:

"Yes, you could not stand the idea of going to bed without quarreling first; you need to quarrel daily in order both to excite and to calm your nerves; you are . . ."

Sonia said simply:

"Wait a moment. The end of this story is an astonishing one. As you already know, it was Makharof that we had seen coming in when we were on the Fontanka. Now, where do you suppose I found him when I got back to the apartment? He was lying in bed, fast asleep . . . Fast asleep! he was pretending to be fast asleep. In a flash I could visualize him entering the apartment, and undressing himself with great haste without losing a minute—even without his customary cup of tea, without smoking a last cigarette. Without even brushing his teeth. He had undressed himself in the twinkling of an eye and gone to bed and pretended to be asleep, just to show me that he did not care a bit if I was there or not, that my presence or my absence was of the utmost indifference to him. When I saw that, I was deliriously happy; I forgot all the sufferings of my long wait on the Fontanka. I understood at once Makharof's true feelings.

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HOYNINGEN-HUENE

Les Dodge Sisters

From "Folies Bergère" To "A Night in Venice"

THE Dodge Sisters, Beth and Betty, who have been dancing, whistling and singing through half the European revues for the last few years, have returned to America in *A Night in Venice*, where they do the "turn" which made them famous last season at the *Folies Bergère*. A sister act trained by Fanchon and Marco at the coast, they went to London four years ago for the Cochran revue, *Turned Up*, and began a European career, which took them to the *Haller Revue* at the *Admiralspalast* in Berlin, back to London in *Oh, Kay*, and Paris for the *Folies Bergère*. As "Les Sisters" they were known to all of Paris, and now with their name correctly pronounced at last, they are in New York in *A Night in Venice*

The Veiled Murderess

Legends Centred About "Mrs. Robinson", Poisoner of Troy, Whose Identity Remains a Secret

By EDMUND PEARSON

IF there should be compiled a *Murderers' Who's Who*, in the manner in which Mr. Philip Gosse has written one for the Pirates, the pages devoted to the letter R would be heavy, especially with the Robinson family.

A highly respectable group of God-fearing citizens, beyond a doubt,—yet the name *does* recur in the history of homicide. Usually, moreover, they have been successful in evading the utmost rigours of the law. It is true that Peter Robinson, who abolished one Abraham Suydam in New Jersey, some eighty years ago, suffered the extreme penalty. But that was an age known to be hard-hearted.

Later members of the clan have been more successful. Sarah Jane Robinson of Massachusetts removed six persons, with the favourite weapon of ladies: powdered arsenic, and, as a tribute to her sex, she was allowed to retire to prison and to the active profession of religion. Richard P. Robinson of New York slew the attractive Miss Jewett, yet he was exhibited to the jury as "this *poor* boy",—pronounced in heart-rending accents by his counsel. A clergyman of the city even extolled Mr. Robinson's deed, since Miss Jewett was one whose way of life has been disapproved by the prophet Isaiah, as well as by King David. So the jury let Mr. Robinson go forth to freedom.

COMING to Henrietta Robinson, we find that her real name is unknown; it has been made the subject of much speculation and debate. She raised a thick fog of mystery about herself and claimed exalted relationships. One of her assertions was that she had adopted the name of Robinson as a tribute to her ancestress, who had for a lover no less a person than King George III. So, Mrs. Henrietta Robinson, dwelling somewhat obscurely in Troy, New York, in 1853, was of the blood royal. To doubt it was ungallant.

Across the street from her home was the grocery of her neighbour, Timothy Lanagan, a humble, uneducated, honest Irishman. Lanagan lived with his wife and sister-in-law, and Mrs. Robinson was their stormy and troublesome customer, guest and debtor. She had once attended a small and rather exclusive dance at the Lanagans'. During the evening, one of the gentlemen said something which she took as an affront. She promptly drew a pistol and was about to show that one did not with impunity insult a lady in whose veins flowed the blood of the Robinsons, to say nothing of the House of Hanover. Mrs. Lanagan ejected her on this occasion, but Mrs. Robinson took a proper revenge, by returning a few days later and roundly abusing the grocer and his wife. She also threatened to withdraw her patronage, and for a time actually did so.

In the month of May, however, all seemed peaceful between the royal exile and her neighbours. Mrs. Robinson came one morning to the grocery, at the hour of six, and called for "a quart of strong beer and a pound of soda crackers". It seems, to me, a strange request, but it may be because, in my rustic existence, if I am conscious at all at 6 A.M., it is of breakfast and not of beer that I think. Mrs. Robinson's social life was broader: this may have been the end, and not the beginning of the day for her,—she was perhaps laying in provender for a little late supper with a round of cards.

This suggestion gains support from the fact that at 8 o'clock she sent her gardener to the Lanagans to ask for the loan of $2. There was a little delay—Mrs. Lanagan had to send

"THE VEILED MURDERESS"
This is a reproduction of David Wilson's portrait (probably fanciful) of that notorious lady known as Henrietta Robinson who was convicted of doing away with her grocer and his sister-in-law by putting arsenic in their beer at luncheon

out to borrow the money—and Mrs. Robinson followed her messenger in person, complaining of the fact that she had been forced to wait. She made one or two more appearances during the morning, and finally dropped in upon the family at an hour—1 o'clock—which left them no alternative but to invite her to luncheon.

She offered, however, to treat everyone to beer, and after some demur, Mr. Lanagan and Catherine Lubee, his sister-in-law, each accepted a glass at her hands. Mrs. Lanagan persisted in her declaration that she didn't wish any beer. Mrs. Robinson prescribed powdered sugar to mix with the drink, putting it in herself, and going forward and back in the store, sometimes with a saucer and sometimes with a small paper in her hand.

Lanagan and the girl drank, and two hours later were seized with illness. The agonies, attendant upon poisoning by arsenic, were in this instance mercifully short: both victims were dead on the next day. Mrs. Robinson was found to have bought arsenic a short time before; a package of it was discovered under a carpet in her house; and the same poison proved to be in the bodies of the dead persons.

Wherefore, some indignation was felt in Troy, and, it being the opinion that a breach of the law had been committed, the Trojans sent their officers to detain Mrs. Robinson.

With the arrest, however, her campaign opened. She had always fought all who opposed her will, and she hit below the belt. To this day, it is disputed whether the explanation of her career was alcoholism or mental derangement. Both played some part in her life: she sometimes drank to excess, and, years later, she actually developed insanity. At the time of these murders, it is probable that she was of a not uncommon type: a cruel egotist, a person without compassion, who could calmly send half a dozen persons to their deaths if that suited her convenience, or gratified her desire for revenge.

She counterfeited insanity in the usual clumsy manner: by singing and raving. Her own opinion of her mental state was probably quite correct, as it was given to her lawyer, in court. At the end of his speech, she leaned forward and whispered:

"A very able speech, Mr. Townsend, but you might have said all that was necessary in fifteen minutes. The idea of my insanity is absurd."

AT this point in the trial, she had probably decided that she could hope for an acquittal, and wished to escape all further detention, either in prison or in an asylum. Her conduct in court, nearly all the time, was placid, and marked by only one eccentricity. This, however, made her nationally famous, and resulted in her being described by the phrase by which she is still known. She sat throughout the proceedings with her face covered by a thick, blue veil. Even in jail she concealed her face as much as possible. Her lawyers pleaded with her, and the judge threatened, but only once or twice did she raise the veil, and then it was to hold a fan in front of her features. So, as the "Veiled Murderess" she became celebrated.

There is a very simple explanation of this, which does not seem to have occurred to anybody,—not even to David Wilson, who wrote a biography of her, and embellished it with a probably fanciful portrait. The detected poisoner is frequently no beginner in the art, and it is possible that Mrs. Robinson had other crimes in her record than the murder of Lanagan and Catherine Lubee. It would naturally be injurious to her if she were recognized. Or, it may be that she was shrewd enough to know the value of making herself interesting to the public. The murderer who becomes a romantic figure, often has a better chance of escaping severe punishment.

At all events, the legend about the "Veiled

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All Quiet on the Middle-Western Front

A Parody Summary of the Flood of Chicago Gang-War Literature, in the Style of Herr Remarque

By JOHN RIDDELL

EDITOR'S NOTE: Envious of the fact that Germany has produced what has generally been acclaimed the Greatest Novel of the War, *Vanity Fair* has delegated its staff novelist, Mr. John Riddell, to emulate *Herr* Erich Maria Remarque by writing in turn the Great American War Novel. After an extensive reading of the recent avalanche of gang-war stories, culminating in the Literary Guild selection, *Little Caesar* by W. R. Burnett, Mr. Riddell has decided that the most appropriate location in America for this battlefront would obviously be in Chicago.

WE are at rest five blocks behind the front. Yesterday we tapped Casa Alvarado, and now our bellies are full of spaghetti and Italian wine. There is to be an extra large split; we have not had such luck as this for a long time. The boss is begging us to take more money; he beckons to everyone that passes, and hands him out a great dollop. He does not see how he can empty his money-bags before the next hold-up.

Fourteen days ago we had to go up to the Loop and relieve the front line. It was fairly quiet in our district, though there was heavy firing to the north and south; but on our way home from the Casa Alvarado affair Pete Montana opened up on us with an astonishing number of machine-guns and high explosives, drumming ceaselessly on our position, so that a Police Captain and several dozen pedestrians were lost.

Last night we moved back to Sam's Club Palermo and settled down to get a good sleep for once: Otero is right when he says Chicago would not be so bad if only one could get a little sleep.

IT was noon before our gang formed a queue at Sam's office. Head of the queue, of course, was Rico, Sam's lieutenant, the clearest thinker among us; Tony Passa, scarcely twenty years old; Otero, the Greek; and the fourth, myself, Riddell the informer. All four joined up with the same gang as volunteers for the war. We were getting impatient, for Sam Vettori paid no attention to us, but went on playing solitaire.

Finally Joe Mascara called out: "Hurry up with that dough, Sam. There's going to be a bombardment."

Vettori still took no notice. "Why should they bombard us?" he said. "They ain't got nothing on us."

"Rico had to plug Zuroto."

"Zuroto?"

"He was a guy from Charlie Coe's novel."

Sam was quite disconcerted as the facts dawned on him. He was staggered. "Damn!" he cried. "Love of God, Rico, didn't I tell you to stick to the characters in our own story? What will the Big Boy say?"

"I couldn't tell the difference," said Rico sullenly. "All these Chicago novels look alike to me."

"There'll be trouble—" began Sam.

Outside a closed automobile had stopped. A rain of machine-gun bullets raked the window. Sam took two steps forward, he clutched his stomach, a surprised look came over his face. When anybody fires a gun through Sam, he throws up the sponge altogether; he just goes to pieces. He suddenly slumped to the floor.

Tony was delighted. He winked at Sam's unfinished plate and said: "I guess he won't be wanting that any more, eh, Rico?"

We all smiled as we crowded around Sam's plate, ducking the flying lead and eating the rest of Sam's spaghetti. We have lost all sense of other considerations here. Only facts are real and important for us. And good spaghetti is scarce.

But Rico stared moodily out the window at the pelting bullets. He mused: "Sam was right. There'll be trouble."

Here in Chicago we have lost all sense of proportion. We all belong to gangs; our business is to kill, to rob, to make war on each other. We are cut off from peace, from prosperity, from progress. We believe in such things no longer, we believe in the war. We are the Lost Generation.

We discuss it. Tony asks with astonishment: "Why do we fight each other? Why do we not all lay down our arms tomorrow?"

"Are you really as stupid as that?" growls Otero. "If we did not shoot each other, what would become of this story? Nobody would read so much as a page."

"But what exactly is all the war for?" asks Tony.

"The Big Boy wants it," answers Rico with a slight air of superiority. "Every full-grown Chicago novelist requires at least one gang war, otherwise he wouldn't become famous. You look in your best-sellers."

"True," I assent, "but no Chicago novels at all would be better still."

My opinion is quite typical here, one meets it time and again, and there is nothing one can do about it. It is foolish to talk so. The Big Boys are running the war—here we are. We are only characters in their novels.

Rico lies down on the floor and growls angrily: "There are too many novels already in Chicago, do you understand, there'll be trouble yet."

CHAPTER TWO:

WE have to go up again on firing duty. It is the Big Boy's orders. The black roadster rolls up in the alleyway after dark. We climb in. We stand jammed together, holster to holster, there is no room to sit. Rico is in a good mood for once; he is carrying a new riot-gun; he picks off a bull on the corner of La Salle Street.

Carillo takes a turn on two wheels, the exploded shells in the tonneau leap and rattle. The streets are blown full of holes from a recent bombardment. Occasionally we pitch roughly over a fallen pedestrian. Past us stream the ambulances in long files. They are carrying back the wounded from the centre of the city.

"There must be a couple of other gang wars on tonight," I murmur.

"Charles Walt's crowd is having it out," explains Rico to us.

The air becomes acrid with the smell of powder. The gun-emplacements are camouflaged behind the tall buildings. The Tribune Tower might seem gay and cheerful were not cannon embowered there. We are not, indeed, in the front line, but only in the reserves, yet in every face can be read: This is Chicago.

It is not fear. Men who live in Chicago must become thick-skinned. Otero shakes his head: "There'll be a bombardment tonight."

Three shells land beside us. The National Bank Building explodes in a burst of flame, the fragments howl and drone. A small file of black figures walk out leisurely, carrying sacks of money. Tony raises his gun.

"Do not shoot them," warns Rico. "They are from *Diversey*. We must keep these novels separate, or there'll be trouble."

An uncertain red glow spreads along the sky-line from one end of the city to the other. It is in perpetual motion, punctuated with bursts of flame from other buildings. Guns and munition wagons are moving along the cross-streets. From within a closed garage comes the familiar *rat-tat-tat* of Coe's machine gun bullets. Two rival gangs meet on Michigan Boulevard in the last chapter of *Red Harvest*, and shoot at each other until the pages are exhausted. They lie in heaps along the curb.

Rico cautions: "Remember, stick to our own characters."

TO me Chicago is a mysterious whirlpool. I cannot understand it. Everywhere there are bullets, bombs, bloodshed, machine-guns, and shells, and more bullets. It is hard to understand how anyone can live out there.

Chicago!—Chicago!—Chicago!—

Chicago, with thy gangs, and bootleg feuds, and stick-ups, and murders, and other trite situations into which an incompetent author may fling himself and crouch down! Why do they continue to write of thee? Why do we let them get away with it, one after another? Are they seeking to exterminate each other altogether? Will there be, in time, not one novelist alive from Ohio to Indiana? Will anyone give a good damn?

Stop! What madness is this? I must not let myself think this way. No character in a Chicago novel ever allows himself to think. I seize my rod and drop an innocent bystander on the street-corner. By a stroke of luck he was the very last innocent bystander left in Chicago.

Now only the gangs are left.

CHAPTER THREE:

"Chicago ought to be empty pretty soon," says Rico.

We have given up hope that some day an end may come. We cannot think so far. A man can take a bullet and be killed; but the public can take one novel after another, and still cry for more. The characters are growing emaciated and starved. The artillery is fired out, it has too few situations left and all the

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Horton Smith in England

In Spite of His English Failures, a Great Golfing Career Is Predicted for the French Champion

By BERNARD DARWIN

WHEN I was asked to write an article about Horton Smith, it was probably thought that I should be recording a triumphal progress. It seemed likely enough that this great young golfer would continue to knock down champions like so many nine-pins as he had been doing in the southern tournaments all the winter. Well, in France he did, but in England he did not. Smith's first invasion of Britain might be set down as a failure, for he has not won anything; but to do that would be to take a superficial view. Everyone has liked him, everybody has realized that he *is* a great player. Everybody wants him to come back and thinks he will probably win if he does. To produce such an impression is surely not to fail.

Anybody who has had any experience knows that it is difficult to do yourself full justice at a game in the other fellow's country. American golfers have made an annual habit of winning one championship, but the most regularly victorious of them had to go through at least one lean year before they showed us what they really could do. Take Hagen who has now won four times. His first attempt in our Open Championship was a complete fiasco; he finished far, far down the list with just one faithful spectator to watch him. Take Bobby Jones—he on his first visit was beaten in our Amateur Championship—nay not merely beaten but smashed—by a golfer to whom he could normally have given several strokes. In the Open he picked up his ball and drove it with perfect cheerfulness into the sea. Jesse Sweetser came here as American Amateur Champion and was a mere shadow of the player whom I had seen win brilliantly at Brookline the year before. Those of us who had been there could not persuade our friends at home that he really was a great golfer. It took his second coming at Muirfield to convince them. Sarazen did not qualify for our own Championship on his first visit, Jerome Travers in two visits never did himself anything like justice; Francis Ouimet when he came with his new and tremendous burden of fame gained by beating Vardon and Ray, did nothing worthy of him. No, it seems to take a year at least for the very best to get used to our climate and our courses and this has been Horton Smith's probationary year.

I WENT up to Leeds a full day before the Ryder Cup match began in order to see our invaders at practice at Moortown and the man I most of all wanted to see was Horton Smith of whom I had heard so much. The first news I heard came as rather a shock. He had not settled down to his game and Hagen had decided to leave him out of the foursome on the first day. Well, that was very sad but anyway I wanted to see him. There were other Americans there rapidly smacking balls away to expectant caddies in the distance—"at their machine gun practice" as some English observer said—but no Horton Smith; so I presently walked out with Farrell, Turnesa, Hagen and Golden who were playing a foursome. I walked with them as far as the sixth hole and then somewhere about the fourteenth I saw a figure I recognized from his photographs. All the golfers when they are actually playing do not look like their photographs. Horton Smith looks exactly like his; that very full follow through of the clubs and that very full and free turn of the right toe were perfectly familiar to me and, incidentally, I have never seen them vary in the slightest; he has certainly got his style "grooved". I thought I would go to watch his match but he was not playing a match. He was playing around by himself, wrestling to exorcise some demon and perhaps the demon of the wooden shaft instead of the steel one, trying to settle down to his real game. This was something I had never seen before—a champion, in force if not actually in ease, humbly playing a round by himself like a beginner. I felt it would be altogether indecent to go and obtrude on his privacy and so I continued with my foursome.

THE next day, first of the match, was that of the foursomes, and Horton Smith, duly attired in the blue uniform of the American team, was watching his fellows; but on the day after that I could and did watch him playing his singles against Fred Robson. He was not playing quite as well as he can but he was very impressive. There were several points about his game that struck me particularly. There was first of all the short and rigidly controlled back-swing contrasted with the very long follow through. Then there was the deceitfully easy way in which he develops such great power. Look at him from some distance off and his club seems to be coming down quite slowly on the ball. You must stand close to him to realize the mighty swish with which in fact that club comes down to the ball. It is a phenomenon I have also observed in the case of Bobby Jones. Smith is deceitful too, I think, in this, that we do not appreciate how far he drives unless you compare his drives with some one else's or are very familiar with the landmarks of the course. His iron play was extraordinarily straight and looked as if no convulsions of nature and no crisis could put his method out of gear. His putting was not, to begin with, particularly good but I liked the boldness of it. He was never afraid of going for the hole and running past it. This was again noticeable at Muirfield when the greens were slippery and full of little unseen ripples and put the fear of death into most people.

Horton Smith's match with Fred Robson was a close and interesting one. In the morning round he was one down coming to the home hole; he was left with a putt of four feet or so to win the hole and make it all square but was apparently dead stymied. He looked and he looked and he looked again; then he took some iron club and screwed the ball in and there could hardly have been more cheering if an Englishman had holed the putt that should decide the issue of the whole day. Clearly he had found his way to the heart of the English crowd. In the afternoon Robson began by gaining a lead. He was two up after six holes and since I chanced to be standing by the seventh green I saw the hole which to my mind decided the match. Robson was off the green to the right and, directly between him and the pin was a rough conical little mound. Horton Smith was almost as far away on the other side but he was on the green. Robson could not possibly play a lofting shot to stay near the hole, since the ball lay badly. There was nothing to do but run it; he took the inevitable risk, played the running shot as near as might be to perfection, and his ball ended five feet from the hole. Horton Smith replied with a moderate putt and lay a few inches further off. It was a critical moment; if Smith missed Robson would surely hole his putt and be three up—a winning lead at such a point. But Horton did not miss; he banged his putt in with the odd and it was Robson who just missed his. That was only one up instead of the hoped for three up and almost from that point Robson began to fade. He is more than twenty years older than Horton Smith and no doubt it had been something of a strain to play against that superior length and strength. The strain began to tell and Horton Smith won three out of four holes in the middle of the round and won the match comfortably at the sixteenth hole.

NOW the scene shifts to Muirfield. Horton Smith's name came first from the hat and it was his place to start at nine o'clock and set the pace. It was a pleasant position for he had nothing to keep him back and the greens were still a little moist and not so slippery as they were later. I was not an early enough bird to see him start but I caught him at the turn and things were not well with him. Strokes had been dropped here and there; 39 to the turn meant some leeway to make up, a fact which Sarazen rubbed in five minutes afterwards by reaching the turn in 35. Four holes later things were worse.

The thirteenth at Muirfield is a short hole of about 130 yards.

Sometimes irreverently called the "postage stamp", it has a long narrow green; on the right is a drop to perdition into deep bunkers, on the left a steep sandy bent-covered hillside. Horton Smith cut his mashie shot from the tee and his ball fell into one of the deep bunkers. He blasted it out with too hearty a good will; it cleared the green and cleared the hill as well, scattering the spectators. Now he was in a horrid predicament with practically unlimited liabilities for he must pitch down on to the narrow green and it seemed sure that he would over-run and be back again in his deep bunker. I had visions of a seven or an eight; but no! he played a wonderful shot, back hitting boldly and freely as his only chance and the ball sat down squirming and fizzing on the green and stopped there.

So he got his five, which was better than seven but two strokes worse than par all the

(Continued on page 84)

We Nominate for the Hall of Fame:

WIDE WORLD

ROBERT M. HUTCHINS

Because he is the youngest figure in American academic life; because he has, in his short career, been Dean of the Law School at New Haven and Secretary of Yale University; because his profession is his hobby; and finally because he has recently been appointed President of Chicago University, the youngest man ever to hold so high an office on an American campus

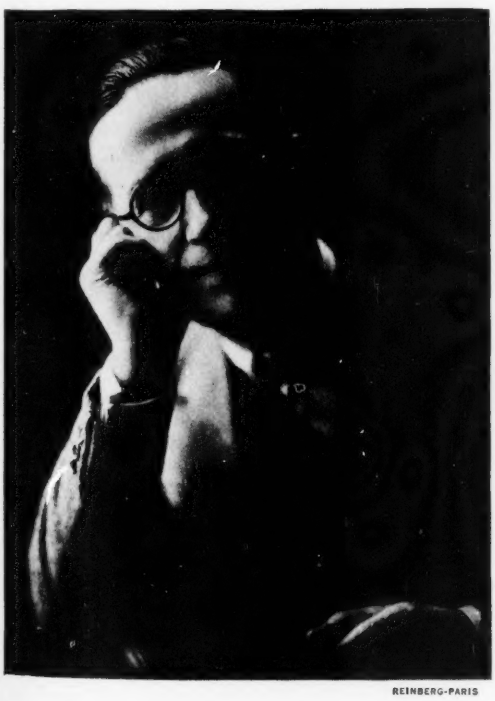
PINCHOT

JULIA PETERKIN

Because she is a novelist who has devoted herself to writing beautifully of the Negroes in the South; because aside from her work she is the typical Southern gentlewoman, living on a plantation; because her first novel, ***Black April***, brought her immediate fame; and finally because her latest book, ***Scarlet Sister Mary***, which has just won the Pulitzer prize, justified the predictions made for her work

OSWALD SPENGLER

Because he is a distinguished German philosopher and economist with an international viewpoint; because his stupendous two-volume work, ***The Decline of the West***, is one of the most influential books of modern times; and finally because the second volume, recently published, completes the thesis which astounded the literary and diplomatic world in the first



REINBERG-PARIS

(Left)

JEAN GIRAUDOUX

Because he is one of a noted group of French writing diplomats; because his novel ***Siegfried***, and the play made from it, presented a new and sophisticated viewpoint on Franco-German problems; because he was Paul Morand's predecessor at the Quai d'Orsay as director of the bureau of public information; and finally because he is on leave from his diplomatic duties and at present at work on a novel

(Right)

COMMANDER ELLSBERG

Because he is the foremost expert on deep sea rescue and salvaged the submarine S-51; because he was the first man to be awarded the Distinguished Service Medal by the Navy in peace time; because he is a noted marine inventor and several of his systems are used on merchant as well as war ships; and finally because his story of submarine rescues, ***On the Bottom***, is one of the most effective books of the year

BYRAM

Virginia

Suggesting a Question and the Preface to an Idea for a Book That May Some Day Be Written

By SHERWOOD ANDERSON

WINCHESTER, Virginia, taken and retaken seventy-two times during the Civil War. I hadn't known that. I got the information out of a motorist guide map. I knew there had been a lot of scrapping up that valley.

I have been in and out of Virginia a good many times in the last four years, living as I am down here. I go in and out by train or by motor.

I am still like a man in a strange house. I keep finding new rooms and hallways. I walk out on little balconies and see the hills, the rivers and the plains. Many people have lived in this house. It is a large, old house. So this is Virginia.

And not only Winchester. There is Manassas, Bull Run, Chancellorsville, Fredericksburg, The Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, Appomattox, Richmond itself.

The long valleys and the mountains, the Piedmont section of Virginia, Tidewater Virginia, the Southwest.

The Southwest is over beyond the mountain. For a long time it was half forgotten by the older, more staple, more aristocratic Virginia. The people out here, where I am staying, do not really belong to the older, the aristocratic Virginia. The adventurous ones came on out here, on their way west to open up Tennessee and Kentucky, the Roger Clarks and the Daniel Boones, that sort of fellows. Aristocrats are rarely adventurers. They are aristocrats. The fellows who came out must have been more of my own sort. I am an adventurer too. I do not know what blood runs in me. It may be the blood of kings—or peasants. When I have the courage to do it I try to adventure into places, into thoughts and feelings.

THE people of my adopted section of Virginia, the old Virginians who came out into this fine sweet western hill country to live, and were joined out here by solid Germans from Pennsylvania, and incidentally by the Lincolns, the stock that produced Abraham, did not like the older, colonial Virginian much in an earlier day. They felt themselves neglected, left out in the cold. They still feel that at times. Once they tried to make a state of their own—the State of Franklin, they wanted to call it. It did not come off.

Nancy Hanks' people, they say, came from just over the mountains from where I sit writing. Nancy was no aristocrat. I have seen many Nancy Hanks in this Southwest Virginia hill country—the Blue Ridge, bluegrass country. There are many hard-bodies, easily excited, hard-working hill women here, some of them with a strange haunting loveliness of person, shining through their hardness. They are getting them into the factories now. Abraham Lincoln attributed all of his own finer qualities to his mother. There is a special kind of aristocracy in hill people too.

Winchester, Manassas, Chancellorsville, Fredericksburg.

James Madison, George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Monroe—of the Monroe doctrine.

Stonewall Jackson, Longstreet, Robert E. Lee.

Grant, Meade, Joe Hooker.

J. E. B. Stewart, Hancock, Early.

Sheridan.

No American of my generation could be at all alive and not be excited by these names, of men and places. What men have been produced down here in Virginia, what men have come here, have fought here, have left their marks and their memories down here.

Virginia is a state with a past. There was a civilization born down here, made down here. I think Thomas Jefferson came about as near, perhaps a lot nearer than any other one man, even Washington, to making civilization. In a sense he made the old Virginia, set it going, gave it tone and purpose. He made the University of Virginia, and Monticello and the laws and the feel of it. What Jefferson made was what Adams and others of his day, up in New England, were trying to make—that is to say a civilization on which strong individuals could leave their imprint. But Jefferson, it has always seemed to me, had a bigger, a clearer, a more complex conception than the New Englander Adams did, knew more, had felt more, was of greater stature. Adams and Jefferson both failed. Something else came into being, something they would both have fought and instinctively hated—but I will not go into that now.

THE Civil War came. It was the great American War. It had to come. There was never any other war like it on our American soil and never again will be such another. It came out of the groping of men after something. I am quite sure all of the historians have missed something of the inner meaning of the story. It is perhaps brash of me to say that but I feel it. It may just be that America had promised men too much, that it always promised men too much.

There is a growing feeling among some men that America is too large, that it is too physically vast, that the whole notion of a unified America is an impossible dream.

A war full of drama, of one kind of civilization, one culture, fighting another. I myself was born and grew to manhood in the Middlewest. I think the Middlewest and Virginia fought out, between them, The Civil War, the great war.

New England made it and the far South and South Carolina made it and Virginia and the Middlewest fought it. Neither wanted it. They did not understand it, or each other.

The abolitionists seemed to want it and the fire-eating Southerners from down in the cotton country seemed to want it.

The Virginians were not Southerners, never were. They were Virginians. There was a kind of integrity, a sense of wholeness growing up inside the state.

And incidentally the Middlewesterners were not abolitionists. They were Middlewesterners.

There was an empire building in the Middlewest before the Civil War. There is one building there now. The Middlewest fought for the Mississippi River. It fought for its place in the sun. The Middlewest was, and is, the Imperial German Empire of this American Europe.

But Virginia was not England, nor France, nor Italy. It was Virginia.

And why did Virginia fight? It had to be dragged in but, once in, how it did fight. All the rest of the South quit, was licked, long before it quit.

It never did quit, was never licked. Virginia was starved out of the Civil War. Battles never did it. Virginia won the battles.

When Virginia, with Robert E. Lee at its head, had to quit at Appomattox, having no more food, having no more powder and shot, most of the rest of the South had already leaked out of the struggle. Lee was surrounded largely by Virginians that day. It was Virginia that marched out, laid down its guns and went home horseback on the horses Grant let it keep. The rest of the South was already far on its way home by that time.

How can I help wondering now how much of the old Virginia is left here. I have an odd feeling about it.

I myself came into Virginia from the South. I alighted in the Southwest and felt at home here.

Other Virginians, from the Tidewater and from the Piedmont, kept coming down. I dined with some of them, talked with others.

They were politicians out of old Virginia, come down here to get votes, University men, newspaper editors.

It made no difference to me that some of them were politicians. I remembered that Thomas Jefferson was himself a master politician.

I SOUGHT something in them—out of my own Middlewestern boyhood and Middlewestern impressions, and still seeking it. With me it was like this.

I am a man who had spent his boyhood in a small Ohio town, just such a town as I am now living in, here in Southwest Virginia.

We lived there in a little yellow house in a side street.

My father was what he was. I have written a lot about him in some of my books, too much perhaps. He was a Southerner-so-called—from the hills of North Carolina. I suspect he was a mountain man. He used to get off a saying I have heard many times since, that North Carolina was, in the old days, a valley of humility between two mountains of pride. The mountains of pride were South Carolina and Virginia, he said.

He had been a soldier on the Northern side and evening after evening, when I was a small boy, other soldiers came to sit with him.

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STRICHEN—BEVERLY HILLS

Lois Moran—Song and Dance Girl

The Young Screen Actress Tries a New Rôle in "Words and Music", a Movietone Musical Comedy

Bidding Under the Guns

Showing That There Is a Time, in Contract Bridge, When It Is Wise to Take Desperate Chances

By LELIA HATTERSLEY

UNLESS he has the nerve to bid under fire, a player can never hope to be entirely successful at Contract Bridge. During every session of play certain situations arise wherein imagination and daring must take the place of rules and conventions if a game is to be saved, or scored, a penalty averted, or won. The rank and file of players lack the vision to realize such situations; others lack the fighting spirit to act on them. When it is happily combined with card knowledge and a sure sense of values, the most effective weapon in a Contract player's equipment is this fighting spirit.

The trouble with most players is that they begin to fight too late in a rubber. Trained in Auction bidding, they have fallen into the bad habit of rousing to battle only on the rubber game or when their opponents have taken the first game. In either case their battle is not begun until the odds are against them.

Those patient and obliging souls who record thousands of hands for the purpose of compiling Bridge statistics tell us that the side securing the first game has almost a three in four chance of winning the rubber. Thus it would seem that once your opponents are a game up, it is useless for you to make a costly sacrifice bid because, even if you prevent the opponents from taking their second game, you would still have only one chance in four of winning the rubber. Again a severe sacrifice is out of order when your side is vulnerable and the opponents are not. At this stage should they secure a game, it seems that your chance for winning the rubber would be about three to one.

THE vulnerable penalties of Contract, of course, make the fight for the rubber game quite a precarious venture. While at this critical juncture, the contest should never be faint-hearted, one should remember that even to save the rubber game, it seldom pays to chance a set of more than two tricks.

The time when the hottest contest should be waged, and when sacrifice bids are apt to work out most favourably, is before either side has scored a game. Rather than relinquish the extremely advantageous position of the first game, a penalty of four hundred points is a good risk.

It should be kept in mind, however, that only the player with a thorough understanding of card valuation can afford to play with the fire of strategical overbids. One who attempts to do so without clearly foreseeing the limitations of his risk is apt to be badly burned. Also, remember that over-bidding to save game is only justified when it seems certain that a game cannot be saved in any other way. Before leaping blindly into one of these sacrificial overbids, carefully sum up your defensive tricks. Should your own hand appear worthless from this point of view, consider whether or not your partner has indicated or denied defensive strength. A rash overbid on your part may lose in two ways: first it may be set for a staggering penalty, second it may cut your partner out of a profitable double.

The spunk to act will frequently save the critical first game when you hold a poor defensive hand over an opponent's original No Trump bid. Most players overlook this point because they have been schooled in Auction with its taboo against bidding when holding the lead over a No Trump.

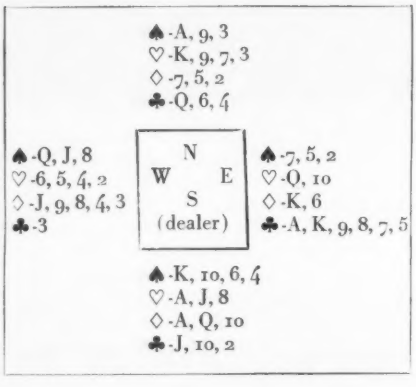
At Contract the thing is to forestall, if possible, the opponent's declaration for a game. Holding, for instance:

♠-J, 8, 7, 2
♡-K, J, 8, 6, 5, 4
◇-7
♣-J, 9

over an original bid of one No Trump, if you pass your first opportunity to bid you can be almost sure the opponents would carry on for a game. Whereas an overcall of the initial No Trump with two Hearts might throw an effective monkey wrench into the adversaries' plans to arrive at their game contract.

BECAUSE of their requirement for ample guards against your declaration, it is surprisingly easy to disrupt your adversaries' No Trump calls. This is especially true if you can keep them guessing by occasionally putting in strong as well as weak bids against them.

When you are in the position of fourth hand after an opponent's bid of one No Trump has been passed up to you, unless his contract will produce a game, the bidding should, usually, be closed. Only a novice at Contract fails to realize that such a situation should not be disturbed unless one's hand is powerful both from an offensive and defensive standpoint. But in the same position when the opponent on your right has raised his partner from one No Trump to two, you should, if possible, interject a disturbing bid. This situation is delicate and should be marked "with care." For, squeezed between two opponents who have shown general strength, you are in serious danger of a disastrous double. At the same time, as this maneuver of a fourth-hand bid so often serves the purpose of saving a game, it is a good venture, so long as it does not appear to risk a set of more than three tricks, not vulnerable. This hand illustrates a case where such a bid was used effectively.



South's opening of one No Trump was a foregone conclusion; as was West's pass. North gave the limit of his support in a single raise. Here East saw his opening, and walked right up under the guns with three Clubs.

His three No Trump declaration knocked into a cocked hat, what was there left for South to say? Double, perhaps. But the uncertainty of his tenaces and the possibility of an adverse cross-ruff decided him to pass and lead the Jack of Trumps.

East figured his set of 150 points as a distinct profit. Had it not been possible to make a trick in dummy by hammering the Spades the penalty would have been four tricks. But even the weakest dummy will usually furnish some value in actual play.

If on the first game your opponents' score is advanced and your defensive strength is slight, you should make it as difficult as possible for them to get together. This is the time when a preëmptive call is most valuable.

For example with a score of 60 against you on the first game, having dealt yourself this hand:

♠-Q, J, 10, 8, 6, 4, 3
♡-6, 4
◇-Q, 9, 6, 4
♣-None

a shut-out bid of three Spades would seem your only hope of keeping the opponents from an easy game. Unless your partner turned up with unexpected strength your declaration would, of course, be set. But if you succeeded in getting by undoubled, your loss would really be a gain. Complete success in a strategical move of this kind requires an understanding partner who knows how to discount a preemptive bid when it is made under the guns.

AT a critical point in the score, when holding a hand of great trump length without strength, many players, lacking the nerve to jump in with a high declaration, will pass their first opportunity and later attempt to outbid their adversaries. Such tactics rarely prove efficacious. Once the opponents have been allowed to exchange information concerning their strength, they will rarely give up their advantage without exacting full payment in penalties.

Another situation in which timidity has no place occurs when, on the first game, the opponent to your right has doubled your partner's original suit bid of one and you find yourself with an almost trickless hand. To prevent the second opponent from responding to his partner's informatory double, quick action is imperative. As a weak bid in another suit is more apt to let you in for a double, your best recourse is an assist of your partner's bid—again providing that you have an understanding partner.

Unless your opponents are advanced on the score, a sacrifice bid is not necessary after an informatory double of your partner's No Trump. The No Trump declaration promises

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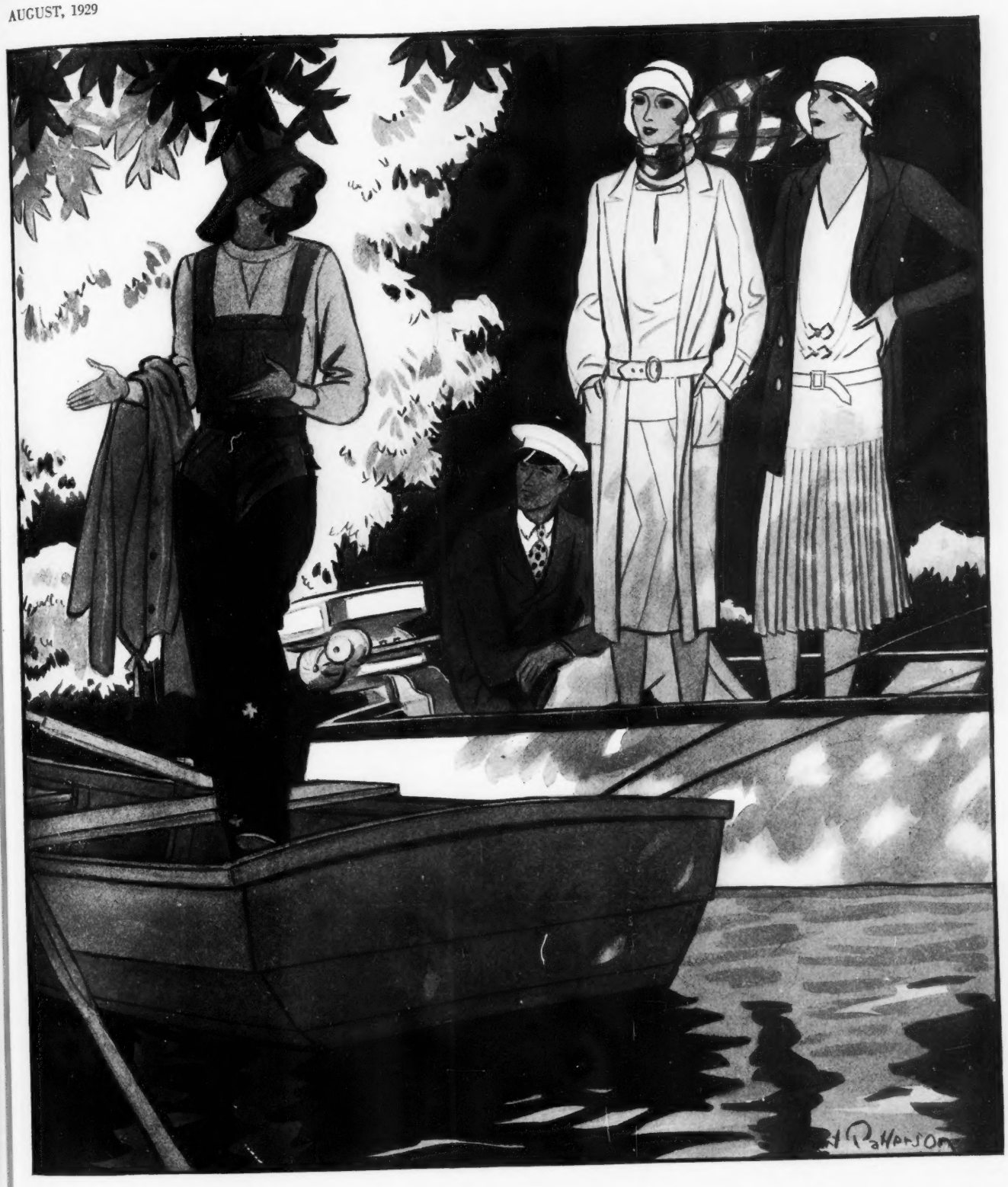

The Well-Dressed Woman Takes to the Water

Water Sports May Be Either Languid or Strenuous and One Must Be Dressed Accordingly

THERE is much to be said in the cause of Jennifer who, when she fishes, fishes. She may be excused for the slight exaggeration she displays, as she approximates the size of the last fish she caught, because she has scorned all femininity in her appearance when she prepares to get down to business and, as a result, looks extremely smart. The grey crash dungarees are from Lord and Taylor and her natural-coloured tee-shirt, hip boots, and thin rubber fishing shirt and hat from Abercrombie & Fitch. Maria (at the right) and Madeline (beside her) are not so subtle about their hankering for that young Italian nobleman that one can allow the other to go yachting without her. So the three of them are off for a merry little skirmish on the deep, Maria wearing a shantung ensemble, a white dress, the pleats of which will not be spoiled as she is rather languid and so will cling to the safety of cushioned chairs on deck, and a navy-blue coat; from Bonwit Teller. Madeline has a yen for sea-spray and rigging so, to protect herself from these hazards, wears a rubberized shantung raincoat with metal buttons, from Altman, over a white flannel skirt with sidewise godets, a sleeveless white jersey sweater, and a long tri-coloured scarf, plaided on the bias, all from Saks-Fifth Avenue

LUNCHEON AT ANTIBES

The informal character of a man's dress at a luncheon party in the South of France is illustrated in this sketch. The same sort of clothes—or lack of them—is considered quite correct throughout the day, whether at luncheon or tea, in a public or private dining room, as well as for lounging on the beach

Our London Letter on Men's Fashions

The New Undress Fashion for Summer Days in the South of France Follows the Lido Tradition

EVEN before the recent war, it had become the fashion at the Lido to pass the whole of the hot summer days attired in nothing but a bathing suit or pyjamas. There is a restaurant on the beach where only people so dressed can lunch. But once away from the beach, the fashionable crowd of Venice dressed as they always had been at Deauville or anywhere else in summer. This unheard of fashion of going about scantily dressed was a thing that was confined to a private beach in Venice called the Lido.

But now a new standard in man's summer attire has been set at Antibes, and the summer wardrobe of the fashionable man, attired in a bathing suit and little else, which until now was seen only at the Lido, has become the proper dress for the whole of the Riviera in summer from Monte Carlo to St. Maxime. There is nowhere else where summer fashions for men have been so influenced by the intelligent attitude of the younger generation whose standard of life is health and comfort. Even on the beaches of Biarritz and Deauville, men are not allowed to bathe without an upper, but in the South of France, it is optional, and so a good coat of tan sensibly takes the place of the bathing upper, and a pull-over sweater or a bathing upper is reserved—for the luncheon hour, on the terraces of casinos, and at the bathing clubs.

After all, this is what is done at the Lido. But in Venice, it is not possible to leave your hotel dressed only in a bathing suit, a pair of canvas sandals, a sweater and a towel over your arm, and a white duck hat on your head to protect you from the hot rays of the sun, and cross over to the Lido for your daily swim. In the South of France, however, it is the attire in which every man starts out early in the morning from his hotel, or the villa at which he is staying, hops into a taxi, or drives a car to his favourite bathing place, and so attired, passes the whole day,—lunching, playing tennis, bathing again in the afternoon, and going about the countryside until long after sunset, when he dresses for a late dinner.

Never in the history of modern man's clothes has there been so much originality displayed as there is now in the South of France in summer. In fact, originality is so fashionable that a man dares to appear during the day in nearly anything his fancy dictates. At night, of course, they all revert to type and wear the prescribed uniform of the dinner jacket (now a double-breasted one) and a black tie. But to return to the day-time fashions and the new note of originality, you have only to note the illustrations for this article of a group of figures, to more clearly understand what is meant by originality. One man wears, when he is not swimming, duck trousers and a sport shirt open at the neck, with sleeves rolled to the elbows, dyed a butcher's blue to match, with a white duck hat and a white belt, and dark blue canvas sandals. Other men who adopt this fashion dye their duck trousers and sport shirts green, terra-cotta, plum colour, and other colours, and even wear belts and hats dyed in the same pot. Another always wore at lunch white flannel shorts, a jersey upper, cut like a racing suit, made in some vivid colour like lemon yellow or apple-green, and over it a cardigan of thin black jersey. This was one of the smartest turn-outs—cool and comfortable, though a little over-dressed for the Riviera lunch party.

Still another adopted for his favourite kit, blue duck trousers and an upper made of linen mesh, also cut like a racing suit, dyed the same colour as the trousers. On his head he wore the ever-useful dark blue Basque beret.

How the hostess gives charm to her table!

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WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

For the Well-dressed Man

A Few Words of Advice on Dressing Smartly and Sensibly for Hot Days in the City

A MAN should have at least one suit in his wardrobe that is cool enough to wear in town on the hottest summer days, and it is better to have two or three of these suits. A wardrobe cannot be considered really complete without one, for the man who is well-turned out must be prepared for the various caprices of the climate in which he lives and travels, and there are few cities that escape several days of almost stifling heat during the summer.

At a summer resort, aboard his boat, or in fact anywhere away from town a man may wear linen or duck suits, which are coolest of all, but in town, the difficulties of keeping a light-coloured or white suit clean and fresh are too many, and when he is in town, no matter what the weather, a man should be smartly dressed. He must not only look well in his clothes, but should feel at ease in them. That is one of the secrets of dressing well. Exceptionally good taste in selecting his clothes and a flair for wearing them avail a man little if he is uncomfortable in them. And there are few men who can appear unruffled and unrumpled in heavy clothes on a hot summer's day.

Men's clothes are traditional and admittedly there are some features of the things men wear that are kept alive solely by tradition, but in a degree they are practical.

The men who set our fashions, although they follow tradition in the main, are most sensible in their mode of dress. In addition to taste, they exercise good sense to a far greater degree than those who follow the leaders slavishly, and this good sense is most evident in the clothes they wear in hot weather. The Prince of Wales, for example, on occasion wears no waistcoat with his formal day dress. He frequently wears a fold collar with this turn-out during the summer. And last winter, on one informal occasion, he wore a sweater and a polo shirt with his dinner jacket.

Unfortunately, we cannot dress as white men do in the tropics, but at least we can take one or two things from their experience in climates that are not only unbearable but almost unlivable—Singapore, for example. Cotton materials are the invariable choice in almost everything that is worn, including canvas shoes. From pith helmet to white canvas shoes, a typical outfit includes a fine linen shirt and collar, foulard or linen tie, linen or duck suit, fine linen underwear, and cotton socks. Some men, however, prefer to wear light-weight woolen socks. Of these things, well-dressed men wear anywhere in the world where the climate is similar, the same type of shirts, collars, ties, underwear, and socks.

While flannel is excellent for suits to wear on most summer days, it is not by any means the coolest of materials. Other fabrics in the so-called tropical weights, which have a more open weave, are better. A light-weight worsted is an excellent choice.

A suit with a double-breasted jacket made of one of these light-weight materials has distinct advantages. If the jacket is properly cut—and of course it is always worn buttoned—the omission of a waistcoat is unnoticed, and the total effect none the less smart. A waistcoat need not be worn even with a single-breasted jacket, if it is properly cut, with one button to fasten on the waistline, exactly at the top of the trousers. It is smarter to wear one, however. It should be white or coloured linen, or some cotton stuff, which is the fashion this season, or it may be made of the same material as the suit. In either case it should be backless or with a cotton back in which only one thickness of material is used.

The backless waistcoat is an idea already old, but extremely practical. Whether it is tailor-made or ready-made it is easier to fit than one with a back, and various adjustments at the neckband and waist strap make fitting a simple matter.

There are a number of other knowing touches which the well-dressed man carries out in his summer clothes, which make for smartness and comfort. The waistband of his trousers, for example, may be cut a little fuller than is customary in his ordinary lounge suits, and when worn with braces, an air space is permitted—a very welcome thing in warm weather. Of course, if the jacket is to be removed indoors as is often done in the best circles on these stifling days, a belt looks better.

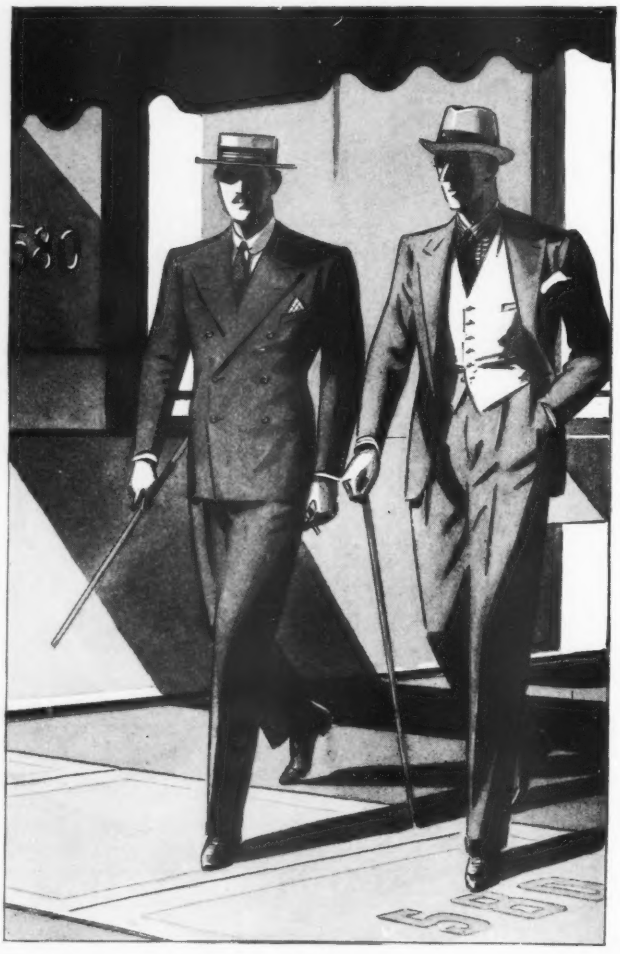
All of his clothes, including the jacket are cut on easier lines, and not as closely fitted as the things to wear in cooler weather. Collars should sit low on the neck in front. A very cool shirt is one with a linen bosom, linen cuffs and collar, and a body of sheer linen. Whether the shirt be coloured or striped, so far as collar, bosom, and cuffs are concerned, it may still have a sheer white linen body—a novel touch. Foulard ties are traditional for summer use, chiefly because of their lightness in weight. A ribbed cotton undershirt and madras shorts make a cool undersuit, and lisle socks complete the outfit.

The hat should be a sailor straw or a light-weight felt, and the shoes almost as light as evening pumps.

And a word about summer evening dress. Pumps are cooler than oxfords and quite fashionable this season. The dinner jacket is the accepted thing and a double-breasted one permits a man to discard his waistcoat. With a single-breasted dinner jacket, a cummerbund in dark blue, dark green, or maroon is very smart and cooler than a waistcoat.

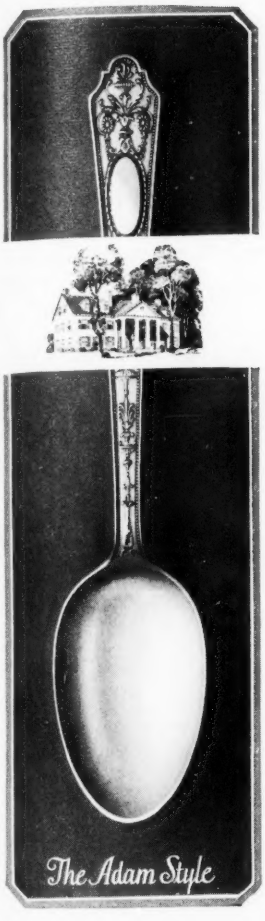
The illustration shows two figures in outfits well-adapted to hot weather. One man wears a straw hat with a silk band in his club stripes. His shirt and collar are soft white linen and his foulard tie has a small pattern inspired by the heavier Spitalfields silks, and producing the effect of the heavier material as well as its pattern. A plain gold pin completes his neck dress. His blue suit is made of a tropical-weight material and he wears no waistcoat with it. His shoes are dark brown.

His companion is wearing a soft felt hat in a smoke shade of grey; the band is black silk. A shirt and collar of fine woven madras carries green, buff, and white stripes. A dark, bottle-green tie harmonizes pleasantly with the shirt, and his grey-green worsted suit. A buff linen waistcoat and reddish-brown shoes complete a smart summer turn-out for town wear.

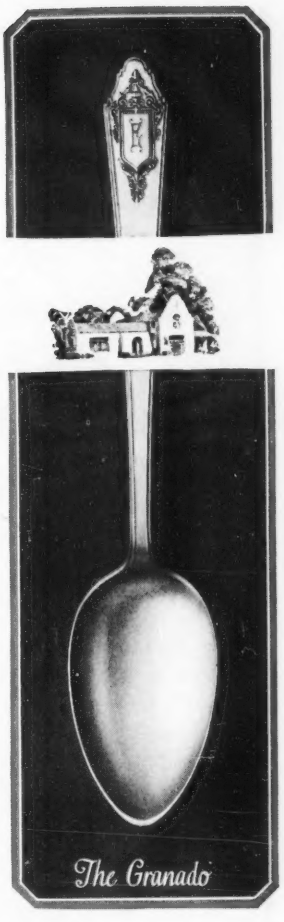


COOL AND SMART

Two smart turn-outs for hot days in town are sketched above. At the left, a blue tropical worsted suit, and at the right a grey-green suit with a buff linen waistcoat. These are made on generous lines for coolness and comfort. The suit at the left has no waistcoat and an unlined jacket



Choose YOUR STERLING *as you would choose a home!*



DAYS and months, often years, go into the planning of a home. Gardens and gables, floors and flowers, a thousand and one all-important details must be studied and discussed, arranged and re-arranged, so that eventually a fine harmonious whole may be achieved.

For, after all, a home is scarcely a passing fancy. Usually, it is the choice of a lifetime, and as such, should be a unified expression of your own ideas and desires—a lifelong setting for your own particular personality. Each chair, each table, each meticulous appointment should reflect the spirit of your home—should harmoniously merge into the lovely ensemble you so carefully plan.

Your silver tableware, particularly, must be chosen with exacting care, for Sterling, too, is the choice of a lifetime. It must be of lasting design and fine craftsmanship, obviously. It must be of perfect balance and generous weight. But over and above that, it is important that your Sterling Tableware be so designed that it blends with and enhances the dining-room surroundings in which you will enjoy so many delightful hours.

No matter what the spirit of your dining-room—Colonial, Early English, Georgian, Pennsylvania Dutch, Mediterranean, Modern American—there is a pattern in "TREASURE" Solid Silver which will harmonize perfectly. Each "TREASURE" pattern is inspired by the lasting beauty of exquisite period design. Each is authentic in feeling, modern in execution. As for craftsmanship—the immortal Paul Revere, himself a silversmith of glorious repute, would indubitably approve the faithful workmanship of "TREASURE" craftsmen.

A letter, telling something of your choice in dining-room decoration, will bring prompt descriptions and illustrations of a Sterling Service in perfect keeping. Also the name of an excellent jeweler near you who can show you these lovely "TREASURE" patterns in actual silver. Write us to-day—there is no obligation.

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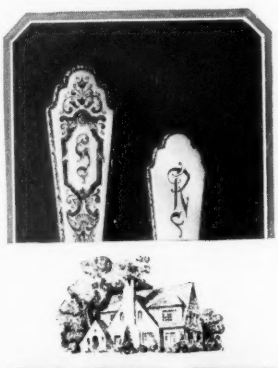

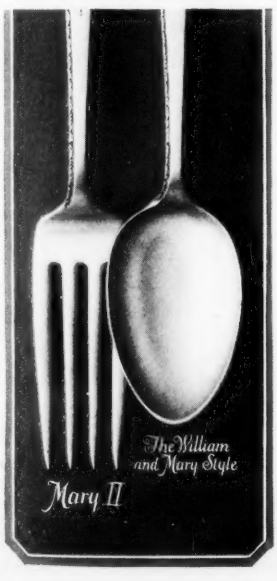

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Virginia

(Continued from page 66)

They were all talkers, story tellers. There was a little green lawn before our house. They lounged and sat there, some with their backs against the front wall of the house.

The point is that they sat there and talked, always of the war, always of Virginia and of the Virginians.

J. E. B. Stewart, Robert E. Lee.

Other names, names of men, battles, places.

The Shenandoah Valley, The Wilderness, The Crater, Cold Harbour.

The Rappahannock, The North Ann, The Potomac.

They made a living stream of talk, centred about Virginia. It stirred me, stayed with me.

I read books, every book I could lay my hands on. Even as a boy I said, "Some day I may write my own history of the Civil War."

I have never in any way attempted it yet. "It is my job," I used to say to myself. "I am the man for it."

It seemed to me then that I could feel the call of the thing in my blood. Once I spoke to a neighbour of the project when I was a small boy. We were walking along a street. He was an Irishman, a store-keeper of the town. He also had been a soldier. He patted me on the head.

"You are both Southern and Northern," he said, "I respect the women of both the North and the South."

Why he threw that last in I don't know. I am quite sure my father, had I consulted him, would have felt me capable of any gigantic projects, being his son.

I think I had the notion, vaguely then, that if I ever wrote my book, if I ever got leisure and money and stability enough to work on it steadily, digest the matter, visit places—perhaps for years—I would centre my story about Virginia.

I would try to sense the cultural struggle that must have gone on between New England and the Middlewest.

Then I would try to catch the difference between Virginia and the rest of the South.

You can see the drama of the Middlewest and of Virginia, fighting it out, about something in which they were not either one directly concerned.

Fighting in the midst of misunderstanding, admiration too.

Oh, the admiration of my own Middlewestern—may I call them my spiritual fathers—for Robert E. Lee, J. E. B. Stewart, Stonewall Jackson. It was not sentimentality in them. They were not slobbering on Lee and Jackson as is so much the fashion now.

My father was a Jeffersonian. He was deeply that. His talk and the talk of his friends egged me on.

It comes back to me, sweeps over me again, every time I go out of my Southwest Virginia and into the old Virginia.

My heart hungers for an understanding I haven't got yet.

It may be Virginia has lost what I seek. It may have gone quite modern. I go into the older Virginia now, in my car, travelling from town to town, on trains, seeing the Valley of Virginia, seeing Piedmont.

Seeing the physical University of Virginia, seeing the Monticello, seeing statues of Lee, hearing talk of Lee, of Jackson, of J. E. B. Stewart.

I do this actually seeing these men sometimes. I sleep and dream. Robert E. Lee comes into my room. Jackson comes, Longstreet, Grant, Sheridan.

These men come into my bedroom, in dreams sometimes and talk of the war, of what got them into it, how they felt, what they think they meant by it.

They come in there, into my bedroom, and talking I know their voices.

Do I know their minds? Do I know yet what the American Civil War, the great war, was about?

Why do I not write my own Civil War? Is it because I am too lazy, that I haven't money and leisure enough?

Or is it because I do not understand enough? Have I really come to Virginia seeking that understanding?

Will I ever attempt to write my book, and if I do write it, will I call it in the end, *The Civil War*—or will I call it simply *Virginia?*

Every year I stay here it seems to me I am a little nearer the thing, although it may well turn out that I may never put my pen to the paper.

All Quiet on the Middle-Western Front

(Continued from page 63)

plots are worn. Dysentery dissolves our description. We have no new ideas. Our fresh authors are anaemic boys in need of cash, who cannot carry a story, but merely know how to die. By thousands. They understand nothing about writing, they simply go on and let themselves be published and forgotten.

Gangs, bootleggers, murders—another Chicago novel.

More gangs, bigger bootleggers, better murders—*Red Harvest, Hooch, Little Caesar.*

Second serial rights, movie rights, the common grave—there are no other possibilities.

Otero sniffs the air suspiciously. "There'll be a bombardment."

The thunder of the guns swells to a single heavy roar and then breaks up again into separate explosions. Above us the air teems with invisible swift movement, with howls, pipings, and hisses. The dry bursts of the machine guns rattle. The searchlights begin to sweep the dark sky. A sound of heavier firing approaches.

"Coe's gang," warns Otero. "Now we are in for it!"

Then it begins in earnest. We crawl away as well as we can in our haste. The next bomb lands fair among us. Tony cries out, he has been hit, he is done for. Barrage. Otero falls and lies still, he got it in the stomach. The bricks fly high, the buildings crumple, the cornices fall and the roofs cave in. The crack of the guns is heard long after the roar of the explosions.

Rico places his mouth by my ear during a lull:

"I knew it would happen. There

(Continued on page 82)

Snubbed into solitaire

Here is a man of charm and distinction who loves bridge and plays it like a master. Yet were you to follow him to Palm Beach in the winter or to Newport in the summer, you would usually find him playing solitaire—certainly not from choice—but actually snubbed into it by those of his own set. He is the fourth nobody wants. And he doesn't know why. If you have ever met a person with a real case of halitosis (bad breath) you can readily understand what a barrier to social or business success it would be. Imagine yourself in such a predicament.

As a matter of fact, the probabilities are that you *do* have halitosis *frequently*. Few escape it for the reason that every day, in normal mouths, odor-producing conditions (many of germ origin) develop. So, thousands have halitosis and are unable to detect it.

Since the risk is great and detection difficult, the wise thing to do is to definitely put your breath beyond suspicion by the daily use of full strength Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It both prevents halitosis and ends it, should it get the upper hand.

While safe and pleasant in action, full strength Listerine is a powerful germicide which kills even the stubborn Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) germ in 15 seconds. Naturally, it destroys lesser germs in the mouth. Furthermore, it's an active deodorant which overcomes odors of all kinds.

No fastidious person will omit the use of Listerine daily. Lambert Pharmacal Company.

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MADISON AVENUE AT 46TH STREET

New York

The Veiled Murderess

(Continued from page 62)

Murderess" became established, and now it can never be destroyed. Some former pupil at the Emma Willard School in Troy thought she recognized in Mrs. Robinson a classmate at that school. She identified this pupil as a Miss Wood, member of a very good family in Quebec. She was said, at first, to be Miss Emma Wood, who had married an officer in the British Army, but when the falsity of this was shown—by proving that the former Miss Emma Wood was living in England—the legend-makers settled on the notion that Mrs. Robinson was Miss Charlotte Wood. This was even better as a tale, since Miss Charlotte had married Sir William Elliott. The "Veiled Murderess," then, was Lady Elliott,—runaway wife of "a scion of the British nobility". The fact that Lady Elliott had lived, had died, and is now buried in England can do nothing to destroy the fiction.

The public loves a romantic story about a crime. It loves a false story as well, if not better, than a true one, and not the Archangels themselves can demolish a legend like this about Mrs. Robinson. It lives forever, because people believe what they *wish* to believe.

No medical evidence of any weight was produced to show that Mrs. Robinson was insane. The jury saw that the crime had been carefully planned, and they found her guilty. The higher court confirmed the verdict, and she was sentenced to death. At last she found her will balked, and was reduced to shouting interruptions, to abusing her counsel, the sheriff, and everyone else; and finally, in the manner of one who was in the perfect confidence of the Almighty, to calling down Heavenly vengeance on the Judge.

Because she was a woman, and not, apparently, because of any belief in her lack of responsibility for her act, the Governor commuted the sentence to life imprisonment. She was taken to Sing Sing; later to Auburn; and later still (more than twenty years after her crime) to the Matteawan State Asylum. There she died in 1905. She is said to have been seventy-eight years old.

At her death, the story was promptly revived of her identity with Lady Elliott, and an Associated Press dispatch carried it over the country. The Wood family, as long as they lived, had consistently denied and disproved the persistent rumour. A Canadian historian has disproved it again conclusively. All quite in vain.

The Quest for Love

(Continued from page 37)

did not hesitate an instant. She got out, while the fat man called after her, "Hey, *Madame*, aren't you forgetting something?"

The guard demanded a ticket at the gate. Fortunately Marie had her purse in her bag so she paid the fare. She found herself at a deserted country depot, dark and forlorn. A porter with a lantern went out, at her request, to wake a chauffeur to drive her into Paris. She arrived at about four in the morning.

Her maid greeted her with, "*Madame*, you have come at last! How happy *Monsieur* will be! He was so worried about you."

"I shan't need you any more tonight, thank you, Louise."

Marie opened the door of the bedroom. Her husband, no doubt overcome by anxiety, had fallen asleep in an armchair. His wife got into bed without waking him. Everything was as usual. The "bic, bic, bic," sang its accustomed chant in honour of the domestic hearth. Leon still had on his baby cap. He grunted a little, moved and snuggled against the "I'm a good baby" legend of his bib. Marie was wondering how she could explain her absence to him adroitly. He'd be content with any story, however carelessly concocted. Since she was unable to sleep, she opened a novel, but the story (a romantic one) seemed silly. She realized suddenly how over-rated adventure was. The sky began to turn rose between the window curtains. *M.* Goberneur was looking at her with eyes dulled by sleep, a look in which there was no recollection. Evidently he thought himself in bed, for he mumbled, "Turn out the light. It's ridiculous reading until all hours. . . . Your damned paper-back romances... with their silly ideas . . . "

And before the astonished *Mme.* Goberneur could speak, he fell once more into a profound sleep.

Taps!—A Requiem

(Continued from page 32)

American musical comedy has perfected and raised to the status of a very genuine, if very comic and contemporary, art.

Barton and Jack Donahue, the aforementioned Robinson, these are not only clowns of extraordinary motion. They have such swiftness and control and crazy grace, they turn their eccentricity into instants of thrill and beauty. The weaving and whispering of their foot-beats is an utterly unrelated language, something evolved from the A-B-C of the simplest "break" and worked up into a full vocabulary of rhythms which swish and gulp excite both eyes and ears—and humour, too—at running-fire time.

I'd rather watch George White dancing just once again than spend a whole evening feasting on his chorus girls and their setting-ups. I'd rather remember one Fred Astaire as the Mercury of the Jazz Age . . . Mercury in a tilted derby hat and vine-leaves in his heels . . . than worry anent what's going to happen to the ballet of the brassieres.

Let the dance-directors bury their dead numbers. Taps. That's really all that's worth blowing about in the modern dance.

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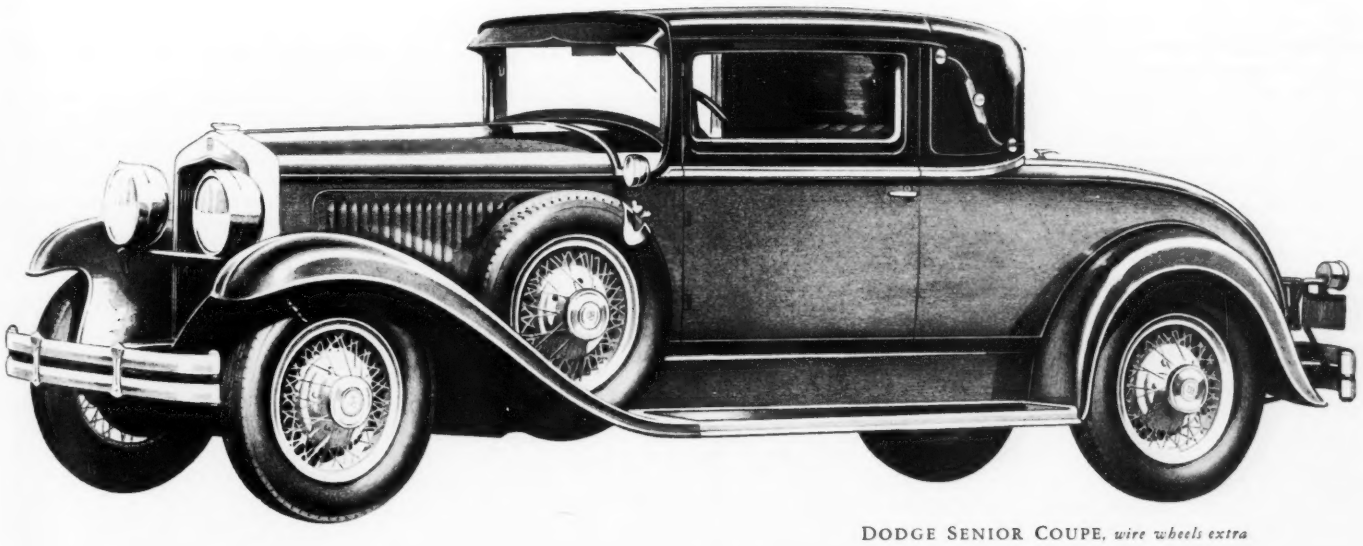

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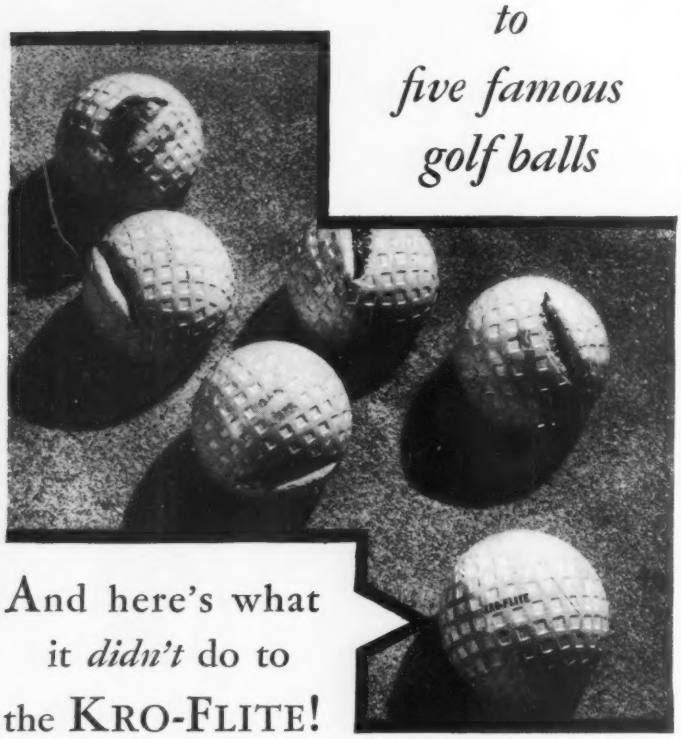
Here's what the guillotine did *to five famous golf balls*



And here's what it *didn't* do to the KRO-FLITE!

THE Guillotine hits a golf ball such a terrific smack that only one ball in this world can withstand it. That one ball is the Kro-Flite.

What is this murderous device—this Guillotine? It is a scientific reproduction of the blow of a powerfully swung golf club—a heavily weighted steel knife that crashes on a ball exactly as your clubhead does on a badly-topped iron shot.

The photograph above shows the Kro-Flite and five other famous balls after they had fallen afoul of the Guillotine in a laboratory test. On five of them—five of the finest balls the world produces—the falling blade cut right through the cover. So completely were these balls ruined that even a caddy would pass them by.

But in the Kro-Flite, the Guillotine found a ball that *would not* call "quits." The blade dealt this sturdy ball as brutal a blow as you ever will ask a golf ball to take—and the result was a *scarcely visible dent!* In fact, this same Kro-Flite easily could play more than the 72 holes for which Spalding guarantees it.

If this were a one-time test, it might be a case for the Skeptics' Society. But every reputable ball in the world—including, of course, the Kro-Flite—has been tested on the Guillotine not once, but hundreds of times. In all these tests the Guillotine never yet has been able to cut a Kro-Flite Ball. It never has failed to cut any other.

Try the Kro-Flite! It comes either in the exclusive new Multidot marking or in plain white—dimple and mesh. Your Professional, your Sports Dealer, or any Spalding Store will supply you.

ABOUT DISTANCE

Spalding makes two golf balls—the "Spalding" and the "Kro-Flite." The "Spalding" Ball is recognized, by golf's leading amateurs and professionals, as the longest ball in the world. Yet the "Kro-Flite" is only a trifling distance behind this longest of all balls—a fact established time after time in comparative Driving Machine tests at Chicopee, Mass., Pinehurst, N. C., and Putney, England. In this "Kro-Flite," the golfing world sees the first ball ever to combine maximum durability and first-grade distance. © 1929, A. G. S. & B.

KRO-FLITE

made by

Spalding *each*

75 cents

The Mistress of Bayreuth

(Continued from page 48)

love for her—a love that was always finding expression in all sorts of little tendernesses—and the bitterness of his self-reproaching whenever he had wounded her.

That must have happened frequently, as her diary shows. His temper was never of the best, and in the later years, when the burden of work became heavy and the heart disease was slowly developing, there were hundreds of occasions when poor Cosima's cup of misery was full—for we have his own confession of how coarse and brutal his language could be when he was angry. But his repentances were mostly swift and always complete, and there is not a sign anywhere in the diary that Cosima ever felt the slightest stirring against him of a resentment that would have been quite pardonable under the circumstances. There must have been times, one suspects, when she found it hard to square her love and admiration for the artist with her knowledge of the man. We get a hint now and then of a mood that was as near criticism of him as Cosima would ever allow herself. Apparently she did not know at that time all that Mathilde Wesendonk had been to him, for it was a habit with him to pooh-pooh a love affair once it was over. But Cosima knew enough to feel a little shocked at his rather churlish indifference to Mathilde's gift of a drama of her own that she had published on the theme of Frederick the Great. He refused to read the book or to answer the letter, and it fell to Cosima's lot to reply to this. Having read it, he objected angrily to the warmth of its tone; and when she gently ventured to point out that "it was impossible for her not to behave becomingly to people who had once shown him friendship and with whom he had once been in sympathy", he only became more obstinate in his discourtesy. The only hint we have of what she thought about the matter is a remark of her biographer's to the effect that it left her "melancholy". But in the main she seems to have dutifully accepted his later unfavourable opinion of everyone who had once befriended him and then, in his view, forsaken him. He appears never to have had a good word for the Wesendonks in the later years; and when he was in Zürich in 1870 he refused to call on Mathilde, but made Cosima perform that not very agreeable duty alone. Almost the only purely feminine touch in the book is her subacid astonishment and amusement at finding that the Mathilde who had formerly been a blonde was now a brunette.

It is nearly half a century since Richard died and Cosima thought she could not survive him. He must be to her now a figure almost as remote as Beethoven; there can hardly, indeed, be any other survivor of those great days, for it is fifty-seven years since the foundation stone of Bayreuth was laid, sixty-five years since she went with him to Munich, and seventy-six years since she first set eyes on him, he being already a man of forty at that time and she a child of sixteen. She is the most tragic figure, perhaps, in the Europe of our day, but indubitably one of the greatest. She is one of the last living representatives of a great epoch and of a breed of giants that has vanished from our smaller earth.

Bidding Under the Guns

(Continued from page 68)

sufficient defensive strength to control the situation.

Rules should go by the board when you have an advanced score, say of 60, and your partner's original bid of one is uncontested. Get the contract up even though your holding may not rate as an entirely legitimate raise. There is little danger in a weak raise or take-out because your partner will not need to carry on, unless he is opposed. And a "score" raise, like any other score bid, will be discounted by a thoughtful partner.

Another opportunity which is often missed in bidding appears in the following deal:

	♠-A,J,7,6,5,3,2 ♡-Q,6 ◇-Q,J ♣-J,7	
♠-8 ♡-A,J,5,4 ◇-10,9,8 ♣-10,6,5,4,3	N W E S (dealer)	♠-None ♡-K,10,9,2 ◇-K,7,5,4,3 ♣-A,K,9,8
	♠-K,Q,10,9,4 ♡-8,7,3, ◇-A,6,2 ♣-Q,2	

South, having a score of 70, opens with an original bid of one Spade, which West passes. North should realize that if he also passes East must inevitably put in a bid, and that once started, his adversaries may force the contract up to four or five. This danger can probably be obviated and the contract held by North's immediately jumping to three Spades.

Unnecessarily high jump assists are invaluable at times, but it should be certain that one's partner will not confuse such a strategical bid with a slam invitation. Misunderstandings of this sort can be avoided by adopting the following suggestion: When a side has a partial score, initial declarations or assisting bids should be jumped as high as four in a major suit or five in a minor to indicate slam probabilities. A player who follows the impractical convention which always designates a bid for one more than game a slam indication, discounts to a great extent the advantage to be gained from his partial scores.

One is always meeting with conventions which on first knowledge seem quite valuable, only to find that they prove more of a hindrance than a help in actual play. One of the greatest dangers of the game lies in becoming rule-bound. Rules which are too hampering to permit of a certain amount of bluff are, usually, better discarded.

Contract Bridge is supplanting Poker as the great American card game.

But Poker was a good game, too.

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The 48th Street store (Black, Starr & Frost building) is at present being re-designed and expanded, and by October first will be the headquarters for the merged Fifth Avenue institutions.

In this great merger . . . the same personnel, the same management will continue. Our old friends, and our new friends will find the most up-to-date equipment . . . and increased facilities, which offer wider stocks and greater buying opportunities.

BLACK STARR & FROST-
GORHAM Inc.

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All the vividness of summer seashores faithfully recorded by Kodacolor Film

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FOAM-CRESTED waves of emerald green beneath an azure sky. A beach of dazzling yellow sand. Gay groups of bathers in multi-colored array. Well-tanned complexions. Cheeks aglow with healthy color. Happy, carefree smiles.

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For today Kodacolor, the new, sensational Eastman achievement, makes it possible for you to take full color movies as easily as those in black and white. It provides you with action records that are not only true to life, but gloriously beautiful as well. It enables you to film your children, your parents, your home, your friends—in the full, natural colors of life itself.

So miraculous, so ingenious does this seem that no one could blame you for supposing that full color movies are difficult to make. But actually, they're so simple that anyone can make them.

Easy to take . . . Easy to show

As in every other Eastman development, simplicity has been made the keynote of this modern miracle. The same Ciné-Kodak (*f*.1.9 lens with B or BB model) that takes black and white movies, takes color. The same Kodascope (model A or B) that projects black and white, projects color. You simply use the Kodacolor Filter and Kodacolor Film when making or projecting Kodacolor.

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"Faith in American Industry is constantly revived by its remarkable achievements. Since the invention of the first balloon tires, I have had my cars equipped with them. I now ride on Miller Deluxe Balloons with even greater security. It is truly a wonder balloon."

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Chairman of the Board
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Largest baking company in the U.S.

The new Miller Deluxe 6-ply Balloon pictured below is a new super-type tire for those who demand the utmost freedom from blowouts and punctures. It is built to give extra long mileage and to withstand the roughest service.

AMERICAN industry—more especially the tire industry—has seen no more remarkable achievement in a decade than the bringing to perfection of the pioneer super-tire—the Miller Deluxe Balloon.

Its reward has come in the form of tributes such as this one—from men and women who weigh their words of praise, and commend only that which has demonstrated itself to be worthy.

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A wonder—because you will drive it as long as you are likely to keep your car, and, regardless of speed, road, or driving condition, it will live up to its promise of extra mileage, extreme durability, freedom from puncture and slow tread wear. Actual tests have proved it.

A wonder—because even the most beautiful car built becomes *more* beautiful when equipped with Miller Deluxe Balloons.

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Ask your Cadillac La Salle Dealer.

Write for booklet of entire selection

NEAL TANQUARY
351 South Norton Avenue
Los Angeles, California

All Quiet on the Middle-Western Front

(Continued from page 74)

were too many novels here. Sooner or later they all kill each other."

Chicago vanishes, it is exploited, laid barren, written to pieces.

The whole bubble bursts before me. It rains dead authors: Burnett is hurled in the air, he lands in a heap; a shell whistles, Coe and Hammett are thrown on top of him; another whistle, four authors are flung on the heap. I claw for cover, more characters are thrown beside me. I groan, the earth leaps, the pile is mounting, I am the only one left, I see a chance . . . *I will write a novel myself.*

Riddell fell in August, 1929, in a city that was so quiet and still that the critical report confined itself to a single sentence: All quiet on the Chicago front.

He had fallen forward and lay on his face. In his hand were a pencil and a fresh sheet of paper. Turning him over, they saw that he had been in the act of starting the first sentence of another Chicago novel; they had got him in the nick of time.

LITTLE CAESAR, by W. R. Burnett *(Dial)*
RED HARVEST, by Dashiell Hammett
LOVE IN CHICAGO, by Charles Walt *(Harcourt, Brace)*
RATTLING THE CUP ON CHICAGO CRIME, by Edward D. Sullivan *(Vanguard)*
HOOCH, by Charles Francis Coe *(Doubleday, Doran)*
DIVERSEY, by Mackinlay Kantor *(Coward, McCann)*
THE RACKET, by Bartlett Cormack *(Samuel French)*
CHICAGO, by Maurine Watkins *(Knopf)*

APOLOGY

The fact that I have committed the sacrilege of parodying thus crudely the style of *Herr* Erich Remarque only

(Continued on page 94)

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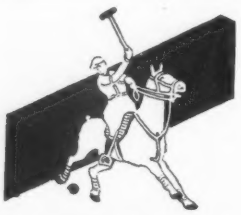

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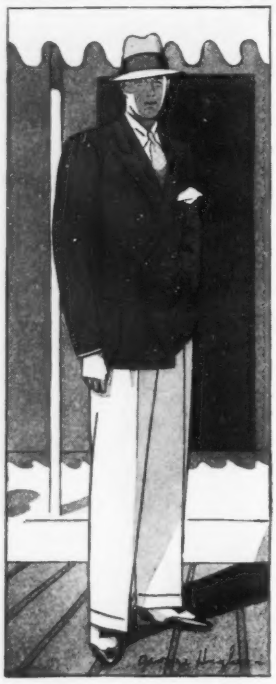
THERE is no sheet so fine as Cannon Lavender Lawn—feel the close, even, supple weave—the most exquisite fabric you ever found in a sheet. Examine the finish, admire the soft texture, breathe the delicate lavender fragrance.

■★Cannon Lavender Lawn has been selling well in the better stores from coast to coast at a price of $5 each, for the standard size in white. Widespread acceptance by smart women now allows a new low cost of about $3.25 for the same highest quality—thus offering every fine home finer sheets for all the family. ■★The excellence of Cannon Lavender Lawn has never been an extravagance. Now it is the most luxurious kind of thrift. Only long-staple Egyptian cotton, not used in any other American-made sheet, goes into Cannon Lavender Lawn. The strong, elastic yarn is fully combed, then woven into a beautiful, "high-count" fabric (more than a hundred threads to the inch) and finished by a special process, producing unusual durability. ■★Of course Cannon Lavender Lawn is styled to the modern mode. You can have it snowy white or in six lovely pastel shades matching current trends in home decoration—Orchid, Canary Yellow, Sea-shell Pink, Nile Green, Azure Blue and Peach. Also in white with colored hems. ■★Cannon Lavender Lawn sheets are sold singly, in packages of six sheets or pillow-cases, and in boxed sets (a pair of sheets and matching pillow-cases) scented with Yardley's Old English Lavender. Average size in white costs about $3.50 each. Hemstitched or plain.

CANNON MILLS, Inc., 70 Worth St., New York City



The famous Piccadilly Circus raw-edge hat is shown.

Well-Dressed Men

and the correct hats for the season

THE warmer days bring a reaction from the rigid formality of winter headwear. The better-dressed men enthusiastically favor the ever-popular *Piccadilly Circus* for informal wear, or for week-ends in the country. Its small, saucy, raw-edge brim imparts an air of jaunty insouciance that so befits the smart seashore or country-resorts. A companion hat to the *Piccadilly Circus* is the *Piccadilly Piper*. Its only difference is its narrow binding around the brim. The new shades for the season are as varied and beautiful as nature itself.

CAMEL'S HAIR

The *Camel's Hair Flanul Felt* is a hat for a sportsman. It has a rich feel and a texture similar to fine camel's hair . . . worn correctly with the polo-coat or in the country.

FRENCH WEIGHT

Feathery and frolicsome, combining comfort and smartness is the *French Weight Flanul Felt*. It is as light as a whiff of Spring air and every bit as refreshing.

The advance hat for the Fall Season is the *Kent*. An American masters' conception of a genuine British Homberg. It will be a companion hat for the *Tyrolian Homberg*, inspired by the headwear of the Alps. The *Kent* is one of the finest hats for town or business wear that we can recommend. It has a medium brim with a bound edge, and full crown. Its claim to fame lies in the fact that it is a highly conservative hat with a subtle touch of savoir-faire that stamps it as one of the most distinctive hats for the Fall season.

KENT

Flanul Felt is made of fine quality hatter's fur —a pliable soft construction. $7.50 to $20. The Hodshon Company, Fifth Avenue, New York. *Manufacturers of Sunfast Hats and Flanul Felt Hats.* Unit of Cavanagh-Dobbs.

Flanul Felts

B. ALTMAN & CO., FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

and exclusive shops throughout the country

From a War Correspondent's Note-Book

(Continued from page 42)

chanted. We ate Przemysl, extinguished the flames, and drank the punch concealed amidst the ruins. The cook had reached the apex of his career; his life was quite secure. The Croatian lieutenant whispered in my ear: "Put this down in your note-book: The best method to conquer the danger of death in war is to shut up a live bird in a tower made of sugar."

There was a major with us—he had a Spanish-Portuguese name no one could pronounce—who owned a beautiful big dog. He was a very influential man, despite the fact that he loathed the troops in the division, which was composed chiefly of Hungarians and, in a lesser degree, Austrians. He loved his dog. The canine knew all sorts of tricks, but the major was proudest when the animal, upon being shown a fly on the wall, leaped into the air and caught the insect. The dog performed this trick so rapidly that, no matter how high the fly was, it could never escape. During those days of inactivity, the dog was one of our routine entertainers.

One day, at noon, as I was walking toward the mess-room, I noticed a gathering in front of the building. Officers stood around in groups, laughing loudly. I joined them. The centre of their attention was, of course, the dog, who was incessantly leaping into the air trying to catch a fly on the wall. But it could not catch it, and the insect did not fly away. The famous pastry-maker was standing by the wall encouraging the dog.

The whole thing was amusing because the fly was not a real fly. The pastry-maker had drawn it on the white-washed wall; it had a head, wings, and six feet. The dog leaped at it at least a hundred times—always in vain. It was half-dead with fatigue. The officers were laughing, the dog was jumping, and the cook was shouting, "Catch the fly!"

Suddenly the laughter ceased. The major had arrived on the scene and had seen what went on. He called off the dog which was panting and trembling with excitement and exhaustion. With a red face and flaming eyes, he addressed the cook, who stood rigidly "at attention":

"Idiot!"

Dead silence ensued. The major carried a riding whip in his hand. It quivered in his fist—no more than a tuning fork when it is struck—but all of us knew what the major's intention had been for a second.

In about a week, the division received an order from G. H. Q.: all men who were not absolutely indispensable at division headquarters, must be sent to the front at once. It was about this time that the artistic cakes ceased to reach our table.

The Croatian lieutenant remarked: "Put this down in your note-book: It is highly dangerous in war time to draw a fly on a white-washed wall."

If I were writing a short story instead of copying this incident out of my note-book I should add that the pastry-maker was killed. But the truth is that I have not heard of him since.

Horton Smith in England

(Continued from page 64)

same and very small comfort on the top of a 39 out. In the end he was left with 3, 5, 4 par play for the last three holes for a 79. Great deeds are best described in few words; he finished in 3, 3, 3, the middle one of those threes at a hole over 500 yards long, and returned a 76. He was still alive and that ending should have put him in good heart.

Alas! his round next day had an ending just as disastrous as that of his first had been brilliant. I only saw bits of it but I left him with a score of one under four with five to play and I reckoned that he would do 71 or at worst 72, for he seemed steady as a rock. I went off to watch somebody else and was staggered later by hearing that Horton Smith had taken 76. I did not believe it but there were the staring white figures on the board. He had been in bunkers, he had missed putts, and those last four holes had ruined him.

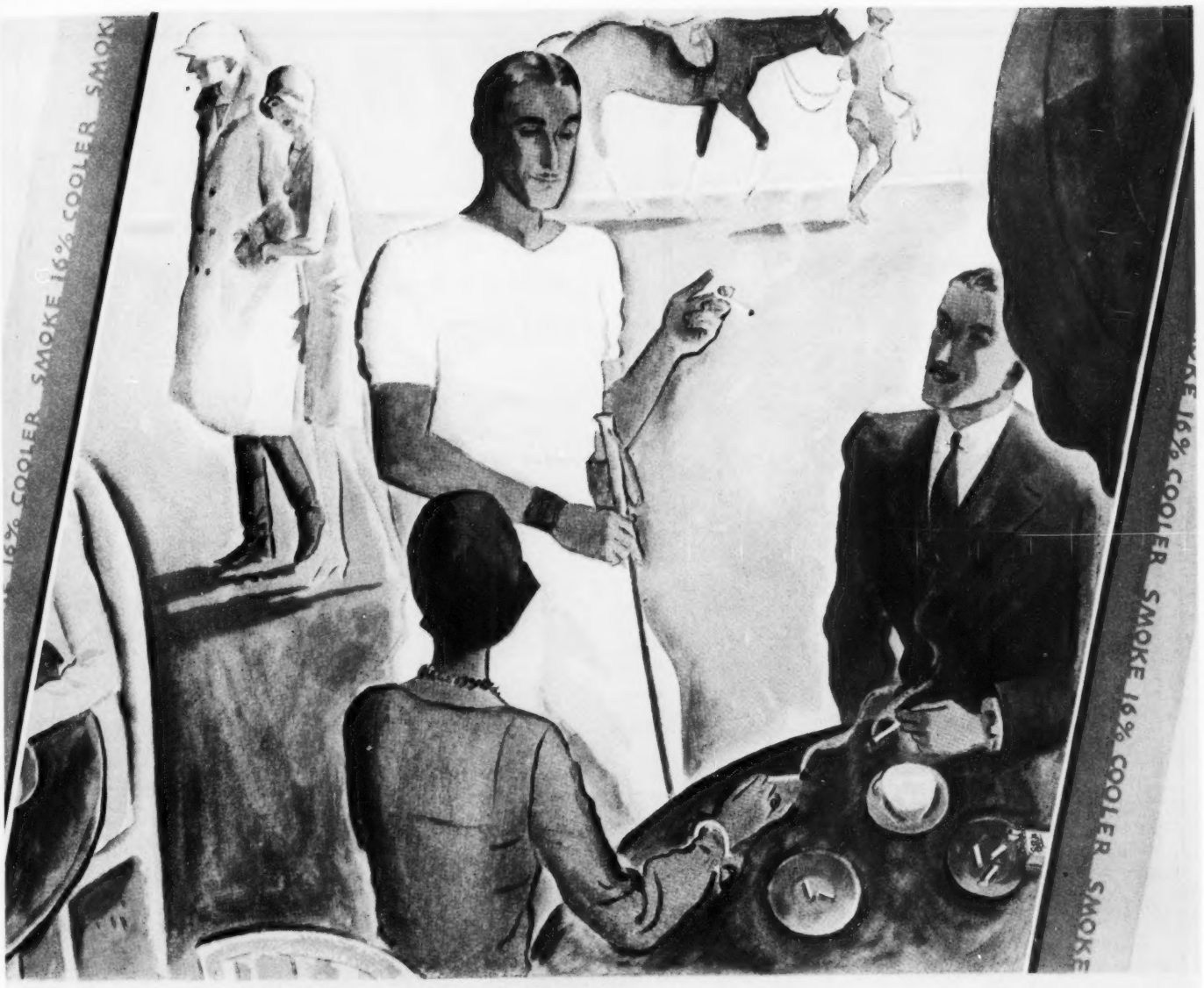
It is one of the hard parts of a golfing reporter's life that he must have a strong heart; he must forsake the unfortunate and worship only rising suns. Horton Smith's score for two rounds was thirteen worse than that of the leader, Leo Diegel, and ten worse than Hagen's. He was, from my point of view, down and out. I could watch him no more and in fact he did nothing worthy of comment on the last day and finished a good long way down the list. He was not downhearted, however, but determined to make the most of his time, for next day when I got to St. Andrews, there he was making a pious pilgrimage to the shrine and playing in a four ball match with Ed Dudley and Miss Glenna Collett.

Then he went off to Moortown again to play in the big 1000 guinea tournament which Joe Turnesa ultimately won, but he was back at St. Andrews again before he left. Having been knocked out on the Thursday he travelled up through the night and was there to watch the great battle between Miss Collett and Miss Wethered. He must have thought it well worth while for this was as great a match as ever was played nor was there ever a player more splendid in defeat than was the American lady champion. Horton Smith can take her courage for an example. Her earlier attempts on our Championship have been, comparatively speaking, failures. Only this time has she really come out of her shell and played her true game. She could have beaten any other lady in the world except Miss Wethered.

When Horton Smith next comes back to shed the light of his pleasant smile upon us I doubt if there will be any golfer good enough to beat him.

I must add, a short postscript on Horton Smith in France, because in this French professional champion-

(Continued on page 86)



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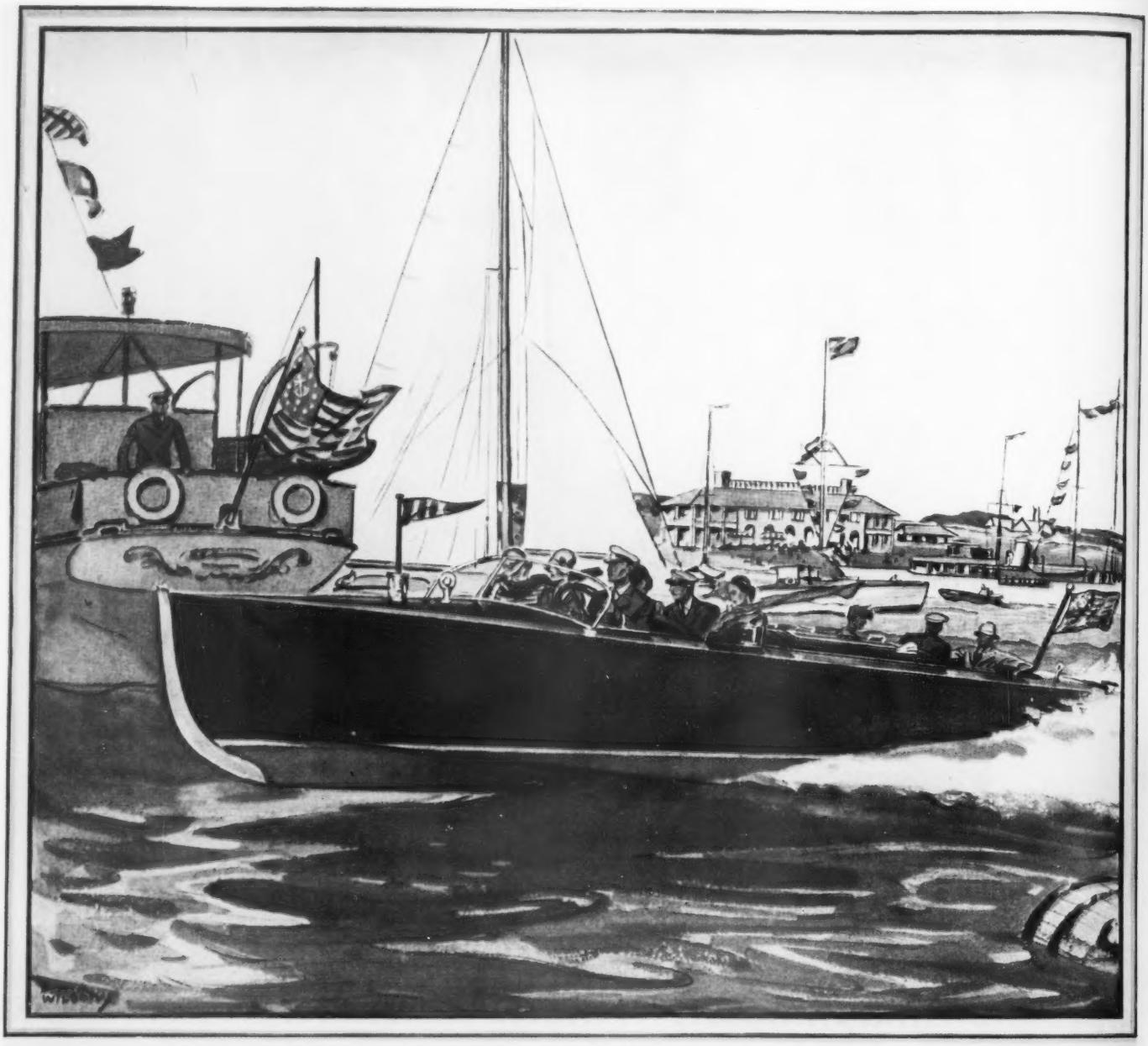

A SECRET OF CHARM is its elusiveness ⟡ ⟡ ⟡ What makes man love boats is as hard to define as what makes the silvered waters of lake and bay so romantic and alluring ⟡ ⟡ ⟡ What makes those who love boats prefer Dodge Boats is easier to understand ⟡ ⟡ ⟡ Now, as always, the Dodge name stands for worth and quality too deep and fine to be imprisoned in cold type ⟡ ⟡ ⟡ All the wealth of motor lore inherent in the honored name of Dodge is manifest in every detail of the boats themselves ⟡ ⟡ ⟡ Models in stock from twenty feet up, closed or open. Prices start at $1,675 ⟡ ⟡ ⟡

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The House That Can't Be Photographed

(Continued from page 29)

people were rattling about on its narrow, cobbled footways when, in the first Autumn after the War, Mr. Barlow chanced to get out of his car and take a look at it. The remaining residents of the village were huddled in the center of the town, to be near the postoffice and the passing road. It was the houses of the outer rim, the houses whose decaying ruins had looked out for generations across the sea, which were the deserted ones. From the flurried Mayor, whom he idly questioned, Barlow learned that the title to these was held by a man living at such-and-such a place in Nice. It was when his car broke down as he himself was passing through Nice that afternoon and, looking up, he noticed that it had stalled in front of the very house the Mayor had mentioned, that Barlow felt his destiny was becoming involved. The owner, it seemed, attached no sentimental value to his property in Eze, and had, indeed, bought it in for a few *francs* at a sheriff's sale during the War. As a possible location for a house of his own, he had no interest because, in addition to your Frenchman's inborn distaste for natural scenery, he was constantly and agreeably engaged as a lynx-eyed *croupier* in the little casino at Juan-les-Pins.

The architectural problems which then confronted the new resident of astonished Eze, all of them bizarre, some of them unprecedented, I shall not attempt to speak of here at any length. By pump and pipe, he brought water two miles from an olive-tree farm which had inherited an ancestral hatred of the citizens of Eze, who had had no water of their own for centuries. Out of respect for this ancient spite, Barlow had to agree to reserve the use of his stream for himself, plus such of his new-found neighbours as worked for him. But, by then engaging practically half the town to work for him, he was able to confer upon Eze the invaluable boon of potable water.

It is of no one architectural problem I want to speak, however, none such as, for instance, the simple one which confronted him when he found that the finest room in all his house —it had been the *salle d'armes* of the Twelfth Century *château*—was an interior room, windowless, and, save through the ceiling, without access to the air. After some thought, he knocked down the adjacent house, leaving only its floor. Then he railed that floor, called it (with some justice) "the old Barlow veranda", and finally cut windows into the once interior wall, so that now, after seven centuries, the *salle d'armes* knows what the Mediterranean looks like.

But the salient characteristic of the *Château* Barlow derives from its position in time and space and may not be immediately visualized by one who has not crossed its threshold. When I had merely heard of this adventure, I idly thought of a row of sixteen abandoned houses thrown into one and I envisaged, therefore, a *château* which, while roomy enough, was about as interesting as a row of bathhouses. But the sixteen units of Barlow's purchase were clustered rather as grapes are clustered in a bunch. They are all on different levels and have only this in common—a complete independence of the tyrannous passerby. When, for instance, Barlow decided to turn one of them into a nursery, another into a *terrasse* and the next into a formal garden, he planned each detail in the bracing knowledge that it would be seen only by someone inside the *château*, that each tree in his garden must be selected and placed not partially for the pleasure of the person who would see it from the *terrasse* but wholly from the angle of that person. For there is no other angle. There is, you see, no other person.

In moments of chagrin Barlow may chafe because his house could be photographed only from a stationary airplane, but there must be compensations in the reflection that, by carving his home out of the face of a cliff and entering it from within, its every aspect has been wrought only for the house's own sweet sake, that in every tint and contour and gesture, his home is free from the bondage of that despot, the family across the street.

Horton Smith in England

(Continued from page 84)

ship at St. Cloud the young hero really showed what he could do. Alas! I was not there to see and I do not know the St. Cloud course but in view of the amazing things that were done there I must explain that it is a full length course measuring 6,500 yards.

Amazing the deeds certainly were and Horton Smith began them by going round in 66 as against a par of 71. In the afternoon he exactly repeated this feat but he ought, as it seems, to have surpassed it, for he needed two putts on the last green for 65 and took three putts. Even so he had opened up a vast gulf of twelve strokes between himself and the second man, Henry Cotton. Fourteen shots behind was Aubrey Boomer, the St. Cloud professional, with 71 and 75.

Next day the leader went round in 70 which seemed good enough to make his victory a cast iron certainty, but no! Boomer went utterly and brilliantly mad and returned a 61—33 out and 28 home (two fours, six threes and one two). It is rash to make comparisons but one feels inclined to say that this was the most wonderful round of golf ever played. We are told that Boomer missed a couple of putts of six feet. Well, well—nothing is perfect! But at one fell swoop he lopped off nine of those fourteen strokes and must have made Horton Smith uncomfortable. He played like a man and went round in 71 to make a total for four rounds of 273. Boomer again played well but the frenzy of inspiration could not last. He too had a 71 and finished five strokes behind Horton Smith who certainly celebrated his twenty-first birthday in a striking manner. It really seems to me that my prophecy about him has begun to come true already.

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How to Write Books

(Continued from page 38)

again he is in error. He may be listening to the talk of two elderly spinsters who, on their way past the lake of Geneva, imagine they have already reached the Lago Maggiore. Their comments, when realized at the time, when confronted by that Calvinistic and shrouded horizon, are amusing enough. It is very probable that the said novelist will one day be able to render the incident in a most enlivening manner. But he is mistaken in regretting his shorthand. Were he able to record exactly what Miss Petherick and Miss Brotpash had said, it would assume a reality unmoulded by art. He would be tied to that reality. The exactitude of his rendering would diminish the exactitude of his effect. The whole passage would be leaded with the weight of fact. Interpretation would be absent. The thing would merely be dull.

It is for this reason that I urge you to shun the note-book. Or rather (since you will not believe me) I advise you to keep the note-book, but to keep at the same time a very bright eye open for the dangers that the note-book contains. I would go further. I would ask you to read an average amateur novel and to try and spot the passages which were written or observed in advance and which have subsequently been fitted in to the narrative. The moment you are aware of the system, you will recognize these passages dangling upon the story like pince-nez on the bosom of an accountant. They stand out and degrade.

All this is very penetrating advice for those who wish to write novels. There are, however, other forms of literature. There is poetry. That branch is invariably attempted by the literary, but should only be published by those who feel that they simply, absolutely, cannot help it. There is no poet in history who has not regretted his first volume of verses. It would be a highly original thing on your part if you were to refrain from publishing that volume. Then there is biography and that branch of activity which publishers (poor neuropaths) insist on calling *Belles Lettres*. I have a great deal to say about these branches of the art, but I have no room in which to say it.

I must end by practical details. Have a very large writing table. By very large table, I do not mean a thing which can be purchased under that title in a shop. You must employ synonyms, the most popular being "dining table" or better still "refectory table." Nothing can be too big. Size is also essential for your waste-paper basket, and there must be an excellent light. If you are very rich, it is useful to have an arcade or pergola adjoining your writing room in which, in moments of wilder inspiration, you can pace. A pace in time saves nine. Then your paper, your pens, your ink, must be of the finest quality. Also you must have at hand something with which to fiddle. A key ring, especially if attached to a flexible chain, is an excellent fiddler. Or many people employ a calendar which, in moments of searching for the right word in the right place, they can screw round, flicking August into April, and April to July. This feeds the imagination. Never dictate. Only type when you are master of your material. Do not drink or take drugs. It is only when you have come to a very difficult or moving passage that intoxication is advisable. Then there must be *champagne*. And above all, keep a sharp eye on the liver. Breathing exercises are not enough. There must also be pills. And finally believe in yourself. You have no idea how much it helps when you are writing a book to feel convinced that you are writing a good book. It is more than what is called aspiration: that can be done by the breathing exercises: it is having an ideal. That helps a lot.

Having written your book you must have it neatly typed. Most typists have a tidy habit of transfixing their copies with pins, clips, and other belligerent weapons. You must be very careful about such things. More than once, in his passion to read his work in type, a budding author has been wounded, and died of blood-poisoning by and from these sharp missiles with which their typists take their revenge. On opening the parcel as it arrives from the typist, you must therefore adopt a gingerly attitude, and show no haste. You will be surprised to note how lamentable your brilliant fountain of fantasy looks in type. Conquer that surprise—it is a natural symptom. You will then send the typescript to the publisher. He will of course accept it and offer you a large advance. You, for your part, will accede to his overtures. Then after a few months you will receive the proofs. If you are a grand author, and possess a clear typist, these proofs will reach you in page form, and the whole effect will be very exciting. If, however, you are one of those writers who correct what they have written, you will first obtain what are known as "galley proofs," ungainly handbills, which flop and have bits of wood and straw in the paper. This is a discouraging moment, as even Mr. Galsworthy, if he saw a galley-proof, would realize that he couldn't write at all. In despair, you will send back the galley proofs and in a further course of months the book, one week before publishing, will arrive, with five little brothers exactly like itself. You will then read the book and be amazed at your own genius. A few days later, the reviews will begin, and your amazement will be chilled. This is a bad moment—but by then your refectory table will be cleared again, a large pile of clean foolscap will be ready at your left-hand side, the ink-pot will be full, the pen impatient.... "Eleanora," you will write on the first sheet, "A Novel." Then you will take a long breath and add (it is prettier to print these words in block letters) "Chapter One."

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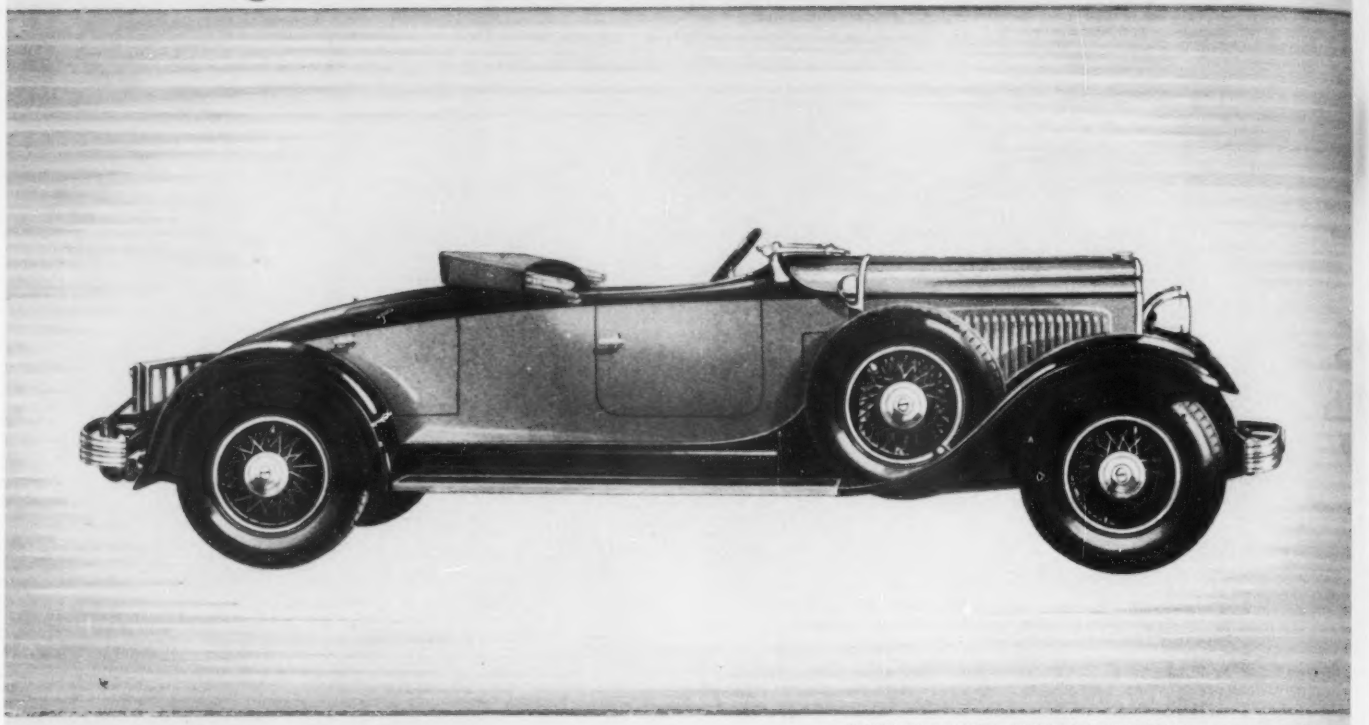

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Love

(Continued from page 28)

XI

Having loved women so much, do not be unjust to them. To be lovable is a hard profession.

If you had a sister, I wonder what I should tell her.

I rather think I should say: "Don't trouble your head about love. The best way to find it is never to seek it. Don't set your heart on marrying a man you love. And perhaps it would be better if you never met a man who was physically too attractive. . . ."

But on second thought, this is what I should tell her: "Woman is made for love. If you are brave . . ."

Ah! I really don't know what I should say.

XII

You are no longer immature. You know about women. You have ceased to fear them or desire them immoderately. They are no longer a danger.

Some one remarks in your presence that you have been greatly loved. You shake your head. It was not great love. There is much more love in friendship than in love.

You have ceased to count on happiness. You know that it is not a question of happiness; that life cannot be lived without illness, treacheries, and failures; that to live is to be victorious over these trials. You are thirty-five.

Women are necessary to you. They distract you from yourself. They enable you to enjoy the present. They give you a rest from imagining and foreseeing. They are your garden, your Sunday. But they are not enough.

One betrays a friend to conquer a woman, and to support the ordeal of dinner with the same woman, one enlists the aid of a friend.

XIII

But there is a girl you have mentioned more than once.

You think of her. You lay plans to see her again. You do see her again. The circumstances of your meetings, the little details and visual memories, assume a richer meaning in your mind, an essential value. They help to compose a picture of infinite bliss.

It is not her beauty that is exceptional. Nor her mind; it is no better than your own. She is intelligent, she is beautiful, and that is all. And yet, she resembles no other woman.

One cannot point to the source of her charm. She is both grave and gay; she is warm as childhood and distant as a secret—as the secret of life.

You do not desire her. She is above desire. Your desire for her is chastened and almost wholly chaste. The power of your senses has passed into your head and into your heart. It almost seems that the unknown goal of your life, everything toward which you strove obscurely, has become concrete, living, near, accessible. You are happy and unhappy; you cannot be sure what you are. Your heart seems as taut and swollen as a sail in the wind. Music dwells within you, and all your blood beats out a song of songs.

XIV

Marry her! Doubtless you are running a great risk. You are surrounding your love with its two invincible enemies: time and familiarity.

Familiarity is the death of love. The history of any love affair is the drama of its struggle against time. But your own love, perhaps, is strong. It deserves to be put to the test.

What is holding you back?

The thought of losing your liberty? But you are being killed by your liberty. Does s o l i t u d e make you stronger? It also makes you weaker.

It is useless to wait until you know her better.

When you saw her for the first time, she was truly herself. At present she is playing a part, and so are you. Either you judged her correctly at first, or else you can only be disabused by your life together.

Moreover, the whole question was long since decided in your heart.

You are not in love merely with her beauty, her character, herself. You are in love with her life. You are consumed with a desire to mingle your two lives with their perspectives.

Marry her!

Your life together will be sublime.

XV

And now it is done. She is yours.

She is yours night and day. She is yours in the present, in the future. You are her master. The world has grown small and your home immense. Your life is now of importance to some one else. For her sake, you love yourself. The memories of your past have faded away. Your life is beginning.

The lips you knew before had only the taste of flesh. Her lips have the taste of your mingled lives, of your glorious future and the peace of the world.

Marriage is the only integral adventure.

XVI

To *love* is to preserve in the midst of possession the exaltation of desire.

Sonia

(Continued from page 60)

He was acting, he wanted to give me a wrong idea of what he felt. But if he wanted to appear indifferent, he was not indifferent; he loved me still. At last I knew the truth . . ."

I looked at Sonia and said:

"And now you are happy. You are about to begin a new honeymoon."

She began to laugh.

"You are very stupid to-day, my friend. What have you been doing in St. Petersburg if you have not learned to know women better? As soon as I was sure of Makharof's feelings, I saw at once that I did not love him any more. I saw that the only tie which bound me to him was the uncertainty about his feelings toward me. He kept me very cleverly in the dark; but as soon as the light came, his reign was finished. I could not understand how I had lived with him so long. He appeared suddenly as he actually was—a coarse, rude, vulgar man. . . . And so I left him, my friend—I left him the next day. And now, at last, I am once again heart-whole and fancy-free. . . ."

The Private Lives of the Moderns

(*Continued from page 27*)

So far from the Victorian heavy father having these traditional feelings, he had them far less than the majority of mankind. The satirists who poked fun at him talked about his furniture as his household gods. But the satirists who poked fun at him paid him far to fine a compliment. He did not see any special significance, artistic or religious, in the Victorian furniture around him. He did not have mahogany tables because his dreams brooded on the dark red forests filled with the mysterious red men of the West. He did not have black horsehair sofas because there rushed through his imagination a gallop of wild black horses. He did not even have cut-glass chandeliers to express his lofty meditations on the mystery of the Prism, which shatters the daylight into colours and stains the white radiance of eternity. Any enquiry addressed to a prosperous banker about the year 1855, upon these points, would substantiate my statement. The banker was not thinking poetically about his furniture; and he was not really thinking mystically about his home. He wrote letters to the newspapers, or read Editorials, in which was conventionally used the phrase, "the sanctity of the home".

But he never really meant sanctity; he only meant security. I mean that he had not the idea of sacredness, as compared with his own Christian forefathers, or his own Pagan forefathers or even his own Pagan contemporaries. When he went to China (which he did occasionally, in search of money) he saw a Pagan civilisation very like the old Greek and Roman civilisation. There also the house was a temple. There the religion of the family flowered or flamed into all sorts of fantastic expressions which the merchant class thought very ridiculous. Coloured lanterns glowed on days of domestic festivity and gorgeous paper dragons were waved like banners.

But the Victorian did not want to wave any dragon. The Victorian was never known to dance about with a coloured lantern. The notion of the *poetry* of private life had faded from him and his generation; and seemed to be something not merely alien but barbarous. In order to understand what can be made of the religion of the family, he would have had to learn from a yellow Chinaman; the last thing he would be likely to do. True; he had something at home called Family Prayers; and the mere memory of them has murdered religion for two generations.

This was the real Victorian hypocrisy; at least, this was the real falsity of the Victorian claim. They did to some extent pose to their children and grandchildren as the traditionalists. But they had in fact been the great anti-traditionalists; and it was their time that destroyed a thousand traditions. They did sometimes quote Horace or Virgil about hearth and altar; but there was never any flame upon their altar, even if there were a dying fire upon their hearth. They did sometimes talk about household gods, as if their houses had been full of holy images. But in truth it was they, and not their children, who were the iconoclasts. Nineteenth century England had destroyed the last legends of the fireside, long before twentieth century England had a chance of feeling the full poetry of the legend. The Philistines were the image-breakers; they shattered the household gods and the patron saints. Puritanism combined with Industrialism threw away the Lares and Penates like the disused dolls of a dead infancy and went on to what was counted the manhood of the moderns; with what results we see today. And so completely did they dry up that fountain of fairy-tales which flows from China to Peru, that I shall now probably be charged with uttering a "paradox", because I say something so self-evident as that it is homestead, and the inner chamber, that is the dwelling-place of Imagination.

The generation in revolt fled from a cold hearth and a godless shrine. That is the historical fact that is really hidden by both sides in this controversy. It is supposed that they revolted against what their elders called religion and they called superstition; against what their elders called domesticity and they called drudgery. But those elders were not really religious; they were not even really domestic. This was notably the case in the middle classes, which puffed themselves out with preposterous spiritual pride about its domesticity. It actually had the impudence to talk about French immorality; when the French sense of the family was twenty times stronger than ours. We had our own special merits of sport and adventure; but we were definitely undomestic as compared with nearly everybody else. We exiled all our children to boarding-school; and thought any boy a milk-sop who admitted any affection for his mother. The chief reason for regarding a Frenchman as a fool (a thing essential to self-respect of other nations) was that he confessed to a certain respect for his mother. It was from *this* sort of chilly and half-inhabited house that the modern rebels escaped to conduct their revels in hotels and night-clubs. Someday I shall affectionately explain to them what fools they are for doing anything of the sort.

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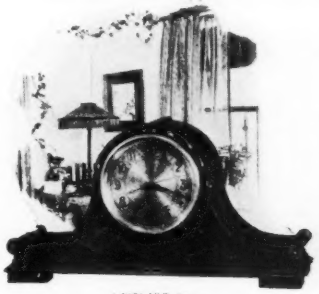

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Art and the Critic

(Continued from page 59)

love to dignify with the name of "classical," mistaking the dead absence of passion and energy for that restraint imposed on exuberance, which is the characteristic of the real classical artist. Specimens of this sham classicism abound. The paintings of David, the tragedies of Alfiei, the music of Hubert Parry are examples which rise immediately to the mind. And I could mention contemporary books and paintings, hailed by our critics as admirably "classical," which exhibit precisely the same defects. Sometimes, however, this absence of vitality is concealed under a frantic and galvanic simulation of life. The result is sham romanticism.

Another category of swindlers is formed by those who just tell lies about their instincts and feelings. They pretend to be noble, sensitive, high-souled, passionate beings, when in fact they are emotionally impotent or frankly bad-blooded intellectuals, who see theoretically that it is good to have strong passions and noble feelings and are clever enough to be able to fabricate a more or less convincing imitation of the art that expresses these passions and feelings. Specimens of this kind of artistic swindling can be found in the work of such writers as Catulle Mendès, of such musicians as Meyerbeer and Scriabin, of such painters as Sodoma, Daniele da Volterra and Honthorst.

The passage of time has rendered easy the detection of most of the fools or swindlers of another age. Bailey's *Festus*, for example, is for us manifestly nothing but the Higher Nonsense. Most of Watts's pictures are now revealed as the forgeries, only interesting because of their extraordinary Freudian perversity, of Old Masters. And so on. In the case of contemporary card-sharpers it is more difficult. They abound, of course, as plenteously as in the past. More plenteously, in all likelihood; for the practice of art is more lucrative than in the past and so attracts more aspirants. As almost all genuine, born artists take to their predestined profession, whatever the social and economic circumstances surrounding them, it follows that most of the unprecedentedly numerous men and women now drawn to the artistic professions by their profitableness and prestige, must be either incompetent, or swindling, or both. Observation confirms a theoretical conclusion. The artistic world is full of thimble-riggers and village idiots and village idiots trying to be thimble-riggers but not succeeding. To this fact, however, the majority of those who patronize the arts seem to be almost wholly blind. They simply don't distinguish one thing from another. I have seen audiences in a London music-hall impartially applauding the Russian Ballet; a singer of the most nauseous kind of mammy songs; and a person who acted scenes from Dickens in a manner that made you want to sink through the floor with vicarious shame. What is true in the music-hall is true out of it. Good books, pictures, music and sham-good books, pictures, music seem to arouse an equal enthusiasm in those who come into contact with them. (Most people, of course, never come into contact with anything but what is frankly bad.) Differences which, to those who have a certain artistic sensibility, are as obvious and enormous as the difference between an egg and a grand piano, completely escape their notice. Perhaps one should congratulate them on their unawareness. It may deprive them of certain aesthetic pleasures. But they are no less certainly spared a great deal of aesthetic suffering.

At the Sign of the Silver Star

(Continued from page 52)

like a hammer-stroke. He shook his hands free of his coat and went softly and ponderously up the stairs.

In the bedroom Mosey was lying in the sanctity of peace. His tattered head was pressed hard down into the pillow, and he saw nothing and heard nothing. The thing that was walking up the stairs was nothing to him. Slowly the whisper of its feet came nearer, never hesitating, never changing beat, but mounting with a tolling regularity that with each step shot a shaft of dread through the house. It was the funeral march of a human marionette; but Mosey never heard it.

Outside the door Dodge stood with ears cocked. No sound came from the room. He turned the handle, ready with an excuse if Mosey should be roused. The handle made a little click, and he drew back. But there was no stir in the room; he went in. He knew the distribution of the furniture and moved heavily but cleanly round it. In the darkness he could not see Mosey's face; he could see only the very dim bulk of the bed. He went softly towards it. From his trousers pocket he took an electric torch. From his coat pocket he took the thing he had been playing with below. He moved behind the head of the bed; he raised the bar in his right hand; he switched on the torch.

The bar fell clattering from his hand. There was the bed and there was Mosey. But Mosey was lying half out of bed, his head drooping to the floor. The skull and temple had been battered in with an iron bar. For more seconds than he knew Dodge stood and looked upon the bloody thing before him. Then he gave a sharp cry of "Spike! Spike! I say, Spike!" And in that moment into the silent house came a mighty crash. Into the passage came the splinters of the side-door. Along the stairs came the trample and struggle of many feet and the roar of many voices. Before he could hide or move from the room, or even think of moving, the doorway was a turmoil of many faces, and the room was filled with them; and behind them and above them rode the helmets of the police.

By that time Spike Arabin, who had given the alarm, was inside the gates of the Surrey Commercial Dock. Mosey's little wash-leather bag was in his pocket.

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Yeroc, Strongest Man You Ever Saw

(Continued from page 35)

my head with ease; but although I tried this deception hundreds of times, no one ever became the wiser.

In those days, strength of fingers was also much sought after; and a favourite stunt was to grasp a coin between thumb and forefinger and attempt to break it. Many people do not think this is possible, yet I have not only broken a silver dollar into halves, but I also have broken a half dollar into quarters; and once, during a benefit performance, I succeeded in breaking a quarter into a dime and two nickels.

All this time I was steadily adding weight to my already considerable poundage, as I called it; and as the date approached for my test match with Louis Cyr for the World's Champion Strong Man Belt, I tipped the scales at six hundred and eighty-three pounds. Louis, on the other hand, had accumulated a grand total of seven hundred and seven pounds. The great match was held at the World's Fair in Chicago, and all day long crowds of people pressed into the tiny tent.

When Louis and I were at last seated opposite each other in the centre of the reënforced ring, the referee announced that for the first feat each contestant would be required to lift one leg and place it across the knee of the other, without touching it with either hand. Louis was first. Settling himself back in his chair, he slowly lifted his massive leg. The gnarled muscles of his back bulged and his breathing seemed to strangle into a tiny gasp—but his leg finally slid across the knee of the other. It took two assistants a little over an hour to return the leg to its former position.

For my own part I did not pause as I gripped the sides of my own chair and tensed my muscles. Before the eyes of the gaping crowd my leg lifted slow but surely; and as I tied the mighty Louis, the spectators broke into unrestrained cheers of joy.

For our second test, we were required to lift ourselves out of our chairs and onto our own feet without any assistance save our own bare hands. Again Louis preceded me; and though his efforts were markedly painful and the perspiration slid off his straining back, he finally forced himself single-handed to his feet.

My own attempt was likewise successful, though very nearly disastrous. As I strained and swayed and finally rose to my feet with a single tremendous heave, the momentum carried me forward so swiftly that only my great presence of mind in placing one foot in front of me prevented my landing full upon my face, from which position it would have been doubtless impossible for anyone to raise me again.

All eyes now centred upon a dumb-bell of one pound in weight, which lay in the centre of the ring and constituted the final test. As the moment approached for Louis to make his attempt, however, it was plain to see that an anxiety had settled upon his face. He circled the dumb-bell several times, as if to determine its centre of axis; and at last he stepped astride it and commenced to stoop over. Slowly his body bent at the waist, first an inch, then another, then another. His muscles writhed like steel cables, and the veins in his throat twisted like live whipcords. Still he bent further down. Now his body was almost at a forty-five degree angle, and his fingers dangled six inches above the dumb-bell. Still he fought, applying such effort that his feet sunk into the ground, and his back swelled like a mountain. Now his fingers were five inches from the dumb-bell. Once more he tried. His fingers halted a bare four inches from the coveted dumb-bell. With a sigh he straightened and shook his head, panting and trembling,—a beaten man.

The apparent distress of the champion had given me new courage. My own huge legs now straddled the dumb-bell in turn like proverbial oaks—props which I would use to conquer. My massive back and arms slowly tightened as I stooped lower and lower, amid a breathless silence. My frame creaked under the terrific exertion. Time seemed to stand still and stretch into limitless space to the beholders who, with abated breath and riveted sight, hung upon each contrasting muscle as I fought for supremacy. Nearer my groping fingers approached the dumb-bell . . . nearer . . . nearer. A gasp went through the crowd. My fingers closed around the iron; with a mighty heave I lifted it above my head —the Champion of the World.

And yet this very championship was the key to my ultimate undoing. With the money which it brought me, I bought a little house in Larchmont and settled down, commuting to and fro from the city in the New Haven Railroad trains; and it was here that I met my Nemesis at last.

One warm day, while riding into the city on the train, an old lady seated beside me leaned over and asked me politely if I would raise the car window beside her. With a smile I rose to comply, and seized the sash with my fingers. To my astonishment it would not budge. Again I tried; it still remained fast. I took both hands, without avail.

Choking an oath, I put my shoulder against the window, while the muscles in my biceps split my coat-sleeves in half. The only noticeable effect was that the wheels of the car lifted an inch from the tracks.

Once more I heaved. With a snap the handle of the window broke off in my helpless fingers, and I sank back on the seat, a broken man.

Yet even as I staggered up the aisle of the car, I heard the lady whisper in a gentle voice: "Never mind, let *me* try it!" A suspicious grating noise assailed my ear. I took one look behind me at the new Champion of the World, and then I fled sobbing into the void.

There is little more to add. My future course was clear: I would quit the arena, give up my Strong Man Belt, and live out the rest of my broken life in modest retirement, earning a mere pittance by peddling occasional magazine articles under the *nom de plume* of Corey Ford, a clever rearrangement of the letters of my name. Yet sometimes as I think back on my former glory, my eyes fill with tears; and once more I long to hear the acclaim of the multitudes: "Yeroc! Yeroc! Yeroc! . . ."

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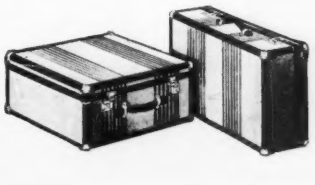

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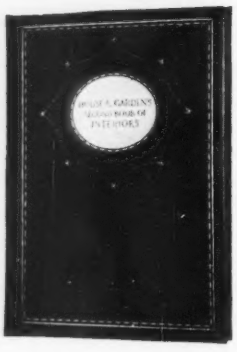

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Handy Hints for the Traveller

(Continued from page 34)

If your supply of French is very small, and *very* bad, try the following method of getting a hearing.

When you walk into a shop, inquire briskly, "You speak English here, don't you?" If they do, well and good. Continue speaking English. If they don't, say, a bit patronizingly, "*Alore, ill muh fo parlay ong frahnsay.*" This instantly puts you in a superior tactical position, for no matter how excruciating your French, at least you know more of their language than they do of yours. They may not understand you, but they will not high hat you.

Another hint concerning taxis. Remember that if you take a cab from a stand, the driver is compelled, by law, to take you where you tell him to go. If he is cruising, however, he has much more freedom of choice than has the American taxi-driver. Between the hours of eleven-thirty and twelve-thirty, daytime, you will find Paris taxicabs extremely difficult to pick up. Even when you do manage to attract the attention of a driver, he will probably point to his mouth and shake his head. This means that he is on his way to lunch; and as mealtime is a sacred hour in France, he is not going to break into his lunch-hour merely to make a little extra money.

This may make you very angry, but there is nothing you can do about it. If his meter is draped with a black bag, he is entirely within his legal rights in refusing to stop for you. Even if it weren't, and you managed to stall his motor and call a policeman, the latter would probably side with him, arguing that, *voyons*, all man has the right to render himself to the restaurant to take the *déjeuner*, is it not, madame? It is damage, but what will you? It is the life.

No, not that way. Keep your temper, pick a taxi whose natural course seems to be in the direction of your own destination, signal him frantically with one hand, and with the other point the way you want to go. Even so, the first three taxis will not stop. The fourth probably will, and the sixth may, as a terrific favour, consent to take you. If he does, remember that—to him—it *is* a favour. If you have enough French, thank him, tell him why you had to be taken, and give him 2.6 cents extra "*pour l'apéritif.*"

Which reminds me. Always be personal. Suppose you want to buy a green silk handkerchief. You go into a small shop and say, "I want a green silk handkerchief." If green silk handkerchiefs happen to be on the top shelf, and *Madame* doesn't care much for your looks, she will very likely tell you that she hasn't any. If, on the other hand, you wish her good morning, and explain that you want a green silk handkerchief as a gift to your Aunt Emma, who will be eighty-nine years old come Whitsuntide, not only will *Madame* ransack her stock of green handkerchiefs, but, if you don't like those she has, will escort you personally to the shop two blocks away that may have some that you do like.

This sounds fantastic? Hearken to an actual instance. A friend of mine was called suddenly to America, and had to catch a steamer on three hours' notice, leaving his wife in Paris. Among the many documents that had to be made out in order to allow his wife to remain behind was one requiring her photograph. She had no photograph. What to do? He asked the old lady at police headquarters (about half of France's Civil Service employees are women) if the document could be made out without the photograph, and she made the invariable reply of any civil service employee anywhere in the world: "Impossible."

Time was desperately short, so he resolved to throw himself upon the mercy of the French temperament. "*Madame,*" he said, "I desire of you *un conseil d'ami.*" The old lady pricked up her ears. Rapidly he sketched the details of his predicament, including the reason for his hasty voyage, a brief description of his wife's grief over the imminent separation, and a lurid account of the number of things he had to do in the short remaining time.

"*Tenez,*" remarked the old lady, picking up the document. "From time to time, when these papers are sent to the bureau of filing, there come complaints that the photographs, being affixed with a gum insufficiently tenacious, have fallen off and become lost. So now, *monsieur*, see, I place a drop of gum here"—suiting the action to the word—"and here, and here. And when the document reaches the bureau of filing, behold, there will be no photograph. And simply, there will be another complaint!"

So saying, she stamped the document, gave him the required *permis*, and bade him good day.

All Quiet on the Middle-Western Front

(Continued from page 82)

signifies that I hope his book *All Quiet on the Western Front* will have been read before this parody appears.

For this is beyond doubt the greatest book it has been my privilege to recommend during the brief period of my incumbency as a reviewer of books. In one fell swoop the Book of the Month Club has atoned for past errors. I hope that this impetus will carry the book onward until it has reached every reader in America. If our philanthropic millionaires would do a little real good they would present a copy of *All Quiet* to every one in this country; for no more powerful epic against war has ever been written.

It is trite to say this is the greatest book of the War. It is far greater than just that. It is classic in the Biblical simplicity of its prose, its compassion, its honesty, its humour, the vast panorama of details that it paints with unerring skill, the unfailing pace that is as relentless and unhurried as a column marching into battle. Such a blend of pity and terror, of poetry and irony it is difficult to equal in the whole shelf of literature. This book is more than a great experience; it involves the solemn duty to pass it on until it has "made its way over the whole world." All Quiet on the Western Front, by Erich Remarque (*Little Brown*).

When the Century Was Young

A Retrospect of the Infant Twentieth Before the Advent of "Bigger and Better"

By CHARLES G. SHAW

IN an article recently published in the pages of *Vanity Fair*, I revived certain *incunabula* of the winter of 1910. In the present memoir it is with the nation's blushing début that I would treat—an age as remote from today, in some respects, as the Age of Bronze, an era rich in spectacle, yet one still trembling in the shadow of Victorianism.

It was at about this time that the "horseless carriage" began snorting through certain of the nation's leading thoroughfares. McKinley was President and the Philippine issue filled the pages of the daily press. Among the best-sellers were Edward Westcott's *David Harum, Janice Meredith* by Paul Leicester Ford, *Richard Carvel* by Winston Churchill, and Finley Peter Dunne's *Mr. Dooley in The Hearts of His Countrymen*. DeWolf Hopper clowned it in *Fiddle-de-dee* and Richard Harding Davis was a metropolitan figure.

Ragtime had just made its bow, corsets were laced to the bursting point, and the fast mail took 102 hours to make the distance from New York to California. Toothpick shoes and padded shoulders for young men were all the go, while their more affluent elders sported gold-headed walking sticks and portentous watch-chains. Pug dogs also were in fashion, as were plush-draped "parlours," golden oak dining rooms, cupolas, and iron deer on the front lawn. By the Gold Standard Act the gold dollar was declared the standard unit of value and thanks to the unflagging efforts of Walter Reed and William Crawford Gorgas, yellow fever was driven out of Cuba.

In April the first organized auto race took place at Springfield, L. I., and was won by A. L. Riker, who covered the distance of fifty miles in three minutes over two hours; New York's first motor-bus appeared on Fifth Avenue; and Lieutenant Gibson, C. H. Smith's sensational three-year old, romped in three lengths ahead of the field in the Kentucky Derby in 2:06¼ minutes, breaking the track record. In Chicago labour demanded an eight hour day and the number of Boston's drunks for the year was set down at 26,000. Eggs in Omaha sold for fourteen cents a dozen and hogs brought $4.00 in Texas. Woman suffrage existed in but four states and Woodrow Wilson was a professor at Princeton.

Kaiser Wilhelm II had emphatically announced his intention of re-organizing the German navy; China raged with the Boxer Rebellion; the English and Boers tore at one another's throat in Africa; and on the island of Guam the practice of polygamy was once and for all abolished. In the whole United States of 1900, there were actually less than ten miles of concrete roadway, and city street cars were still hauled by horses. The nation's population was under seventy-six millions, forty-one millions of which were reckoned as "native white stock." John D. Rockefeller was the country's richest man, Charles Evans Hughes was a struggling unknown lawyer, and Herbert Hoover, in the Far East, served as an engineer. As yet the Saturday half-holiday was little more than an employer's nightmare, while golf was generally regarded as a pretty empty pastime; the tungsten light had not been perfected, nor were there such things as vacuum cleaners, self-starters, wrist watches, realtors and rolled stockings.

This, too, was the year of the dramatized novel, among which offerings appeared Maude Adams in *The Little Minister;* Henry Irving and Ellen Terry in *The Bells, Robespierre,* and *Waterloo;* M. Coquelin in *La Dame aux Camélias* and *La Tosca;* Richard Mansfield in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde;* and Olga Nethersole in Clyde Fitch's *Sapho.* At the Victoria Theatre played *Chris and the Wonderful Lamp,* followed by *The Roger Brothers in Central Park,* and at Dayly's, *San Toy* and *The Runaway Girl.* Plump May Irwin embellished the boards of the Bijou in *The Belle of Bridgeport!* Primrose and Dockstader, at the Herald Square, cut-up in blackface! while *Tell Me, Pretty Maiden,* immortalized by Floradora's sextette, floated gaily through the Arabesque Casino. Included, at the time, in *Life's* list of plays, "at which no self-respecting woman should be seen," were *Naughty Anthony, The Surprises of Love, Coralie & Co., Dressmakers,* and *Papa's Wife.*

For a dollar, in those gone-forever days, several times a current dollar's worth was rendered. Thus whiskey sold, in sundry sections, for $2.00 a gallon, and gingham for five cents a yard. Ice cream soda was a nickel a glass and an extravagant dinner, including wine, could be had for eighty cents. Stenographers were paid a salary of ten simoleons a week and the top box-office price was $2.00.

Teddy Roosevelt was governor of New York and Tom Platt Republican boss of the State. With the bursting of the Dewey bubble, W. J. Bryan became Democratic Presidential candidate and William Howard Taft, a circuit judge, was appointed head of the Philippine Commission to establish civil government in those islands. Germany's Crown Prince came of age, amidst three days of *höflich* pomp, and James J. Jeffries, at Coney Island, knocked out Jim Corbett in the twenty-third round for the World's Heavyweight Championship.

In Des Moines, Iowa, before a Mother's Congress, Oscar Chrisman, professor of child study, declared that "men never love" and, further, that "what is called love in men is simply physical passion"; in Newark, Thomas Edmonds, a burglar, shocked the constabulary by wearing kid gloves; while

(Continued on page 96)

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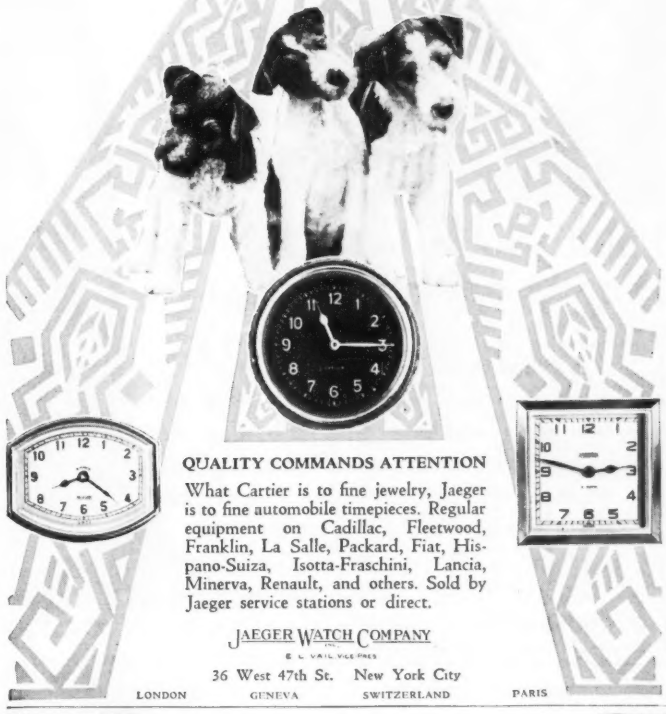

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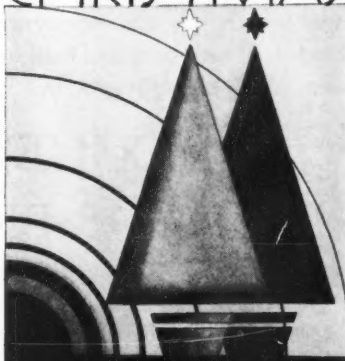

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of Worried Brides

ACTUALLY thousands of women write to Vogue each year asking for every sort of information about weddings . . . how to announce the engagement . . . what sort of wedding to have . . . what the bride should wear . . . what the wedding party should wear . . . what the trousseau should contain . . . how to acknowledge presents with the least confusion . . . what expenses are paid by the bride's father . . . what by the groom . . . how the divorced or widowed should remarry . . . how to manage the wedding of Protestant and Catholic.

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When the Century Was Young

(Continued from page 95)

at Her Majesty's Theatre, London, Beerbohm Tree made his initial bow in the juicy rôle of *Rip Van Winkle*. Members of the Hundred Year Club fervently applauded a statement attributed to Mrs. Almon Hensley that American women were living at too fast a pace. The Olds Motor Works, in Detroit, owned the largest auto factory in the country. The *Deutschland*, in a run from Sandy Hook to Plymouth, hung up a record of five days, eleven hours, and forty-five minutes. In Paris, the United States carried off sixteen out of twenty-one blue ribbons in the International Games and Marcos Essagin, an American citizen, was murdered by a street mob in Fez.

A third—and unsuccessful—try was made in Guayaquil to assassinate Ecuador's president, one Alfaro; in Geneva, Alabama, a negro was lynched for rape; Vesuvius once more threatened violent eruption; and Mr. Reginald Rives, on the road coach *Pioneer*, drove all the way from the Holland House to the Ardsley Club. For the first time in his career E. H. Sothern presented *Hamlet*.

It was during this year, too, that one scanned the "agony" columns for all brands of cryptic news, such as: "Nellie—Come home; Mary very sick. —Maggie." Or "Toots—I love you; will give in. If you love me, come immediately to office.—George." Or in May 9th's *New York Herald:* "If the cab driver whom I engaged Saturday morning in front of the Casino Café, Broadway and 39th St., and whose vehicle I unceremoniously left without paying him his fare, will call at Casino stage door on Wednesday evening at a quarter past eleven and inquire for SAM BERNARD, he will receive what is due him."

Larry Doyle was holding down first base for the Giants and Big Bill Devery was Chief of Police. It was still an age of the "Sunday best," of ladies' high-boned collars and wide-sleeved shirt-waists (with cuffs), of the Full Dinner Pail and musical boxes, of Budweiser and blacksmiths, of wooden Indians and Sozodont, of Sen-Sen, Rambler bicycles, Old Crow Rye, Beeman's pepsin gum, Carrie Nation, and bamboo canes. In the late spring, St. Louis witnessed the biggest railway strike of its history, when four thousand workmen quit cold. About the same time the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court ruled that music in the boozing haunts of New York's Tenderloin was not in violation of section 1472 of the city charter. From Washington came rumours of a "soft nose" shell that could penetrate a 6-inch Krupp plate, while over the harbour of Pago Pago the Stars and Stripes were initially unfurled in the newly-acquired Samoan possessions.

At Reichstadt, in Bohemia, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand d'Este, heir presumptive to the Austrian crown, was married to the Countess Chotek, "Cy" Young twirled for St. Louis, and Miss Ida Conquest was announced as John Drew's leading lady. In Atlantic City, New Jersey, a man returning from a dip in the ocean, found that he had forgotten his name, a few days following the discovery of a personable young woman, on a country road near Mabbettsville, who, garbed in the get-up of a farmer's boy, could not explain why. In Bangor, Maine, a gathering of several hundred, who had come for the funeral services of Miss Addie Paul, was thunderstruck to learn that the body in question was not that of Miss Paul, but that of her brother Ed. The varsity crew race at Poughkeepsie was won by Pennsylvania and an airship of Count von Zeppelin's, carrying five passengers, flew successfully from Friedrichshaften to Immenstadt. From New Britain came the tale of a party of traders being roasted and eaten by the vicious Kanakas, while in Bombay a cholera epidemic blotted out six thousand lives in a single week.

Before Judge McMahon, in Part I of the Court of General Sessions, Madame Zingari, a self-styled seeress, was arraigned on a charge of blackmail and of being a fugitive from justice, Tammany's campaign fund was estimated to be two and a half million dollars and the Czar of Russia's income five times that amount. A four hundred pound shark was landed by one E. L. Tailer off Fire Island inlet, and in England Richard Croker, Jr. was said to have paid $4000 for a bulldog. In Brooklyn a six weeks' baby stood trial on a complaint of destitution and at New Haven, "Gus" Traeger, for years a renowned boniface, died destitute and alone. He who was later to be Edward VII was then Prince of Wales, and the Duke of York had just turned six. At Newport, Rhode Island, the Messrs. D. F. Davis and Holcombe Ward wrested the tennis tournament from R. E. Little and F. B. Alexander, while in Valparaiso, Indiana, Judge Talcot and his spouse proved to their complete satisfaction that one dollar a week was sufficient to spend on food.

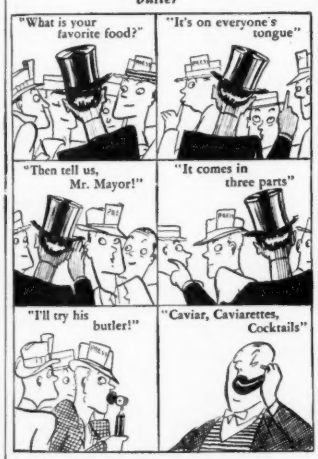
Prominent among Manhattan's gangs at the time were the Gophers, Gas Housers, and Hudson Dusters. Fourteenth Street boasted Tony Pastor's (seats—20 and 30 cents), *Way Down East* at the Academy of Music, and Huber's Dime Museum, featuring Hartmann's Tyrolean Yodlers, Wild Burt and Little Sure Shot, Herr Schlamm and his musical glasses, and the Burlesque Boxers—Me and Him. Proctor's Fifth Avenue house had opened with a bang and Weber and Fields were treating their own auditorium to a brand new front. In September, for the first time in the country's history, a system for nominating candidates for office by direct primaries was tried in Minneapolis; the homestead of Washington Irving in White Plains was sold to Mrs. C. C. Graves for $125,000; and most of the city of Galveston, Texas, was swept away by flood.

It was in brief, a year innocent of birth control, behaviourism, the radio, "drys", "wets", and the income tax. It is true that, twenty-eight years later, we are vending a brand of civilization totally dissimilar from what "was good enough for Father." But whether the advent of all modern improvements has made the world more amusing than it was in the year 1900 is, to me at least, a matter for grave doubt.

At country place or wherever guests foregather.... entertainment displays a benevolent sophistication when POLAND WATER is served

GREAT NEWSPAPER'S CAVIARETTE SCOOP

Resourceful reporters interview new mayor but get real inside information from his butler


"What is your favorite food?"
"It's on everyone's tongue"
"Then tell us, Mr. Mayor!"
"It comes in three parts"
"I'll try his butler!"
"Caviar, Caviarettes, Cocktails"

Ask any Social lady or her cavalier. The reply is: "Naturally, it is the thing to do." The comtesse exclaims: "Viola! The very thing. We always have it." Try it and bask, luxuriate, palpitate . . . for it is the combination of Caviar, Caviarettes and Cocktails. And, we remind you, Caviarettes are 'raised edge' little biscuit crisps which serve as dainty trays for Caviar and other tidbits. Fie on fussy preparation!

CAVIARETTE

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

At most high grade shops. If you do not locate Caviarettes, send dealer's name and $2 for tin of Au Gourmet Caviar and gay tin of 36 Caviarettes. For $10, we send through your dealer a thrilling case of 14 unusual European tidbits; caviar, vegetables, cheese, fruits and jams, etc. Address

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"Au Gourmet" Caviar *"Grand Duke" Caviar*

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Each glass is painted in natural colors—a cunning little white Perch on the one illustrated—a Salmon Trout on another—a Carp on a third. No two alike—12 in a set—$48 a dozen—delivered anywhere in the United States.

THE Patrons of Plummer's will be delighted—but not surprised—to know that these exquisite Hock-Glasses are made "Exclusively" for us by one of the foremost glass-makers abroad.

We suggest them as a superb addition to the service of a lover of the field and stream.

But—whether chosen as a gift, or for your own service, they will carry the distinction of not being duplicated in America—except through Plummer's.

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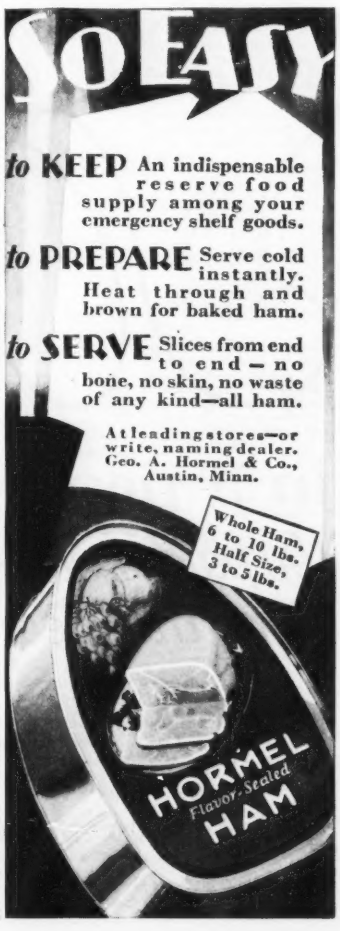
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to PREPARE Serve cold instantly. Heat through and brown for baked ham.
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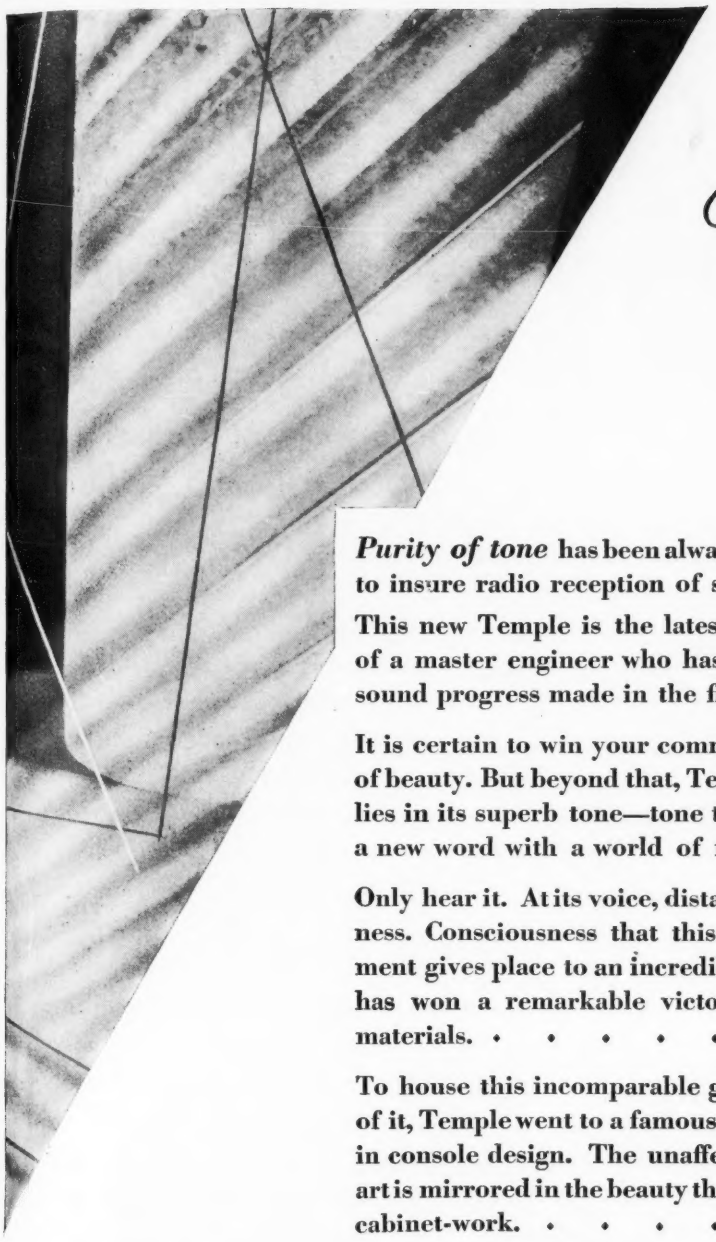

A great Engineer built the Chassis—a famous Artist gave it beauty

Purity of tone **has been always the one thing needed to insure radio reception of surpassing quality.**

This new Temple is the latest and greatest creation of a master engineer who has initiated much of the sound progress made in the field of radio invention.

It is certain to win your commendation on the score of beauty. But beyond that, Temple's strongest appeal lies in its superb tone—tone that has given vogue to a new word with a world of meaning—Templetone.

Only hear it. At its voice, distance melts into nothingness. Consciousness that this is a man-made instrument gives place to an incredible feeling that Temple has won a remarkable victory over elements and materials.

To house this incomparable gem in a setting worthy of it, Temple went to a famous artist for a new thought in console design. The unaffected loveliness of pure art is mirrored in the beauty that characterizes Temple cabinet-work.

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Local and distant switch permits tremendous volume of Temple to be softened for local use.

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Temple is all-electric standard chassis—six 227 tubes—push pull amplification in last audio stage, using two new 245 power tubes—full-wave rectification. A power supply over-sized in every respect in combination with the Temple Dynamic Speaker assures matchless tone for Temple Receivers. Consoled ready for use. The Temple 8-60 Console ... $149; The Temple 8-80 Grand Console . . . $189 (less tubes). Temple Receivers are licensed by R. C. A. and Associated Companies.

Housed in beauty, the Temple Dynamic is the only speaker with the adjustable hum eliminator feature. Separate table type speakers are available for those who do not own a Temple Receiver.

$39.00 for the Dynamic Speaker

$20.00 for the Magnetic Speaker

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TEMPLE

TEMPLETONE

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Among the Conveniences *of the* Modern Kitchen *is a* Telephone

It is so handy in answering calls . . . in ordering the day's provisions . . . in household communication

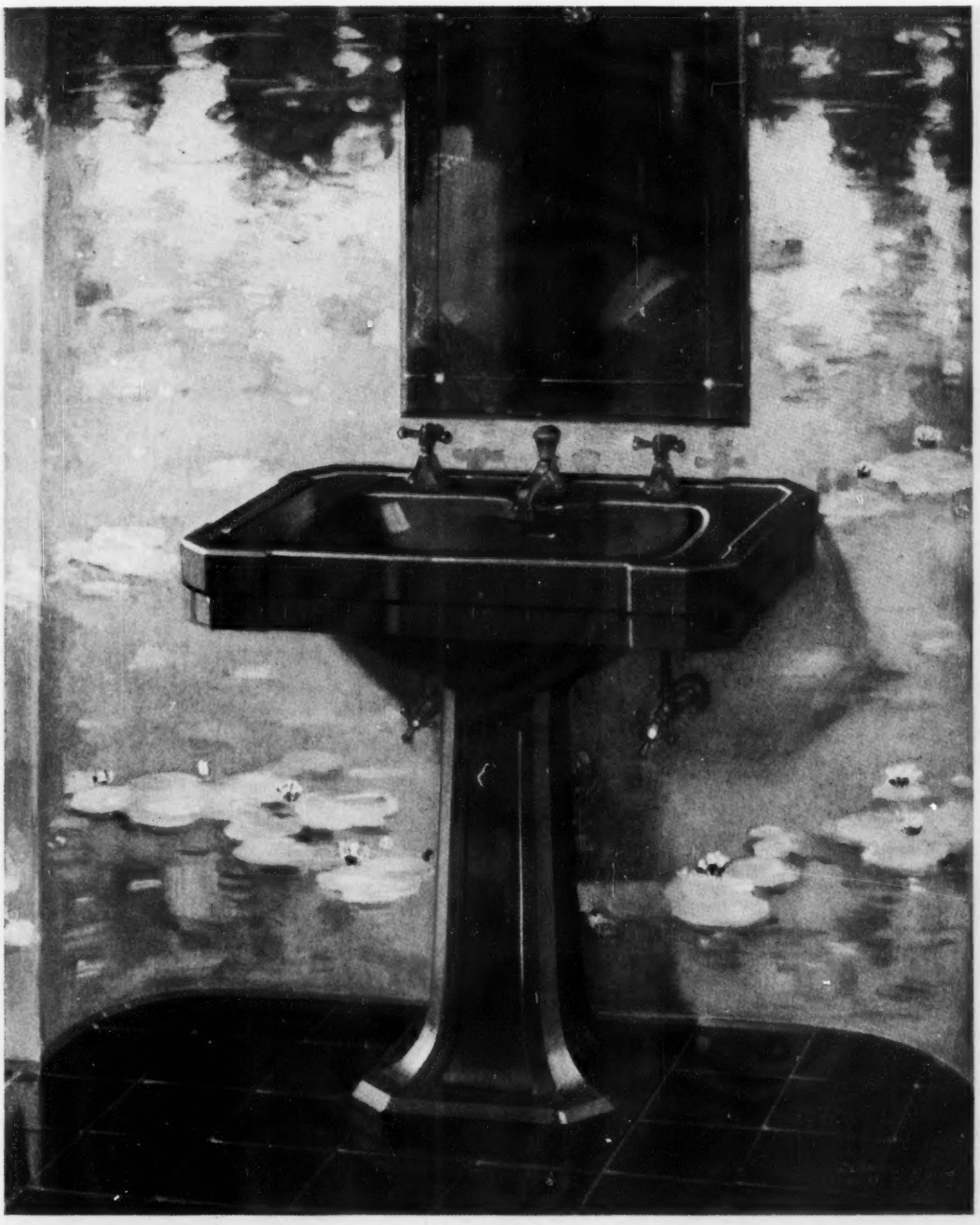
, , ,

The kitchen of the modern home is not alone a place for the preparation of food . . . it has emerged into something of an office for the household. Here—over the kitchen telephone, or one in the pantry adjoining—orders for supplies are placed. Communication is had with other rooms in the house, and the servants' calls can be handled without disturbing the rest of the household.

In smaller homes, the kitchen telephone is especially important . . . in avoiding, for instance, such domestic tragedies as burnt biscuits, or scorched roasts.

Telephones contribute to convenience in every part of the house. The modern idea is to have them sufficient in number, and so located, as to give the greatest ease in the use of the service. Each residence has its special opportunities for telephone convenience. Your local Bell Company will be glad to plan with you the arrangements best suited to your own. Telephone them today.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
BELL SYSTEM



Color, used correctly, is beautiful

Everyone, it seems, enjoys color in plumbing fixtures and understands that the beauty it makes possible in the bathroom is not expensive. On every side, too, there is the realization that color is most beautiful when used correctly.

Many letters requesting information about the use of color are received every day by "Standard". To the "Standard" Showrooms in principal cities have come architects and interior decorators, contractors and home owners, for suggestions. "Standard", foreseeing the need for this information, prepared the book "Color and Style in Bathroom Furnishing and Decoration". Artists, designers, and interior decorators collaborated in writing and illustrating this authoritative work. It illustrates the latest plumbing fixture designs in colors as exquisite as those of historic porcelains: Meissen White, Ionian Black, T'ang Red, Ivoire de Medici, Orchid of Vincennes, Clair de Lune Blue, Royal Copenhagen Blue, St. Porchaire Brown, Rose du Barry, and Ming Green.

It shows the correct use of these colors in bathrooms that are original architecturally as well as decoratively. If you are interested in the bathroom as a modern interior, a copy of "Color and Style in Bathroom Furnishing and Decoration" will be sent to you on request.

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co.
PITTSBURGH

"Standard"
PLUMBING FIXTURES

Moments that matter

Romantic, some of them . . . not infrequently significant . . . and invariably remembered . . . these luminous moments that inform our lives. And it is interesting to consider how often the fragrance that invests them is subtly mingled with another fragrance . . . the rich and delicate aroma of rare tobaccos . . . of a cigarette so marvelously good that the most thrilling moment gains new meaning from it.

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